XEROX

Xerox University Microfilms
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

WESTERN AMERICANA

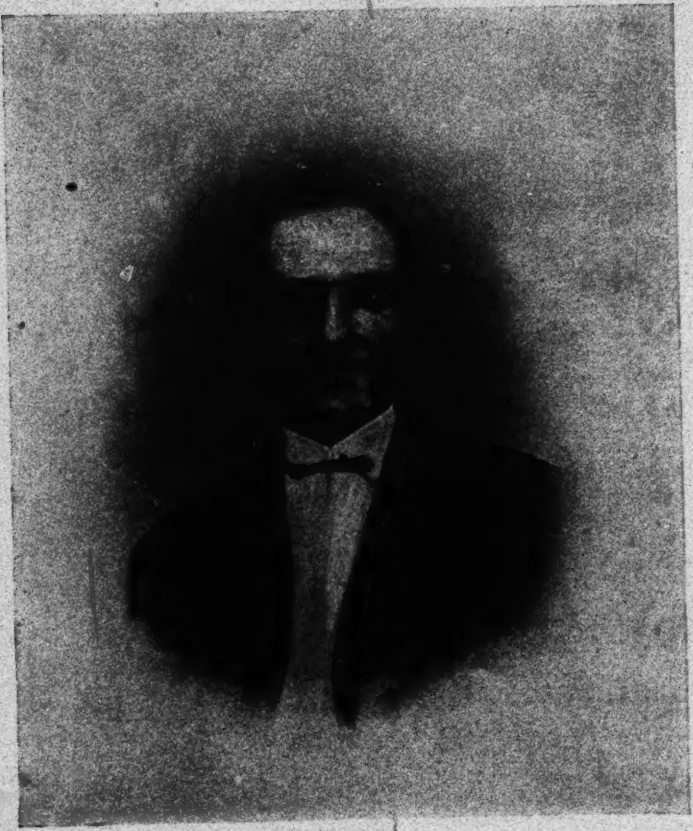
REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF
BOISE PUBLIC LIBRARY

II.

AMERICAN EXPLORERS SERIES.

Larpenteur's Autobiography.

VOL. I.



Charles Larpenteur
Fort Union

FORTY YEARS A FUR TRADER
ON THE
UPPER MISSOURI

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE
OF
CHARLES LARPENTEUR
1833-1872

EDITED, WITH MANY CRITICAL NOTES,
BY
ELLIOTT COUES

MAPS, VIEWS, AND PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I

NEW YORK
FRANCIS P. HARPER
1898

B
L32

20201'61

COPYRIGHT, 1898,
BY
FRANCIS P. HARPER.

R 7
NW
978
L32f
v.1

Edition Limited
to 950 Copies.
No. 668.

5:40

DEDICATED
TO THE EMINENT ANTHROPOLOGIST
WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, M. D., LL. D.,
MAJOR AND SURGEON, U. S. ARMY,
AUTHOR OF ETHNOGRAPHY AND PHILOLOGY OF THE HIDATSA,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
LONG IDENTIFIED WITH THE WEST DESCRIBED BY
LARPENTEUR, AND BUT FOR WHOM THIS
WORK WOULD NOT BE:
WITH THE GREAT RESPECT AND WARM REGARD OF HIS FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

20201

CONTENTS.

VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

(1807–33.)

My Parentage and Early Life.

PAGE

France — America — Baltimore — St. Louis — Des Moines Rapids—Keokuk—Captain Throckmorton—Interpreter Blondeau—St. Louis—Ashley's Outfit in—Sublette and Campbell—Determined to Engage in the Fur Trade in 1833—Recommendation Secured—American Fur Company Declined—Rocky Mountain Fur Company Accepted—Good-by to Civilization—St. Charles—Lexington —The Matter of Mules, ... 1

CHAPTER II.

(1833.)

Over the Plains to the Rocky Mountains.

Composition of the Party—Their Guests—Hard Times Begin—Poor Fare—Guard Duty—On the Platte—First Buffalo—Boiled Bull Beef—From Poor Bull to Fat Cow—The North Platte—Chimney Rock—Laramie—Kicking against the Pricks—A Good Samaritan—Bullboats—The Usual Orgies—South Pass of Continental Divide—A Fugacious Trinity—Green River Rendezvous—Bonneville's Stockade, ... 15

CHAPTER III.

(1833.)

From Green River Rendezvous by the Bighorn and the Yellowstone to the Missouri.

PAGE

A Party Sent to Pierre's Hole—One Sober Man in Camp—Acting as Clerk—Detailed for the Yellowstone—"Mad Wolf!"—George Holmes and Others Bitten—Departure for the Yellowstone—On the Sweetwater—Wind River—Man Shot—Fatalities from Hydrophobia—Down the Bighorn—Indian Hostilities Feared—Friendly Absarokas—Crow Camp—Fort Cass—Down the Yellowstone—To the Missouri—Mule Talk—Swimming the River, ... 32

CHAPTER IV.

(1833-34.)

Fort William.

The Building Begun—And Occupied—Horse and Cart Well Matched—And Driver Too—Tchatka Interviewed—Tchatka "Forks"—"Co-han!"—Out of Luck—Pemmican, Pepper, and Salt—Fort William Described—Sublette Sells out—The Assiniboine Arrives—Preparations for Home—Unexpected Overtures—In Good Luck—Bargain Made—To Fort Union—Clerk A. F. Co., . 51

CHAPTER V.

(1834-35.)

Fort Union.

A Coatless Clerk—Bashful at the Nabob's Table—Assigned to New Duties—Bossing Moncrèvie's Job—Promoted in Charge of Men—Story of the Still—Re-engaged for

PAGE

Another Year—First Homicide—Other Incidents in Fall of 1834—Spring of 1835—Express from Fort Clark—War Party Arrives—Fatalities—Another War Party—Preparations for Defense—How the Fight Ended—Mr. Hamilton—More Stories to Come, ... 70

CHAPTER VI.

(1835–36.)

FORT UNION: CONTINUED.

Murderous Conspiracy—Put to the Question—Old Deschamps Killed—Temporary Truce—Character of Gauché—His Glorious Campaign—Treachery Meditated—Cowardly Murder—Ready for Battle—Midnight Alarm—Deschamps Family Doomed—Deschamps Massacre—Cremation—Quietude—Story of the Two Thieves, ... 87

CHAPTER VII.

(1836–38.)

FORT UNION: CONTINUED.

Kenneth McKenzie—On the Upper Missouri—Fort Union Founded—Mission to the Blackfeet—Blackfeet in Sight—"Now for the Butcher Shop!"—Diplomacy of Berger—Blackfeet Brought in—The Blackfoot Post—A Yellow-haired Bourbon—In Flagrante Delicto—Beleaguered Garrison—Braseau to the Rescue—The Siege Raised—Lothario Laid Low—Canoe Assiniboines—Pierre Garreau—So-called Tobacco Garden—Larpenteur en Derouine—Tortoise in Liquor—Hooting Owl Heard—Back from Canoe Camp—To Fort Union Again—Smallpox—Ravages of the Epidemic—Cheerful Undertaker—Only a Few Shots Fired, ... 106

CHAPTER VIII.

(1838.)

ROUND TRIP TO THE STATES.

PAGE

Down the Missouri—First Fright—Second Fright—Third Fright—Charbonneau and Sakagawia—Fort Clark—François A. Chardon—The Vermilion Post—Mr. Dickson—Aboard the Antelope—At Home in Baltimore—Shooting Match—Driving the Center—Off from St. Louis—Fever and Ague—Deer Hunting—Fort Clark Again—White Earth River—"Indians!"—Polyglot Malediction—Back to Fort Union, ... 136

CHAPTER IX.

(1838–42.)

COMPOSED OF ALL SORTS.

Fatal Festivities—Sentence of Death—Corporal Punishment—Round Trip to St. Louis—Return to Fort Union—Unholy Trinity—Fort Van Buren—The Mexican and his India—Arrival of the Crow Outfit—Character of Alexander Harvey—His Threatened Settlements—Plot to Kill Him—He Kills the Spaniard—Fort Van Buren Burned—Departure for Adams Prairie—Story of the Grizzly Bear—Arrival of the Opposition—Fort Alexander Built—Return to Fort Union, ... 158

CHAPTER X.

(1843–44.)

WINTERING AT WOODY MOUNTAIN.

At Fort Union again—Ebbitt's Opposition—Fox, Livingston and Co.—Mr. Kelsey—Fort George Founded—Forcible Eviction—Mr. Cotton—Fort Mortimer—Crazy Bear, the

PAGE
Assiniboine Chief—His Appearance before Mr. Culbertson—Trade Pushed en Derouine—Ordered to Woody Mountain with Mr. Denig—The Start—The Journey—Arrival at the Cree Camp—Ready for Operations—The Liquor Trade—Blizzards—Mules Frozen to Death—Epicureanism—The Tale Adorned with a Moral—Suffering from Cold—On the Return—Surprised by Indians—Trade Declined—He Who Fears His War Club—Supposed Horse Thieves—Wounded Leg's Camp—Colloquy with Wounded Leg—Successful Diplomacy—Camp in the Cherry Bushes—No Fire, Food, or Sleep—Boiled Dog—Safe Back to Fort Union—The Hand Killed—Golden Visions, ... 177

CHAPTER XI.

(1844–45.)

CARNIVAL OF CRIME.

Jim Bridger and his Men—Sortie against Sioux—Gardepied Killed—Cowardice of Bridger's Men—How Trade was Made Brisk—F. A. Chardon—The Blackfoot Massacre—Harvey's Awful Deed, ... 211

CHAPTER XII.

(1845–46.)

POPLAR RIVER CAMP.

Outfitting for the Blackfoot Post—Repeated Desertions—Sioux Attack Assiniboines—Harvey Badly Beaten—Harvey's Plans—Harvey, Primeau and Co.—Return of Kenneth McKenzie—Ordered to Poplar River—In Poplar River Camp—Rage of the Iron-eyed Dog—Pacific Oratory—Tempest in a Teapot—Conclusion of the Affair—Return to Fort Union—Left Masters of the Country, ... 221

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. I.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES LARPENTEUR (WITH AUTOGRAPH), ...	. *Frontispiece*
SIOUX CITY, IOWA, IN 1866, ...	*Facing page* 22
DEVIL'S GATE, SWEETWATER RIVER, WYOMING,	" " . 28
FORTS UNION, WILLIAM, AND BUFORD, (MAP),	" " . 50
CAMP OF PEMBINA HALF-BREEDS, WITH RED RIVER CARTS, ...	" " . 54
FORT UNION, FROM HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DRAWING OF 1864, ...	" " . 68
PORTRAIT OF PIERRE GARREAU, . . .	" " . 124

INTRODUCTION.

HUMAN documents are always interesting, and those which attest the development of the Great West will claim rightful place in literature till the final word concerning that to which they relate shall have been spoken. Such finality in Western history is still afar; it is to be attained by none now living. The field of research is much too wide; and if it be not exactly virginal, nor even have lain quite fallow, the workmen are as yet too few to gather in the immense outstanding crop. The history of what Transmississippian State or Territory has been brought fully up to date? That of not one. Young as most of them are in comparison with a Massachusetts or a Virginia, some are older by far than their reputed ancestors; Arizona and New Mexico had quite a literature before any Plymouth Rock or Jamestown acquired a place on map or in mind. Reviewing what has been done already for the better settled side of the great river, I am oppressed by a sense of the story yet to be told of the "biggest half" of the American commonwealth. Now is none too early to cease to be inarticulate in the parts we have to perform; for the plot thickens and the setting of the stage is splendid. Let us speedily utilize our properties; they are readily accessible, and they abound; they should not be suffered to lapse with fugacious years in the insatiable maw of Time the cosmic cannibal, the ceaseless corroder and obliterator, alike the progenitor of all things and their relegator to forgetfulness.

Lest we too may forget, I wish to do my share as a curator of historical materials, even if I may not aspire to the office of historian. Among my beliefs is that of the prime utility of contemporaneous documents for historical purposes. These are the great antiseptics to the ptomaines of tradition—the stocky facts so fatal to mythopoetic microbes. Much history so called may be the Carlylese "distillation of rumors," or the Napoleonic "fable agreed upon"; but much more may be relieved of any such imputation if we do our duty by our documents. It would surprise most persons to realize how quickly a neglected core of fact gathers the mold of myth. Take the Lewis and Clark expedition, for example. Never, perhaps, was a true story more minutely and completely told; to know all about it, we have only to read what the explorers themselves had to say, less than one hundred years ago. But the take-it-for-granters, the forsoothers, the forgetters, the prevaricators, the misquoters, the unreaders—the whole tribe of quidnunc impressionists—have meanwhile found out more things that never happened in this case than they ever learned about what did happen. According to such authorities, there are few early years of this century in which Lewis and Clark were not traveling; fewer routes they did not take across the continent; and fewest of all are the places in the Rocky mountains where they did not pass one or two winters. Many persons who live in the shadow of Pike's Peak never knew the initials of his name; some think he was Albert Pike, the great Freemason; some never thought anything about it; and nearly all suppose that one Pike discovered and surmounted the peak which bears his name. Yet anyone who should take the trouble to consult the very original document which Pike himself has handed down to us would learn all there is to be known on that particular point.

The history of the West is still largely the story of discovery, exploration, survey, colonization, and the like; for aught else is of comparatively recent development—is contemporaneous, or nearly such. The bison was the original engineer, who followed the lay of the land and the run of the water; the Indian followed the bison; the white man followed the Indian; the gun and trap, the pick and shovel, the whiskey-jug, plow, and locomotive followed the white man, at little if any interval: this is the order of empire westward. Every step of this succession is of absorbing interest and momentous consequence; perhaps none more so than those taken during what I may style the picturesque period, when the plain was furrowed not by the plow but by the hoof of the bison, when no Indian war-whoop had been silenced by a steam-whistle, when the trapper and trader were romantic figures in scenes untamed to more prosaic industries. Such times as these call for chroniclers; and it is the purpose of the AMERICAN EXPLORER SERIES, of which the present volumes form a continuation, to traverse this historic ground, perhaps to cultivate some corners of this fruitful field. What results may be expected are instanced in the case of the Journal of Jacob Fowler, with which the series began. Whoever heard of it, or of its author, till this year of grace 1898? A floating paragraph in one or two not well-known books was to the vague effect that a trader named Glenn took a party to Santa Fé in 1822—that was all. Now we have the narrative of that enterprise, complete in every detail, in an authentic, genuine, original, contemporaneous human document—and of such is the kingdom of history.

Few persons now living may measure the full importance of the Fur Trade as a factor in the development of what has been called the "wild and woolly West"—thereby giving occasion for Lummis' witty retort upon a "tame and cottony East." Fewer still can be aware of what iniquities and atrocities the seamy side of that indispensable industry reveals. Those who have read the Journals of Alexander Henry and David Thompson have had their eyes opened to the systematic swindling and debauching of Indians which characterized the traffic as conducted in Canada and some portions of the United States, and may readily believe that the pursuit of pelf in pelt was always tarred with the same stick. This identical subject—intrinsically important, in some respects repellent, never failing of tragic interest, albeit sordid and squalid—is continued in the autobiography of Charles Larpenteur.

As Fowler's Journal and Fowler himself were until this year, so have Larpenteur and his narrative been hitherto—unknown. The latter, like the former, will be found composed of the very fiber that goes to the web of history. It is a notable and entirely novel contribution to our knowledge of the Fur Trade of the Upper Missouri for a period of more than an average lifetime, by one who lived the life and worked his way through it, from the position of a mere hand to that of one of its heads. Among other conclusions we may draw from this narrative, it would appear that the unpalliated and unmitigated evils were inherent in the system of traffic itself, red and white natures being what they respectively were; that there was a smoother than the seamy side of the business; that a good, kindly man might be about it, and die poor but honest; and that it called out some of the best as well as the worst of human qualities—some of the most manly, even heroic, traits, remote from cupidity and cruelty.

The circumstances under which Larpenteur's manuscript came into my possession are to be here noted. One day in 1872, when my friend and then brother-officer of the medical corps of the army, Dr. Washington Matthews, was at Fort Buford, he received from the author a letter, the material portions of which I copy literally from the original now before me, as follows:

> Little Sioux March the first. 1872
>
> Doctr
> Washington Mathew
> Dear Sir
>
> Your kind favor was received on the 29th ult. And was pleased to learn that you was well as well as all the folks, and that Buford was progresing so fast. I would like very much to see the old place again. I Cannot take any more Comfort down here, particularly after the death of my little boy. . .
>
> But a few days ago I got through writing a book of my life, by this title—History—
>
> of the life of Charles Larpenteur. With

> many interesting Stories written by himself, after the residence of fourty years in the Indian Country Also his views on Indian affairs and sugestions for their governement
>
> I intended to have this work publishd but it will Cost me more than I Can afford I have tried some in Sioux City, they say it will Cost $1.25 per page, to get it ready for the print, now there Comes the printing, binding, and illustrations, it would amount to at least $500. not knowing whether it would take. This manuscript would be of some use to you, if you whish I will send it up to you, you Can look it over and tell me what you think of it. I think also that you Coud get it up in good shape for the print I would satisfy you well for your trouble. It will Contain about three hundred pages, a book the size of Ecy, omo [Ecce Homo] . . . I have the honor to remain very respectfully
>
> Yours
>
> [signed] Chas Larpenteur

After some further correspondence, the original manuscript of this "History of the Life of Charles Larpenteur," etc., making about two hundred closely written foolscap pages, was mailed to Dr. Matthews by its author, on June 14, 1872. A clerical copy was made, and the original returned to its owner. This copy was kindly placed in my hands by Dr. Matthews, at Washington, D. C., on Oct. 17, 1897, for any use I might wish and be able to make of it. I soon afterward received the original from Mr. A. L. Larpenteur, of St. Paul, Minn., a nephew of the author; and through the friendly attentions of Mr. Mitchell Vincent, of Onawa, Ia., I was further favored with various other of Larpenteur's autograph journals and note-books which had been found in the possession of his widow at Fontainebleau, near Little Sioux, Ia. Such are the first-hand materials upon which the present work has been prepared for publication; and thus has been realized the desire of the author's heart, a quarter of a century after it ceased to beat.

Larpenteur seems to have cherished aspirations beyond his powers of accomplishment; his ambition outran the strict limitations of his frontier environment, so untoward authorship. He was fond of himself, as most persons are, and doubtless found in the pen a last means of relieving the uneasy introspection consequent upon financial failure, ill health, and other grievous burdens. But he journalized more or less from beginning to end of his adult life, the principal events of which he faithfully set forth, according to his lights, in the final "History" which he completed a few months before his death.

Dr. Matthews, who knew Larpenteur personally, describes him to me as a small, spare, wiry man of distinct Gallic type, as shown in the photographic frontispiece of this volume. He was very intelligent, vivacious and witty in conversation, full of anecdote and reminiscence, and unusually well-informed for a man in his position. He was also fairly well-read, which may have made him a full man, though his reading never enabled him to acquire any considerable facility or felicity of expression in writing. Notwithstanding his habitual handling of the pen, he was never on good terms with English orthography and syntax. This does not seem to have been due to his nationality; English so early took the place of his mother tongue that it is not probable he could have written better, if as well, in French. Indeed, the rarity of a French phrase or word in his writings is notable, and there is hardly a trace of foreign idiom in the composition of this *Français de France.*

In disposition Larpenteur was kindly and amiable, though quite capable of harboring resentment against any who had ruffled his quick plumes or wounded his amour-propre. Personal vanity was no doubt his foible, as it is that of most Frenchmen, and a great many other people. *That* once wounded was hard to heal, perhaps never quite cured; and when unhurt it often made him consider himself a more important factor in the universe than the facts may have seemed to others to warrant. But he had marked ability in his business and was considered a safe and sure man, who could be implicitly trusted, even by those who did not like him personally; his integrity was questioned by none. This is a characterization given me by more than one person of whom he speaks disparagingly in his book, and whose good opinion in this particular I trust will not be modified by anything he has written. I think myself that he has been, no doubt unintentionally, unjust in one or two instances I could cite; but I have not felt at liberty to materially modify any expression of his sentiments. These are in the nature of quit-claims to some old scores, not open to reconsideration since the mortgage has been foreclosed by death.

"The journalist," as he often styled himself, took pride in his personal appearance, and liked to adorn it. He was very courteous in address, never addicted to profane or indecent language, and seldom drank—never to excess. All this was quite enough to set him apart unpleasantly from most of his associates, and make him a sort of white crow or black swan to the half-horse, half-alligator individualities of that Missourian fraternity among whom his lot was cast. His courage was rather of the moral than of the physical kind, and therefore viewed with unconcern by the average dare-devil of his entourage. Unlike most of his white companions he had no dull indifference to theology; he took an inquisitive interest in such speculations, and became an unbeliever in church creeds and dogmas. He found in salutary cynical philosophy a refuge from the many reverses and misfortunes he experienced; and his final financial ruin in the business to which he had devoted the best years of his life had made him a practical pessimist by the time he wrote his memoirs. A Voltairish undertone runs through them; he seems to be always greeting the inevitable with a shrug, and soothing his self-love to the last by shifting the blame on fate—as much as to say, I must have been born to bad luck, else how explain this result of all my industry, ability, and other commendable qualities? He was a man who made warm friends, and enemies of like temperature; those who knew him best were most likely to be the former. As for the latter, we must remember the significant fact, that almost every native American on the Upper Missouri hated a Frenchman on general principles, as a matter of race-prejudice hardly possible to overcome.

But of all such things, and others that might occupy the remainder of this Introduction, the discerning reader will be able to judge as well as the editor, upon sufficient scrutiny of the full-length portraiture Larpenteur has naïvely left of his individuality. The editor need not say much of his share in the net result, as it consists chiefly in polishing and hanging appropriately the mirror in which Larpenteur viewed his own likeness. The author was aware of his literary infirmity when he sent the manuscript to Dr. Matthews, thinking that the latter "could get it up in good shape for the print"; and this is what I have tried to do. The writing was not bad enough to preserve inviolate as a curiosity, like Jacob Fowler's; yet there was scarcely a sentence in it all that did not need to be recast to some extent in preparing the manuscript for publication. But this is a mere matter of grammar; I have simply helped the author to express himself; the sense and sentiment are his own, if the style is not.

Readers of Larpenteur will judge of his ability as a raconteur. Of his truthfulness there is no question. He has given us a very notable contribution to the history of the West—one with which future writers upon his time and scene must reckon. I am sure that this is a book of which it may be said, in the mother tongue of a Montaigne, "*cecy est un livre de bonne foy.*"

Dr. Washington Matthews, who generously relinquished to me his copy of the original manuscript, is further to be credited with no small share of the editing, annotating, and illustrating of these volumes. I make more formal acknowledgment to him on a preceding page; here I have the pleasure of witnessing his kind assistance throughout the work. In reading the proofs with me he has always given me the benefit of his long experience on the Upper Missouri, of his keen criticism and wise counsel: so that, if any points be left obscure or dubious, it is because our united intellects were unequal to the emergency. I am also particularly indebted to Mr. Mitchell Vincent for placing much valuable material in my hands, including a map of Fontainebleau and vicinity, which he drew for this work; and to Lieutenant Colonel H. M. Chittenden, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., for many friendly attentions and valued suggestions during the progress of the work. I have also been assisted in various ways by Mr. A. L. Larpenteur and Mrs. Charles Larpenteur; Mr. Henry A. Boller, of Denver, Col., who has taken in such good part certain strictures which will be found in his quondam partner's text; Hon. Charles Aldrich, of the State Historical Department, Desmoines, Ia.; Mr. John H. Charles, of Sioux City, Ia.; Mr. D. W. Butts, of Little Sioux, Ia.; Mr. D. W. Longfellow, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. C. L. Hall, of Elbowoods, N. Dak.; Mr. W. O. Owen, of Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mr. Maurice Kingsley, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, D. C.; General O. B. Willcox, U. S. A.; Prof. Asaph Hall, of Cambridge, Mass.; Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, Ind.; and Miss Helen P. Clarke, of the Otoe Agency, Okla. The extensive Index, which renders immediately accessible every capitalized name to be looked for in the book, and various other subjects, has been prepared by Mrs. Mary B. Anderson with the same skill and care she has shown in several previous instances.

E. C.

No. 1726 N Street, Washington, D. C.,
October 17, 1898.

LARPENTEUR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

(1807-33.)

MY PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

In order to inspire the reader with confidence in the veracity of my writing—for it must be borne in mind that I write this book for true and faithful information of the public—I thought it would be well to give him an introduction to myself, before entering on the journey.

I was born in France, in the year 1807,[1] five miles from Fontainebleau, on the border of the beautiful Seine, 45 miles from Paris. My father, who was neither rich nor poor, but a great Bonapartist, left France for America immediately after the battle of Waterloo, thinking that the American government would make some attempt to get Napoleon off the island of St. Helena; but after conversing with several individuals, and particularly with Commodore Porter,[2] he found that the government would countenance no such attempt. So the project was abandoned—I say the project, for it had been started by the many French officers who were at the time in Philadelphia. Louis XVIII. having issued a pardon, most of them returned to France. My father returned after an absence of one year, during which he found the American government and the country to suit him. So he sold all his property and left France in 1818, with a family of four children—three boys and one daughter, I being the youngest son. In his travels in America he had chosen Baltimore as his future residence. Having landed at New York we came to Baltimore, where he purchased a small farm of 60 acres, five miles from the city. This farm belonged to some French who had been forced to emigrate by the massacre of St. Domingo, and was established by Monsieur La

---

[1] Date of birth at variance with the inscription on his tombstone, which states that he died Nov. 15, 1872, aged 69 years, 6 months, 7 days.

---

[2] David Porter, the distinguished American naval officer, father of Admiral David Dixon Porter, b. Boston, Feb. 1, 1780, d. Pera, Turkey, Mar. 3, 1843. At date of the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, and thereafter to Dec., 1823, Capt. or Comm. Porter was a member of the board of naval commissioners. He resigned from the navy in 1826, had command of the naval forces of Mexico in 1826–29, was consul-general of the United States to Barbary for a year or more, and finally U. S. minister to Turkey, 1831–43.

Bié Du Bourgh De Berg [*sic*]; it was well supplied with fruits, but the soil was poor and stony, and this lad got sick of it. Hearing much of the fine rich soil of Missouri, I determined to try my luck in the Far West—for at that time it was considered quite a journey to St. Louis.

So at the age of twenty-one I determined to leave home, and started with a gentleman by the name of J. W. Johnson, who had been a sutler at Prairie du Chien, and had a large number of negroes whom he was taking to Missouri. I assisted him as far as Wheeling, where he took a steamer, and I went across country on horseback alone. That is 43 years ago. I had a fine trip of 22 days. I remained two years about St. Louis in the capacity of overseer for Major Benjamin O'Fallon,[2] a retired Indian agent, with whom I had a great deal to talk about Indians and

---

[2] Son of Dr. James O'Fallon and Frances Clark (sister of William Clark and afterward Mrs. Thruston), and brother of Col. John O'Fallon: see Lewis and Clark, ed. 1893, pp. lxv, lxxx, xci. "Benjamin O'Fallon was for many years an Indian Agent of the United States. He was an honest, courageous, and careful officer, who possessed great influence over the various tribes with whom he came in contact, and was of great service in aiding the government in many treaties. His memory is perpetuated in the West by O'Fallon's Bluff on the Platte River in Nebraska, and O'Fallon's Creek in Montana, near Glendive," Cont. Hist. Soc. Montana, ii, 1896, p. 227. For other names of O'Fallon's creek, tributary to the Yellowstone, see L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 1163.

Indian countries, which finally induced me to try the wilderness.

My first trip was up the Mississippi to Des Moines rapids, the year previous to the Black Hawk War of 1832. At this time there were two stores at Keocuck[4]—not yet called by that name; one of them belonged to an individual named Stillwell,[5] and the other to Mr. Davenport,[6] who was afterward murdered on

---

[4] Keokuk, Lee Co., Ia., was chiefly known as The Point in 1831, but also called Foot of the Rapids, and Puckeshetuck, until it was christened after the celebrated Sac chief whose name it still commemorates. The proposal to call it Keokuk appears to have been first made by Col. George L. Davenport, at a meeting held to celebrate July 4, 1829, on a steamboat then lying at what is now the foot of Main st.: so Dr. Isaac Galland, in a letter published some years before his death in 1858, quoted in Hist. Lee Co. There is a conflict of dates here; Isaac R. Campbell states that there was no Ke-O-kuk till 1835, when the name was proposed by some steamboat men detained there to lighten over the rapids; but the original proposal and final adoption of the name may easily have been at different dates. "From this time"—1835, says Mr. Campbell—"the name of Keokuk was adopted, and, in 1837, I sold my potato-patch enclosure to Dr. Isaac Galland, Agent of the New York Land Company, and, under his supervision, a city in embryo was formally inaugurated and recorded as 'Keokuk.'" The first house is said to have been built there by Dr. Samuel C. Muir, in 1820; Dr. Galland laid out the original town plat in 1837.

[5] Moses Stillwell, whose daughter Margaret was the first white child born at The Point, Nov. 22, 1829.

[6] Col. George L. Davenport, murdered in his home on Rock Island, by the Fox and Hodges gang, July 4, 1845—the noted

Rock Island. I came up to the place in a small steamer called the Red Rover, commanded by Capt. Throgmorton,[7] who is still alive and has made many trips up this river—as fine a gentleman as I ever knew. On the way up I became acquainted with Mr. Blondo,[8] interpreter for the Sac and Fox Indians. He took a great fancy to me, and nothing would do but I must go with him to his farm, seven miles up the rapids, and remain there until the boat got over the rapids, which it was supposed would take a long time, as the river was very low. I consented, got a horse caloh,[9] and we started. The improvements consisted of a comfortable log cabin, and Blondo was indeed

---

person for whom the city of Davenport, Ia., was named, and not to be confounded with Col. William Davenport of the U. S. Army, who was some time stationed on Rock Island. His house was still standing in 1890 or later. See Davenport Democrat of Dec. 16, 1890, and Ann. of Iowa, ii, Nos. 2 and 3, July–Oct., 1895, p. 243

[7] Dr. Matthews informs me that Larpenteur's praise of Capt. Throckmorton is none too generous, and adds: "He was an old resident of St. Louis—a steamboat owner who often took command of his own vessels, and hence was called captain. He had a large family, mostly daughters, some of whom must still live in St. Louis. His boat, with himself and family on board, was frozen in at Fort Buford one winter—I think 1870–71. I have met him frequently, but do not remember his first name."

[8] Interpreter Blondeau had been there or thereabouts for many years: see Pike, ed. of 1895, pp. 32, 34, 211, referring to 1805–06.

[9] *Sic*—probably for calash, caleah, or calèche—a sort of one-horse vehicle.

well fixed for the country at the time. After some little time he took me into the village and introduced me to several of the leading men, of whom a great many were drunk, and toward evening he got so drunk himself that he frequently asked me if I did not want to "smell powder," but as I never felt like smelling powder as he proposed, I declined, not knowing why he used the expression. After the spree the old gentleman was very kind, took me all over the half-breed reservation—as fine country as I ever saw—and finally remarked that he would give me all the land I wanted if I should happen to make a match with his niece, Louise Dauphin. That was said after I had given up the idea of going on to Prarie du Chien, where I was bound; but, thinking myself too young, I declined all overtures, although I confess that I came very near accepting the offer, for Louise was one of the handsomest girls I ever saw—it cost me many long sighs to leave her, and more afterward.

After two months' residence at the rapids I returned to St. Louis, with full determination to see more of the wild Indians. General Ashley,[10] who was then carrying on great beaver trapping in the Rocky mountains, was in the habit of hiring as many as 100 men every spring. They were engaged for 18 months, to return in the fall of the following year with the furs. Not long after I came from the rapids General Ashley's party returned from the mountains with 100 packs of beaver. A pack of beaver is made up of 60 average beavers, supposed to weigh 100 lbs., worth in New York at that time from $7 to $8 per lb. It is impossible to describe my feelings at the sight of all that beaver—all those mountain men unloading their mules, in their strange mountain costume—most of their garments of buckskin and buffalo hide, but all so well greased and worn that it took close examination to tell what they were made of. To see the mules rolling and dusting is interesting and shocking at the same time; most of them, having carried their burdens of 200 pounds' weight for about 2,000 miles, return with scarcely any skin on their backs; they are peeled from withers to tail, raw underneath from use of the surcingle, and many are also lame.

---

[10] General William H. Ashley, one of the most enterprising and successful of the St. Louis fur traders, lieutenant governor in 1820-24, member of Congress, etc. His name was a power all over the West in those days. The curious reader will find much about him, and some things very much to the personal point, in James P. Beckwourth's book, *passim*: see, for example, the

William Sublette[11] and Robert Campbell[11] had

---

redoubtable Jim's quarrel and reconciliation with him, pp. 57-68 of C. G. Leland's ed., 1892.

[11] Each a well-known person in the fur trade, of whom we hear much in the sequel. In 1833 they were partners in the Rocky Mt. Co., and their trip to the mountains in 1832, when they were

attended General Ashley on several trips to the mountains—Campbell as clerk, mostly on account of his health; he had previously been clerk for Keith and O'Fallon.[12] Sublette was a farmer near St. Louis, but was more for trapping beaver than farming.

The sight of all this made me determined to take a trip of the same kind. The journey to the Rocky mountains at that early period was considered very hard, and dangerous on account of the Pawnees and Blackfeet. While trapping that summer William Sublette had been badly wounded in the shoulder in a fight with the Blackfeet.[13] But not all this danger, and the hardships to be endured on such a trip, could prevent me from engaging, in the spring of 1833.[14]

---

accompanied by N. J. Wyeth's party, will be found noted in Irving's Bonneville, chap. vi.

[12] Col. John O'Fallon: see note [3], p. 3.

[13] The battle of Pierre's Hole, 1832, which became well-known by Irving's spirited description in his Bonneville, chap. vi, where Sublette's wound in the shoulder is noted.

[14] The Autobiography had here: "As near as I can remember in the spring of thirty-two 1832." But Larpenteur's memory was then at fault; the date is 1833. This is proven by his Original Journal, which he began to write at Fort Union on Sept. 8, 1834, and which is now before me. It opens thus: "Fort Union Missouri Mouth of the Yellow Stone September the 8 1834 Being always desirous to visit the Rocky Mountains and not being able to satisfy my curiosity by means of cash I was oblidged to hire to M^r Sublette & Campbell has [as] a common hand to protect there

I first provided myself with a good recommendation from Major Benjamin O'Fallon, who was well known for his integrity, and would give no one a recommendation unless he deserved it. Provided with this document I next made application to the American Fur Company, which was then carried on by P. Chouteau and Co. J. J. Astor was still in the

goods and all that appertained to the said Sublette and Campbell to the risk of our lives indangered by Indians and all other axidents. wee left the City of Saint Louis on the 13th of April $\boxed{1833}$," etc.—the date interlined and framed in a rectangle to make it more conspicuous, as here printed. Larpenteur then goes on to give an orderly account of consecutive incidents as they occurred in 1833 and 1834, till he thus "catches up" to his date of writing in 1834. As his memory was then fresh, and as there is no break in sequence of events, it is clear that 1833 is the date of his start from St. Louis—though why he did not refresh his failing memory by referring to his own Journal can hardly be imagined. Dates are infrequent in the greater part of the Autobiography, but toward its close they recur regularly, showing that Larpenteur had before him a journal of these later years. We shall have frequent occasion to challenge or check his Autobiography, written so late in life, by means of his old Journals, four of which I possess; and shall sometimes weave into his present narrative materials derived from the same authentic sources.

Our start in 1833 is confirmed by various other data, of which I select two: 1. Bonneville first crossed the plains in 1832, wintered 1832–33 in the mountains, and met Larpenteur's party at the Green River rendezvous in July, 1833. 2. Larpenteur in his Journal, as above, accounts continuously for events of 1833–34 to Nov. 30, which he gives as date of an eclipse of the sun, which I have ascertained was visible to him on Nov. 30, 1834.

company. Mr. J. B. Sarpy was at the time the person who engaged the men. As I was young, well dressed, and not a bad-looking lad, but did not seem to be very robust, he remarked that he did not think I would answer for his purposes. I then showed him my document from the major, whom we both knew well, and the remark he made was, "Ah, if you had not deserved this, you would not have gotten it." Then, said he, "you are a Frenchman?" I replied in the affirmative. "You have some education," he continued; "why do you want to engage as a common hand?" I then told him that my desire was to see the Rocky mountains, that I was willing to undergo all the hardships of such a voyage, and that I wished to start from this place on horseback. He then referred me to Messrs. Sublette and Campbell, saying that, if I engaged with him, I should have to go as far as Fort Pierre,[18] and there start for the mountains with Mr. Fontenelle. Being anxious for an immediate ride, that proposition did not suit me. I then went to the office of Sublette and Co., which firm had bought out all Gen. Ashley's interests in the mountains, and were also making up an outfit to carry on an opposition to all the trading posts of the American Fur Co. on the Missouri; but I did not know this when I first applied to them. I found Mr. Campbell in his store, and on informing him of my intentions he appeared to have pretty much the same ideas as Mr. Sarpy. I soon discovered this and showed him my recommendation. Being very much of a gentleman, he had the politeness to invite me to his office, and there did all he could to make me abandon the idea of taking such a trip, giving me a full description of what I should be likely to undergo. But nothing could deter me; go I must, and under the promise that he should never hear me grumble, I signed an article of agreement for 18 months, for the sum $296 and such food as could be procured in the Indian country—that excluded bread, sugar, and coffee.

---

[18] Old Fort Pierre, on the right (west) bank of the Missouri, 3 m. above the mouth of Teton or Bad river; so named for Pierre Chouteau, Jr.—the one whom Larpenteur has already mentioned. The locality is that of present Pierre, S. Dak., which takes its name from the long-noted establishment of P. Chouteau, Jr., and Co., otherwise the A. F. Co.: see L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 131.

Now I was thus enlisted, ready for service; but Mr. Campbell was kind to me and always did his best to make my situation pleasant. So he employed me in St. Louis to assist in packing goods for the upper country, and in equipping the men who were getting ready to leave with the mules for Lexington, Mo., to await the arrival of the steamer which was to bring all their goods up to that point, and of the keel boat which was intended to be cordelled or towed as far as Fort Union with goods for the Indian trade. I was kept in the store until all the outfits had left St. Louis.

April 7th, 1833.[16]—Now, my dear reader, my mule is saddled, bridled, and hitched at the store in Washington avenue, St. Louis, ready to take me to Lexington, to join the party. If you wish to sacrifice all the comforts of civil life, come with me and share what I shall endure—but no! you can do better than that. For a small sum wherewith to purchase this book you can know it all without leaving your comfortable room. So good-by to civilization—not for eighteen months, but for forty years.

Myself and an individual by the name of Redman started in advance of Mr. Campbell, who was to join us at St. Charles. After we had been there two days he arrived with a young man named James Lee, and a little Snake Indian called Friday, who had been adopted by Mr. Fitzpatrick, a trapper in the mountains and afterward an Indian agent—for which tribe I do not recollect. I shall not be able to give exact dates, as I did not expect to ever write a book; but I will endeavor to come as near as possible. We were eight days on our journey from St. Charles to

---

[16] Copy has 1832: see note [14], p. 9, where it appears from the Orig. Journ. that Larpenteur left St. Louis Apr. 13, 1833. The year is certain, and Apr. 13 is probably nearer than Apr. 7, for the Journal goes on to say that he reached Lexington on Apr. 20.

Lexington; we fared extremely well, Mr. Campbell having treated us like himself wherever we put up.

On the 18th [or 20th] of April we reached Lexington, where we found our party camped in tents, awaiting our arrival. There the sumptuous fares were all over. Mr. Campbell called me up and said, "Charles, I will now assign you to your mess. I have a mess of nine first-rate old voyageurs—French boys from Cahokia—you will be well off with them." I was not quite a stranger to them, having formed acquaintance with some of them before leaving St. Louis; and I am glad to say that they did all they could for me as long as I remained with them. None of those men had any education, and would frequently remark that if I took care of myself I could get into good business. Our fare during our stay at Lexington was not bad; we drew rations like soldiers, and having yet a little pocket money we could add to our provisions considerably. As to our bedding, it was not very soft, for we were not allowed to carry more than one pair of 3-pound[17] blankets. A few days after

---

[17] More commonly called 3-*point* blankets by traders and trappers whose narratives I have read. The "point" was a short black stripe, about four inches long, woven into the Mackinaw blanket to indicate its weight; a 3-pound blanket had three such stripes. So a point was a pound in blankets, just as in cooking recipes "a pint's a pound, the world round."

As to the mule-packs of which Larpenteur goes on to speak, his our arrival mules were given to each of us—two to pack and one to ride. Mr. Campbell gave me his favorite mule Simon to ride; old Simon was not so kind that he would not buck me off his back when he took a notion to do so, but on the whole was a good fellow in comparison with many others. My two pack mules were very gentle, but would kick off their packs sometimes. My two loads consisted of beaver traps and a small top pack—a choice load, not likely to turn over like dry goods. As I was a green hand my mates assisted me a great deal, and I was always thankful to them for it.

Journal is more explicit. "On the 28th," it says, "Our names were taken and our load given us, consisting of liquor Guns Powder led Blanket, Pantaloons Shirts capos [capotes] Beaver Traps and many other artikals too numerous to mention. Three Mules were given me, one for my rideing Animal and the two others for packing. my loads consisted of traps raisins chocolatte."

CHAPTER II.

(1833.)

OVER THE PLAINS TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

ON the 12th of May[1] we took our departure for the mountains, and at the same time the keel boat left Lexington landing, manned by thirty men with the cordell on their shoulders, some of them for the distance of about 1800 miles. Our party consisted of 40[2] enlisted men; Robert Campbell, boss in charge; Louis Vasquez, an old mountain man; Mr. Johnesse, a clerk in charge of the men, whose place it was to remain in the rear to aid in readjusting the loads, which would get out of order, and to have an eye to the whole cavalcade. As guests,[2] were Captain Stewart from England, on a pleasure trip; old General Harrison's son, with the view to break him from drinking whiskey; and Mr. Edmund Christy, of St. Louis.

---

[1] Date in question: Orig. Journ. makes the start from Lexington Apr. 28, "on the same day" the mule-packs were made up and given out. The first day out they traveled only 5 m., and then waited 3 days for Mr. Sublette, who was coming in a steamboat that was to tow the keel boat as far as Liberty, Mo. "On the 7th of May we left the Settlements and on the 9th at knight was the first knight wee stood guard," etc. Some of the discrepancy is evidently due to difference in date of leaving Lexington and of finally clearing out from the last settlement.

[2] Orig. Journ. agrees nearly, saying: "Our number was 45, which was divided into nine guards four at a relief and one officer which made nine officers of which I was one," etc.

Now hard times commenced. At first the mules kicking off packs and running away was amusing for those who were all right, but mighty disagreeable for the poor fellows who were out of luck. I had my share of this, but it was not to be compared with the troubles of some of my comrades. This kind of kicking up lasted three or four days in full blast; it finally subsided, yet there would be a runaway almost every day. Our fare consisted of bacon and hard-tack—no sugar nor coffee—for three or four days, after which we each received a small piece of sheep meat, as we had a drove [4] to last us until we got into the buffalo. While the sheep lasted we had but that alone. I then commenced to think that what Mr. Campbell had re-

---

[2] Beckwourth says of this party, whom he met near the Bighorn river: "I was introduced to a Captain Stuart, who had figured conspicuously, as I was informed, under the Iron Duke, and was now travelling in the far West in pursuit of adventure; also to a Dr. Harrison, son of the hero of Tippecanoe, and to a Mr. Brotherton, with several other gentlemen, who were all taking a pleasure excursion," Autobiogr., 2d ed., 1892, p. 226. Captain or Sir William Stuart's estate, called Murthly Castle, was on the south side of the Tay in Perthshire, Scotland, running about 4 miles down river from the gates of Dunkeld. In 1862 the castle was rented to Mr. Robert Graham of Glasgow, and Sir William lived at what was known as the Cottage, a pretty house filled with Indian trophies and other curios, overlooking the Tay, about halfway between the Castle and Dunkeld. Mr. Maurice Kingsley of New Rochelle, N. Y., who gives in these particulars *in lit.*, Jan. 18, 1898, adds that he well remembers Sir William in 1862–65, when the nobleman must have been about 70 years of age—slightly over middle height, a trifle bent, spare but broad-shouldered, with long thin hair almost white, square face and restless grayish-blue eyes—very active still, though gouty and

---

irascible. He published a book about his adventures, the title of which is one of a great many things I do not know.

"Old General Harrison's son," whom Larpenteur characterizes so tersely, was Dr. Benjamin Harrison, son of William Henry Harrison, hero of Tippecanoe, and ninth President of the U. S., Mar. 4–Apr. 4, 1841. On applying to ex-President Benjamin Harrison for further information, I was favored with the following letter, dated Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 6, 1897: "My Dear Sir: I have your letter of Dec. 2. I had an uncle, Dr. Benjamin Harrison, who died when I was a lad. I have only a faint remembrance of him. He was of a wild and adventurous disposition, participated, I think, in the Texas war of independence, and in a good many other frontier scrapes, but I have no particular knowledge of the events of his life. . . Very truly yours, BENJAMIN HARRISON."

[4] Orig. Journ. has: "the provisions we had consisted in twenty sheeps two loads of Bacon 500 weight of corn meal which was intended to eat until we got to the Buffello this food to be eaten without bread was not very rellishing when I came to be wnead [weaned] of bread I found that I Should soon be satisfyed of my trip"—*i. e.*, would soon have enough of it, with such poor fare.

marked was on the march.[5] About a week after we had been under march the guard was established, and I was appointed an officer. It became the duty of the officer every third day to post his men around the camp, as soon as all the animals were brought in and picketed in the circle of the camp; those men were to remain quite still at their stations; the officer was to cry out "All's well" every 20 minutes, and the men to cry out the same, so as to find out whether they were asleep or awake. Should any one fail to reply, it was then the duty of the officer to go the rounds to find out the individual, and if caught asleep to take his gun to the boss' tent; then in the morning he would be informed of what he had to undergo, which was a $5 fine and three walks.[6] The men on guard were not permitted to move from their stations, as it was considered dangerous on account of Indians being known to creep up to camp and watch to shoot someone whom they could discover strolling about; so the officer was more in danger than his men. The usual time of guard was 2½ hours. Having traveled all day, being obliged to remain quiet at one's post was very trying on the sleeping organs, and consequently there would be some poor fellow trudging along on foot almost every day. Our route, as well as I can remember, crossed the Little and Big Blue rivers and continued along the south side of the Platte.[7] I complained, as my messmates did, of the sheep meat, but they consoled me as well as themselves by speaking of the fine feast we soon would have on the buffalo, which they said they would prefer to all the good messes that could be gotten up in the States. Three days after we had reached the Platte the hunters brought in one evening a load of meat; but the cry of "buffalo meat!" was heard long before they came in, and there was great rejoicement in camp. Sheep meat could be had very cheap that evening, and it was amusing to see the cooks hunting their kettles—some cursing them for being too small, as though it was the poor kettle's fault for its size; but it was not long before they found the kettles were large enough. Then came trouble—there was no wood to be found about camp, and all the fuel we could obtain was the stalks of some large dried weeds, the wild sunflower. Now and then some hungry fellow would bring in a small armful of that kind of fuel, and his first words would be, "Is the kettle boiling?" Upon being answered in the negative a long string of bad expressions would be heard, the mildest being, "Waugh! I believe that damned kettle won't never boil!" Thanks to the virtue of sunflower stalks, however, it boiled at last, and every countenance became pleasant at the thought of tasting that much-talked-of buffalo meat. When it was thought cooked by the old voyageurs, preparations were made to dish it out; but, as we had no pans, a clean place was looked for on the grass, and the contents of the kettle were poured out. All hands seated around the pile hauled out their long butcher knives, opened their little sacks of salt, and then began operations. But it was not long before bad expressions were again used in regard to the highly praised quality of buffalo meat. "I can't chew it"—"Tougher'n whalebone"—"If that's the stuff we've got to live on for eighteen months, God have mercy on us!" For my part I thought about the same, but said nothing; and after I had chewed as long as I could without being able to get it in swallowing condition, I would seize an opportunity to spit it into my hand, and throw it out unseen behind me. My comrades asked me how I liked buffalo meat; I replied I thought it might be some better than it was, and they said, "Never mind, Larpenteur; wait until we get among the fat cows—then you will see the difference."[8] At this time of the year, in the early part of June, the cows are not fit to kill; for they have their young calves, and are very poor. For several days after this sheep meat would have kept up its price, and perhaps would have risen in value; but none was allowed to come into market, what little there was being reserved for the boss' mess. So we had to go it on buffalo alone; but, thank Providence! we soon got into fine fat cows, and fared well. My comrades had told me that we should now get a sickness called by them *le mal de vache*[9]; it is a dysentery caused by eating too much fat meat alone, and some are known to have died of it. So it was not long after we fared so well on the fat of the land that very bad expressions were used in reference to living on meat alone.

---

[5] Meaning that what Mr. Campbell had said would happen was happening.

[6] That is, to go afoot for three days.

---

[7] But crossed the Kansas before reaching the Platte, as the party were on the regular Oregon Trail. The Orig. Journ. says: "the first river of any consiquence that we crossed was the Caw river where there is an agensey for the Caw Indians which is kept by General Clark relation of old General Clark, superintendent of the Indian affaires in St. Louis." Journ. further states that they crossed the Kansas May 15; camped there 16th and 17th; decamped 18th; reached the Platte 23d; and continued on 24th.

I cannot say that anything of great importance took place during our journey to the rendezvous; but nowadays, when we have a great deal to say in the newspapers about traveling from Sioux City to Fort Randall, I think that I may indulge in a few more remarks before I reach Green river.[10] After crossing the South fork of the Platte, the only curiosity of note is Chimney Rock[11]; that part of the country is

---

[8] Out West, instead of saying "to know B from a bull's foot," they have it, "to know poor bull from fat cow," as a criterion of discernment.

[9] Literally "cow-sickness."

---

[10] Larpenteur will be found on acquaintance to have a dry humor, and a sly satire, in a good many things he says, not always evident at first sight. There was no Sioux City, Ia., till about the middle of the 50's; Fort Randall, S. D., was not established till 1856; the railroad only pushed into the former in February, 1868; and the distance between the two places, about 175 miles by boat, much less by land, was of course a mere jaunt in comparison with the journey our author was making in 1833 to the rendezvous on Green river, one of the two main forks of the Colorado of the West, beyond the Continental Divide. In the fall of 1872 I reached Sioux City by rail, but took a steamboat on the Missouri to Fort Randall, to which post I had been ordered as its medical officer; I was about three days on the boat, Oct. 15–18.

[11] Having come up the main Platte, crossed the S. Platte at the forks, and continued up the N. Platte, the party has reached this long-famous landmark, on the S. side of the river, in Cheyenne Co., Neb. It was one of several less conspicuous mounds at isolated points along both sides of the river, not far below Scott's bluffs. The Orig. Journ. describes it as "a kind of natural monument which the travellers calls the chimney it is seen in clear weather from the distance of three or four days travel it represents pricisely a chimney the base of it is in the shape of a square pointed roof and from the midst of this roof the chimney puts out from about twenty-five to thirty feet high and appears to be something like 100 feet high." This is a much more reasonable estimate than was often given of the height, some calling it upward of 500 feet. There is a picture of it on the full-page plate opp. p. 38 of the Senate ed. of Frémont's Exped. of 1842, pub. 1845; at which date Mr. Charles Preuss says the marl and earthy limestone of the chimney were rapidly wearing away, the whole formation being not over 200 feet above the river.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, IN 1866.

too well known at present for me to enter into any description of it. From this point to La Ramie's[12] fort nothing took place worth mentioning except the overthrow of our long friend Marsh. It happened that, in traveling through a country thickly settled with prickly pears, bad luck would have it that a small particle of one accidentally found itself under the tail of his riding mule. The poor animal, finding itself so badly pricked, kicked and bucked at such a rate that our long friend was soon unsaddled, and thrown flat on his back in a large bunch of the prickly pears.

---

[12] The personality of this name is now well-nigh forgotten, in speaking of Fort Laramie, Laramie river, Laramie plains, Laramie peak, and Laramie Co., Neb. La Ramie or Laramie (full name not at hand as I write) was one of the first of the Canadian French voyageurs or coureurs de bois to hunt and trap beaver in this part of the world, and was killed by Arapahoes somewhere about the headwaters of the stream which thenceforth has borne his name. In the course of time there have been several different establishments about the mouth of Laramie river, which finally became a long and well-known military reservation of over 50 sq. m. We find Larpenteur speaking of La Ramie's "fort" in 1833; but that is *ex post dicto*; his Journ. simply speaks of fourche la Ramie, which he crossed on a raft of cottonwoods, and his present words mean simply the *site* of the subsequent establishment. I may also mention that J. K. Townsend, with the Wyeth expedition of 1834, speaks of crossing Laramie fork on June 1, when there was nothing on the spot. The first post appears to have been built that year, 1834, by Wm. Sublette and Robert Campbell; this was a mere stockade of logs, with small bastions on two diagonal corners, and the usual living rooms inside; it stood on the very site of the future U. S. Fort Laramie, on the W. bank of Laramie river, 1¼ m. above its mouth. Irving's Bonneville says that it was "about three years" after 1832 that Mr. Robert Campbell built the first post at Laramie, "which he named Fort William, after his friend and partner, Mr. William Sublette," no doubt referring to the same original log stockade of 1834, whose name of Fort William must have speedily lapsed, if indeed it was ever current. In 1835 it was bought by Milton Sublette, "Jim" Bridger, and others, who went into business with the A. F. Co., and it immediately became a rendezvous for Oglala Sioux, under the name of Fort John.

By 1836 the pickets were rotting, and the A. F. Co. replaced the original stockade with an adobe structure, the last traces of which did not disappear till 1862. With the old pickets also went the name Fort John, and Fort Laramie the post was always afterward. It was held by the A. F. Co. till 1849, when it was sold to the U. S. government, and became a military post in July of that year, when it was garrisoned by Companies C and D of the Mounted Rifles under Maj. Winslow F. Sanderson, who had attained his majority on Jan. 8 of the previous year, and died Sept. 16, 1853; Capt. (afterward Gen.) William Scott Ketchum came with Co. G of the Sixth Infantry in August of the same year (1849). How important a place Fort Laramie was in those years, and for long subsequently, may be inferred from the fact that in 1850 wagon-trains and other outfits representing an aggregate of 40,000 animals crossed Laramie river below the fort. I have in hand an unpublished sketch of Fort John; a plate of the adobe Fort Laramie of 1842 faces p. 40 of Frémont's Report, already cited. It would be idle to attempt to cite the references to Fort Laramie which incessantly recur in books, but I may mention that it was a sort of hdqrs. for the future celebrated historian Francis Parkman, when, fresh from college, he was knocking about among the Indians, and making materials for his Oregon Trail—not one of his works upon which his fame rests most securely. The best account of the military post, as it was late in

Although he was over six feet in his stockings, the length of his limbs was not enough to reach out of the patch; and there he lay, begging for pity's sake of his comrades, as they passed by, to help him out of his prickly situation. But all he heard in reply to his entreaties was bursts of laughter throughout the company as they passed by, till he was relieved by Mr. Johnesse,[18] who had charge of the rear. I could but

---

the 60's, is by Dr. H. S. Schell, U. S. A., in Circular No. 4, War Dept., Surgeon General's Office, Washington, Dec. 5, 1870, pp. 345-350, whence I derive some of the data of this note.

[18] I fear this good Samaritan who brought up the rear and did not pass by on the other side must remain anonymous or pseudonymous, as far as his editor is concerned. He seems to be the Antoine Jeanisse of note [1], p. 52; but such a name varies from Jeunesse to Johnson in the MSS. before me, and I can make nothing of it. Compare one Auguste Janisse of Frémont's list of his men, Exped. of 1842, p. 9.

Larpenteur is too much concerned for his poor friend Marsh's plight to give some other particulars which belong here, as I find by his Orig. Journ. On crossing La Fourche de La Ramie and traveling 5 or 6 m. to camp on the N. Platte, it appears that "they was three gentlemen which made there appearance in to our camp of which one of them was mr. Frap one of the members of mr. Fits Patrick trarping company which was going to st Louis to purchase goods with the intention to return to the Mountains in the fall. the following day we moved camp about half a mile where we remained two days during that time mr Frap maid some agreements with mr Campbell on which he bought the outfit with the exeption of ten mules and ten Barrills of liquor and two bales of goods." This Mr. Frapp was a well-known person in the business for many years, though less noted pity the poor fellow, but, at the same time, his situation excited mirth. There he lay in a large bunch of prickly pears, stretched out as though he had been crucified. Poor Marsh! I shall remember him as long as I live.

On approaching La Ramie's river we discovered three large buffaloes lying dead close together. The party was ordered to stop and form in double line, while the hunters were gone to find out the cause of those buffaloes' deaths, surmising that they had been killed by Indians. They were gone but a little while before they returned, reporting that the animals had been killed by lightning during a storm we had the previous day; so our fears of Indians were removed, and the party resumed their march. We soon reached the [Laramie] river, where we were ordered to dismount and go to work making a boat out of the hides of the buffalo—quite a new kind of boat [14] to

than Fitzpatrick the Broken Hand. Frémont, p. 40, has this item concerning him: "For several years the Cheyennes and Sioux had gradually become more and more hostile to the whites, and in the latter part of August, 1841, had had a rather severe engagement with a party of six whites, under the command of Mr. Frapp, of St. Louis. The Indians lost eight or ten warriors, and the whites had their leader and four men killed. This fight took place on the waters of Snake river, and it was this party, on their return under Mr. Bridger, which had spread so much alarm among my people."

[14] This was the ordinary "bull-boat," as it is called, made of hides stretched over a light framework of sticks, of circular

me. But the boat was made, and the party with all the goods were crossed over by sunset. The next day, or the day after, according to custom Mr. Campbell sent Mr. Vasquez with two men to hunt up some trappers, in order to find out where the rendezvous would be, and we awaited their return at this place. They were gone eight days, which time we enjoyed in hunting and feasting on the best of buffalo meat. On the arrival of the trappers and hunters[16] a big drunken spree took place. Our boss, who was a good one, and did not like to be backward in such things, I saw flat on his belly on the green grass, pouring out what he could not hold in. Early next morning everything was right again, and orders were given

---

shape, like a great clothes-basket or deep saucer. Such a boat was in regular use by the Indians, and is described and figured by many authors. A specimen may be seen in the U. S. National Museum, to the fishery exhibit of which it was contributed some years ago by Dr. Matthews. I think that this is the one figured in the late Dr. Charles Rau's Prehistoric Fishing. It is not so well made as some I have seen on the upper Missouri. The original exploration of the Yellowstone in 1806 was made in bullboats: see L. and C., ed., 1893, p. 1172.

[16] Orig. Journ. has: "Mr. Campbell had sent for Mr Fitz Patrick to come and receive his goods at a place near the Black Hills the place appointed for the randesvous. . . We remained three days at the randesvous after which time Mr Fitz Patrick arived with three men and six mules loaded with Beaver the following day they settled all their affairs and started Mr Frap with a party of ten men to go and trap amongst the Black Hills we also left our camp," etc.

to catch up and start. Everything moved quite smoothly until we reached the Divide,[18] where my

---

[18] The Continental Divide, at South Pass, near the head of Sweetwater river, July 2, 1833. Orig. Journ. is much more explicit than the above meager text. After continuing up the N. Platte some distance (not given) from Laramie, the party passed over to the Sweetwater by a route a little off the Platte, and reached the former river at or near the famous Independence Rock, so frequently mentioned in books of Western travel and adventure. "The ordinary road leaves the Platte, and crosses over to the Sweet Water river, which it strikes near Rock Independence," Frémont, p. 54. Orig. Journ. describes the rock with some particularity. Five m. above it is the curious formation known as the Devil's Gate, where the river runs through a narrow opening, 300 yards long, 35 yards wide, and 400 feet deep: plate of the Gate in Frémont, opp. p. 57. This appears to be the place that was originally called "The Fiery Narrows" by the incoming Astorian overlanders, Oct. 31, 1812: see this date in Irving's Astoria, chap. xlviii. This party of seven persons descended the Sweetwater part way, having probably struck it below its upper cañon; they were the first of whom we have any account as being on this river, long before it received its present name.

In my Henry Journ., 1897, pp. 884, 885, where I discussed the route of these Astorians, I was inclined to bring them through South Pass and thus down the whole of the Sweetwater. But in a review of Astoria which appeared in the N. Y. Nation of Dec. 23, 1897, I say: "Attentive reconsideration of this point induces us to fetch them from Green River about south-southeast to very near South Pass—perhaps within twelve or fifteen miles of it—when they wandered off the Indian trail which would have brought them through this pass, and kept about southeast until they had headed the Sweetwater entirely. They then struck east, south of that river, and finally fell on it lower down—per-

DEVIL'S GATE, SWEETWATER RIVER, WYOMING.

faithful old Simon—I may say the whole trinity—played out on me."[17] About two hours before camping time the pack of one of my mules got so much out of order that I was obliged to stop to lash it again. Mr. Simon, who was in the habit of waiting for me on occasions of that kind, changed his notion and took it into his head to follow the party without me; the well-packed one followed suit, and it was all I could do to prevent the third one from leaving before getting his pack on; but as soon as that was done the gentleman took to his heels, and all three got into camp about an hour before me. The want of Simon was the cause of my being obliged to wade a small creek—tributary to the Sweetwater—which was very cold, although it was the 2d of July. I was wet up to my waist, and it was my guard late that night. When

---

haps via Whiskey [or Muddy] Gap, between the Green and the Seminole Mountains." It is due to Capt. H. M. Chittenden to say that this modification of my view resulted from his criticism, during correspondence which we had upon the whole subject of the overland Astorian routes. Capt. Chittenden has lately favored me with the blue print of a map on which he locates the main winter camp of the incoming Astorians in the bend of the N. Platte at Poison Spider creek, a little above Casper, Wyo.

Larpenteur's Journ. states that his party ascended the Sweetwater for six days, and that "on the second of July we arived on the Divide where we encamped."

[17] His riding-mule and two pack-mules composed the "whole trinity." Perhaps he forgot to put on the blinders!

I was wakened to go on guard my clothes were still wet, and on that morning, the 3d of July, water froze in our kettles nearly a quarter of an inch thick. I felt quite chilly and was sick for about eight days.

As near as I can remember we reached the rendezvous on Green river on the 8th of July.[18] There were still some of Capt. Bonneville's men in a small stockade. He had come up the year previous [1832]. Thus ended our journey so far.

---

[18] Orig. Journ. has: "On the fifth [of July] we arived to the randesvous which was on the ques qui di river near Mr. Barnavilles Fort which is supposed [writing in 1834] to have been distroyed by the Black Feet." The author's "Quesquidi" is Green river, the principal fork of the Colorado; the Crow Indian name has uncounted variants in spelling, among which I have noticed Siskadee, Siskede-azzeah, Sheetskadee, and Seedskedeeagie; the word is said to mean Prairie-hen river (with reference to the sage grouse, *Centrocercus urophasianus*). Our name, Green river, translates Rio Verde of the Spanish, who came to it somewhere about 1818, and were struck with the color of its water. Green river is also often and not improperly called the Colorado, as it is the main upper reach of that great stream. From South Pass it was two or three days' journey on the regular road S. W., down the Little and Big Sandy, to the rendesvous on Green river, near Capt. Bonneville's post. The exact location of this rendesvous, which Larpenteur does not give, is recoverable from Irving's chaps. xix and xx, where it appears that Bonneville, who had wintered 1832–33 elsewhere in the mountains, reached Green river July 13, 1833, and "sent out spies to his place of rendezvous on Horse creek," a small tributary of the Green from the W. "About four miles from the rendesvous of Captain Bonneville was that of the American Fur Company hard by which was that also of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company"—the latter being, of course, that to which Larpenteur belonged. This does not mean that the rendesvous where the parties met was at Horse creek, for this creek is much higher

up the Green, and was Bonneville's own place of rendezvous, to which he sent spies from the point where he met the other traders. The regular road passed W. from this vicinity by way of Black's and Ham's forks, and so on over to Bear river.

When the Wyeth expedition was at the rendezvous the following year (June 19-30, 1834), Townsend states in his Narr., 1839, p. 75, that he met there Wm. Sublette, Capts. Serre, Fitzpatrick, and other leaders. With him was the distinguished botanist, Thomas Nuttall; and "we were joined at the rendezvous by a Captain Stewart, an English gentleman of noble family, who is travelling for amusement, and in search of adventure. He has already been a year in the mountains," etc. This is the Englishman whom Larpenteur has named as accompanying his party in 1833. "Another Englishman," continues Townsend, p. 79, "a young man named Ashworth, also attached himself to our party." I am particular to cite Townsend in this connection, because his testimony is conclusive that the rendezvous was *not* on Horse creek. For example, he says, p. 69: "We left the Sweet-water, and proceeded in a *south-westerly* direction to Sandy river;" and again, p. 71: "Our course was still *down the Sandy river*," etc. Thus he reaches the rendezvous by the regular road which I have mentioned above, and it was where I have said. Nobody went up to that Horse creek place to pass from Green to Bear river.

CHAPTER III.

(1833.)

FROM GREEN RIVER RENDEZVOUS BY THE BIGHORN AND THE YELLOWSTONE TO THE MISSOURI.

THE day after we reached the rendezvous Mr. Campbell, with ten men, started to raise a beaver cache at a place called by the French Trou à Pierre, which means Peter's Hole.[1] As I was sick, Mr. Campbell left me in camp, and placed Mr. Fitzpatrick in charge during his absence, telling the latter to take good care of me, and if the man Redman, whom he left as clerk, did not answer, to try me. In a short time a tent was rigged up into a kind of saloon, and such drinking, yelling, and shooting as went on I, of course, never had heard before. Mr. Redman, among the rest, finally got so drunk that Mr. Fitzpatrick could do nothing with him, and there was not a sober man to be found in camp but myself. So Mr. Fitzpatrick asked me if I would try my hand at clerking. I remarked that I was willing to do my best, and at it I went. For several days nothing but whisky was sold, at $5 a pint. There were great quarrels and

---

[1] I have not elsewhere found Trou à Pierre translated "Peter's" Hole—always Pierre or Pierre's Hole, the name it still bears. It is said to have been so called after one Pierre, an Iroquois in the employ of the H. B. Co., "who fell by the hands of the Blackfeet and gave his name to the fated valley of Pierre's Hole," says Irving's Bonneville, chap. x., date not given, stated to be "many" years before 1832. The history of the place dates back to 1811, when the outgoing overland Astorians passed through it, between Oct. 4 and 8; but it was then nameless. This party were en route from the main or S. fork of Snake river, at the mouth of Hoback's river, to the point on Henry's or N. fork of Snake river where Andrew Henry had established his post in 1810, and been driven therefrom in 1811. Their way was over the Teton range by Teton Pass into Pierre's Hole, which is the recess between the mountains just said and the Snake River range; the Hole is watered by the numerous affluents of Teton

river, from all the mountains round about, and the Teton flows into Henry's fork in the vicinity of the place where Henry's fort stood, but lower down. This post was on the left bank of Henry's fork, about opposite present Elgin, 2-3 m. from present Wilford, say 10 m. below confluence of Fall river with the main stream. Pierre's Hole was retraversed by the incoming Astorians early in October of the following year, 1812, and in Larpenteur's time had become a great resort. "Pierre's Hole" will be found marked on various maps, but the name seems to be lapsing of late years, like that of Pierre's river for the Teton. The meridian line between Wyoming and Idaho runs through Pierre's Hole, near long. 111° W.

The most notable event in the early history of Pierre's Hole is the fight with the Blackfeet of 1832, best narrated in Irving's chap. vi. A recent letter from John Ball, dated Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 14, 1874, published in Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc., i, 1876, pp. 111, 112, gives another notice of the same place in 1832: "I crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1832, in the party of Mr. Nathan-fights outside, but I must say the men were very civil to me. Mr. Fitzpatrick was delighted, and wondered to me why Mr. Campbell had not mentioned me for clerk in the first instance instead of that drunken Redman. After seven or eight days Mr. Campbell returned with ten packs of beaver. A few days afterward the rumor was circulated in camp that he was about to sell out their interest in the mountains to Fitzpatrick, Edmund Christy, Frap, and Gervais. In the meantime sprees abated, and the trappers commenced to buy their little outfits, consisting of blankets, scarlet shirts, tobacco, and some few trinkets to trade with the Snake Indians, during which transactions I officiated as clerk.

iel Wyeth. . . In upper Missouri our party joined a trading company headed by Mr. William Sublette, with whom we traveled. A Mr. Robert Campbell of St. Louis was also of the caravan. We passed Captain Bonneville's party, which was traveling with wagons, between the Kansas and the Platte, went up the North Platte and Sweetwater, and reached the South Pass early in July. We kept close under the Wind River Mountains for a hundred miles, and came to a branch of the Lewis river (Snake river), and at Pierre's Hole, which was a famous resort, met Sublette's trappers and the Flathead and Nez Perce Indians." The reader will remember that this was the time and place of Sublette's wounding, already mentioned by Larpenteur, p. 8.

The Orig. Journ. states that the party which went to "raise the cash" in Pierre's Hole left July 8, and consisted of 18 men, who returned July 15; two days after which camp was shifted a little further down Green river, where there was better pasturage, and remained there until July 24.

The rumors at last became verified; the sales were effected, but things went on as usual until Mr. Campbell sent for me one morning. On entering his tent I was presented with a good cup of coffee and a large-sized biscuit; this was a great treat, for I believe that it was the first coffee I had drunk since I left Lexington. Then he remarked, "Charles, I suppose you have heard that I sold out our interest in the mountains; but I have reserved all your mess, ten mules, and the cattle (we had four cows and two bulls, intended for the Yellowstone). I have 30 packs of beaver, which Fitz is to assist me with as far as the Bighorn river, where I intend to make skin boats and take my beaver down to the mouth of the Yellowstone. There I expect to meet Sublette, who is to take the packs on to St. Louis. You are one of the ten men whom I have reserved, but Fitz would like much to have you remain with him, and I leave you the choice, to stay with him or come with me." My reply was, "Mr. Campbell, I have engaged to you, you have treated me like a gentleman, and I wish to follow you wherever you go." Upon which he said, "Very well, very well," with a kind smile; "go to your mess." On returning, my messmates, expecting some news, asked me what was the result of my visit to the boss; and, on being informed, a great shout of joy was the answer.

The beaver was all packed and pressed ready for the march; so the next day the order came to catch up the animals, receive our packs, and move camp. This was not our final departure; it was merely to get a fresh grazing ground for the mules and horses.

A day or so later we learned that a mad wolf had got into Mr. Fontenelle's camp about five miles from us, and had bitten some of his men and horses. My messmates, who were old hands, had heard of the like before, when men had gone mad. It was very warm, toward the latter end of July; we were in the habit of sleeping in the open air, and never took the trouble to put up the tent, except in bad weather; but when evening came the boys set up the tent. Some of the other messes asked, "What is that for?" The reply was, "Oh, mad wolf come—he bite me." When the time came to retire the pack saddles were brought up to barricade the entrance of our tent, the only one up in camp, excepting that of the boss. After all hands had retired nothing was heard in the camp except, now and then, the cry of "All's well," and some loud snoring, till the sudden cry of, "Oh, I'm bitten!"—then immediately another, and another. Three of our men were bitten that night,[8] all of them in the face. One poor fellow, by the name of George Holmes, was badly bitten on the right ear and face. All hands got up with their guns in pursuit of the animal, but he made his escape. When daylight came men were mounted to go in search, but nothing could be seen of him. It was then thought that he had gone and was not likely to return, and no further precaution was taken than the night before. But it seems that Mr. Wolf, who was thought far away, had hidden near camp; for about midnight the cry of "mad wolf" was heard again. This time the animal was among the cattle and bit our largest bull, which went mad afterward on the Bighorn, where we made the boats. The wolf could have been shot,[3] but orders were not to shoot in camp, for fear of accidentally killing some one, and so Mr. Wolf again escaped.

---

[8] This affair of the mad wolves is also narrated by Irving in Bonneville's Adventures, chap. xx; where, after describing the wild revelry and deviltry that went on in the several camps of

---

this great rendezvous, he says: "During this season of folly and frolic, there was an alarm of mad wolves in the two lower camps," *i. e.*, of the A. F. Co. and R. Mt. Co. The chapter ends with "another instance we have from a different person who was present in the encampment. One of the men of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company had been bitten," etc. This case seems to be no other than that of George Holmes, and very likely Larpenteur was Irving's informant.

[3] Larpenteur says in his Orig. Journ. that he could have shot the wolf, "but I was hindered by Captain Stward which was officer of guard at the time." He forgets to state, among events at the rendezvous, that on July 22 Mr. Gervais started with 30 men to trap in the "root diger's country," *i. e.*, among the Digger Indians.

But we learned afterward that he had been killed by some of Mr. Fontenelle's men.

As well as I can remember it was the first week in August[4] when we were ordered to take final leave for the Horn. Our party was then much reduced; the members of the new company remained on Green river with the intention, according to custom, to set out through the mountains so soon as trapping time commenced. Fitzpatrick came with us, with about 20 of his men; Harrison was with Fitz, intending to winter in the mountains. We turned back on the same route by which we had reached the rendezvous, to Sweetwater, from which we struck off for Wind river.[8] Two days after leaving the Sweetwater we reached Wind river, near the mouth of a small stream called Pappah-ah-je, which place Dr. Harrison visited on account of the remarkable oil spring which puts into that stream. Some distance from the river we learned by one of the men, who had gone ahead to find a good encampment, that the Indians, the night previous, had shot a trapper asleep through the ear, that the ball had come out under his jaw, and that he had an arrow-point in his shoulder-blade. Three old trappers[*] had left Green river some time before us, intending to meet us on Wind river. Dr. Harrison extracted the arrow-point and dressed the wound, which he pronounced not dangerous. We remained in camp two days. From this point until we got to the other side of the mountains, game became so scarce that we had to live for two days on such berries and roots as we could find. Two days before reach-

---

[4] Orig. Journ. gives July 24 as date of final departure from the rendesvous for the Bighorn. That this is correct is shown by Irving's Bonneville, opening of chap. xxiii, where we read: "On the 25th of July [1833] Captain Bonneville struck his tents, and set out on his route for the Bighorn, . . . and soon fell upon the track of Mr. Robert Campbell's party, which had preceded him by a day." Irving's whole chapter, in fact, should be read with the present chapter of Larpenteur, as it gives many additional particulars. The two parties came together Aug. 4; on which date Irving mentions Fitzpatrick, as well as Campbell; the English Captain Stewart (or Stuart), whom Larpenteur has dropped, though this guest was still with the party; and Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who was attached to Larpenteur's party, on his return from his outgoing of 1832 with Wm. Sublette and R. Campbell, after he had been to the Columbia and returning had met Bonneville at the rendesvous on Green river. The various parties continued together about a fortnight, before they separated on their several diverse routes. Bonneville set out for a rendesvous at Medicine Lodge on Aug. 17. Captain Stuart started for the Crows on his adventures, of which he had plenty, as we may read in Beckwourth's book. Wyeth went on ahead of Larpenteur's party, down the Bighorn in a bull-boat; left Fort Cass Aug. 18, and reached Fort Union Aug. 24; Milton Sublette was with him. Irving's chap. xli traces Wyeth's journey.

---

[8] The main upper reach of the Bighorn itself is so called above the confluence of Popo-agie river. Wind river runs S. E. to this confluence, whence the course of the Bighorn is almost N. to the Yellowstone. Larpenteur retraversed South Pass and thus got on the Sweetwater, but did not go far down the latter before turning away from it—certainly nowhere near "Rock Independent," as he says by mistake in a passage above which I have stricken out, as nothing of the sort is indicated by the Orig. Journ. "Wind River" occurs in Irving's Astoria, orig. ed. 1836, but the name is much older. The stream was first ascended by the outgoing overland Astorians under Wilson Price Hunt, Sept. 9-14, 1811; and appears to have soon become known by its present name, though this does not occur in any Lewis and Clark text, orig. ed. 1814. The Bighorn was of course so named from the mountain sheep, *Ovis montana*: an Indian name of this animal is rendered ahsahta by Irving, and Arsata appears as an alternative name of the river on Lewis' earliest map. In one place in chap. xxiv "Big Horse" runs through all the eds. of Astoria by misprint. In David Thompson's MS. I found the name "River of Large Corn," evidently mistranslating the French Grosse Corne (big horn). Pappah-ahje of the above text is one of many variants of the Crow Indian name now usually rendered Popo-agie, meaning Reed river. Bonneville spells it Po-po-as-se-ah. In his Bonneville Irving mistakenly translates it "Head" river. On consulting Dr. Matthews in this case, I am favored with the following: "Popo-Agie is a Crow name. As you know, Crow and Hidatsa are closely allied tongues, and as you know

---

also, the sounds of *a* and *u* are easily interchanged in any language, English included. Now look at my Hidatsa Dictionary for the words *pápu* and *azi* (ahshee), and put them together; then look at the word for head (*atu*) and see if you can make "Head River" out of this name. *Pápu* is, I believe, the common reed, *Phragmites communis*. This plant figures again in the Tobacco Garden story, which comes later on in Larpenteur."

[*] These were three of Mr. Frapp's men. A fuller account of the shooting is given in the Orig. Journ., from which it appears that the Indians were Shoshones who, disguised with bushes on their heads, crept up so close to their victim that the powder burned his cap. Irving's chap. xxiii notes the same incident.

ing the Horn one of our bulls commenced to show some symptoms of hydrophobia by bellowing at a great rate, and pawing the ground. This scared my poor friend Holmes, who was still in our party, but not destined to reach the Yellowstone. He was a young man from New York, well educated, and we became quite attached to each other on our long journey. The poor fellow now and then asked me if I thought he would go mad; although thinking within myself he would, being so badly bitten, I did all I could to make him believe otherwise. When he said to me, "Larpenteur, don't you hear the bull—he is going mad—I am getting scared," I do believe I felt worse than he did, and scarcely knew how to answer him. The bull died two days after we arrived at the Horn, and I learned, some time afterward, from Mr. Fontenelle, that Holmes had gone mad. For some days he could not bear to cross the small streams which they struck from time to time, so that they had to cover him over with a blanket to get him across; and at last they had to leave him with two men until his fit should be over. But the men soon left him and came to camp. Mr. Fontenelle immediately sent back after him; but when they arrived at the place, they found only his clothes, which he had torn off his back. He had run away quite naked, and never was found. This ended my poor friend Holmes.

It was about the 10th of August when we reached the Horn, which is the same as Wind river, only the latter loses its name after crossing the mountains. It is not navigable through the mountains, I am informed, even for a small canoe; and this is the reason why our boats had to be made on this side of the mountain. So, immediately after our arrival, a large party of hunters, with men and mules, started out, with the view of bringing in hides rather than meat; but, as luck would have it, Mr. Vasquez, clerk and old mountain man, killed one of the fattest buffalo I ever saw. Three days after this three boats were completed,[7] and everything in readiness to leave. In the morning I was sent for by Mr. Campbell, who then gave me some instructions I was not expecting. "Now," said he, "Charles, I am going down by the river with my beaver. Mr. Vasquez will go down by land in charge of the party, with the mules and cattle. There will be but five of you. You are going to travel through the most dangerous part of the country. Mr. Vasquez will keep ahead of the party on the strict lookout, and should anything happen to him, I wish you to take charge of the party." My reply was, "Very well, sir," though such instructions, I must confess, made me feel a little nervous. But it did not last; I very soon became quite cheerful, and anxious to be under way. Mr. Campbell started that same day, and we all left early next morning. For the four first days we traveled slowly and quietly. We could not travel fast on account of the cattle, whose feet were badly worn out and tender. On the fifth morning,[*] a little while after we left camp, we saw Mr. Vasquez coming back toward us, which made us suspect he had discovered something; we thought it might have been a band of buffalo. But when he came up to us he said that he had discovered Indians—three, on the other side of the river; but he was sure we had not been discovered by them, and moved that we should go near the river, to secure water and make some kind of a fort, for defense in case of attack. As he was in charge, and an old experienced man, we readily consented. So on we went to the river, but on arrival we found, to our great surprise, the opposite shore red with Indians, who commenced to yell enough to frighten Old Nick himself. No time to make a fort, or even to unsaddle, before they began to throw themselves into the river and make toward us. Mr. Vasquez ordered us to take position behind a large cluster of cottonwoods and cock our rifles, but not to shoot until he gave the order. So there we stood in readiness, like veterans; the first fright was over, and we were ready to make the Indians pay dearly for our hair. None of us understanding their language, we made sure they were Blackfeet, and fight we must. In less time than it takes me to write this, they were upon us. One tall scoundrel came up a little ahead of the rest with a white flag, making signs not to shoot. An old French mountaineer named Paulette Desjardins understood a few words of Crow, and as the Indian pronounced the name of his tribe, the old man said "They are Crows [*]—there is no danger for our lives, but they are great thieves." Mr. Vasquez also knew as much about them as the old man did, and so we let them come up. Then the shaking of hands took place, and our hearts went back into the right place again. As we had a large supply of buffalo meat, we made a feast, which they appeared to relish very much, and then they expressed a desire to open trade; but we had no goods for that purpose.

---

[7] The bull-boats were made about Aug. 12-15, by Orig. Journ.

---

[*] Aug. 17 is this date by Orig. Journ., which says it was after two days' travel that the incident occurred.

We had not gone more than three miles when we discovered some ten Indians galloping toward us as fast as their horses could go; we stopped until they approached us, when we found that they were the chiefs and leading men of the camp. They looked splendid,

[*] "They made us sign that they were Ab-sah-rokier-bats-ats meaning they were the great crow Indians," Orig. Journ. Literally, "we are Crow men:" see Matthews, Hidatsa Gram., paragraphs 33, 168.

dressed in the best of Indian costumes, and mounted on fat ponies. They all shook hands and made signs that they would look for a good place to camp, and for us to follow. Somewhat against our will we did so. It was not long before the desired spot was found, and the whole camp soon made its appearance, containing upward of 400 lodges. This was a great sight for me, who had never seen such a formidable Indian camp. The Crows, at that time, generally roamed together, and on this particular occasion they looked richer than any other Indians, for they had just made their trade at the fort, one day's march from where we were. The Crows did not drink then, and for many years remained sober; it was not until a few years ago, when they were driven out of their country by the Sioux, and became a part of the tribe on the Missouri, that they took to drinking with the Assiniboines. As they did not drink, their trade was all in substantial goods, which kept them always well dressed, and extremely rich in horses; so it was really a beautiful sight to see that tribe on the move. As soon as the proper place was found for encamping, the chief made us a sign to unsaddle and to put all our plunder in a circle which he himself described; and on the arrival of the camp his lodge was immediately erected over it, so that all was safe.

We finally left the Crow camp and soon reached

Fort Cass,[16] then in charge of Mr. Tulloch, who was a man possessed of good common sense, very reliable, and brave withal. He was called the Crane by all the Indians, on account of the extreme length and slenderness for which he was remarkable—almost a curiosity; he was extremely popular among the Crows, and well liked by the mountain men. When he left Fort Union to establish this new post, Mr. [Kenneth] McKenzie requested him to take all such articles as the Crows might fetch, so as to get them in the way of trade. His first returns consisted mostly of elk, deer, and all kinds of horns, which made great mirth at Fort Union; yet his trade had been profitable. It

---

[16] Fort Cass, on Yellowstone, 2 m. below the mouth of the Bighorn, was established in 1832 by A. J. Tullock—the same for whom Tullock's fork of the Bighorn was named. He is frequently Tulloch, and Tulleck occurs throughout Beckwourth's book, in which much is said of the man and his post: see also L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 1152.

"In 1832, McKenzie sent Tullock, with forty men, to build a fort at the mouth of the Big Horn river," says James Stuart, in Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc., i, 1876, p. 88. This is right; but his further statements require correction. "Tullock built the fort named Van Buren, on the south side of the Yellowstone, about three miles below the mouth of the Big Horn." But *this* was Fort Cass. The writer goes on to say that in 1863 he saw the location, marked by ashes and some standing chimneys. In so stating he means not Cass but Van Buren, which was burned by Larpenteur himself, in 1842, as we shall see in due course; and Van Buren stood at the mouth of the Rosebud, not near the Big-was started again, and when we arrived there it was his second year. We learned that this was a very dangerous post; they had had some men killed by the Blackfeet, and were even afraid to go out to chop wood. This fort was situated about two miles below the mouth of the Horn.

Next day at ten o'clock we were again on the move, with a journey of about 250 miles before us, to reach the mouth of the Yellowstone. Nothing worthy of note took place during this part of our journey, which would have been extremely pleasant had it not been for anticipated danger from Indians. We had to erect a large pen for our animals every night, for fear

horn. The writer follows with other statements, singularly wrong. Speaking of the Crows as an insolent, treacherous tribe, he says: "They wanted the location of their trading-post changed nearly every year, consequently they had four trading posts built from 1832 to 1850, viz.: Ft. Cass, built by Tullock, on the Yellowstone, below Van Buren [*read* below the Bighorn], in 1836 [*read* 1832]; Ft. Alexander, built by Lawender [*read* Larpenteur], still lower down on the Yellowstone river, in 1848 [*read* 1842], and Ft. Sarpey [*read* Sarpy] built by Alexander Culbertson, in 1850, at the mouth of the Rosebud." Mr. Stuart was a well-informed and usually accurate man; this passage is so far wrong that I am inclined to think that his copy got mixed in the type-setting. Certainly no reader who did not know who built Fort Alexander at Adams prarie in 1842 would guess that "Lawender" stood for Larpenteur. The date of founding of Fort Van Buren is 1835; it lasted eight years. Fort Sarpy, named for John B., lasted six years, 1850–55.

of sudden attacks, and to stand frequent guard, as our party was small. But we lived on the fat of the land, as at that season game was in good order, and the Yellowstone valley abounded with all kind of game at that early period, and for many subsequent years. We were often frightened at large bands of elk, which, at a distance, bear the exact appearance of a mounted party of Indians, till, by the aid of a good spyglass, our fears were relieved. Our two cows added a great deal to our good living; as we had no coffee, milk was a great relish. We made but slow progress, on account of the cattle, whose feet became very tender, and finally got so bad that we were obliged to make shoes of raw buffalo hide.

We arrived safe and sound at the mouth of the Yellowstone on the 3d of September,[11] and thus ended our long trip. We were soon discovered by our people, who were at the landing where our fort was to be erected, two miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, and were informed that Mr. William

---

[11] Orig. Journ. happily agrees to this date—Sept. 3, 1833—perhaps the first absolute identity between itself and the present text thus far. It appears that the party went down the S. side or right bank of the Yellowstone, as it speaks of crossing Tongue and Rosebud rivers; two or three days after passing which latter the Yellowstone was crossed and the journey completed on its other side. The Journ. has: "On the third of September on our arrival at this place we saw a paper stuck on a pole stating

Sublette arrived there eight days before and Mr. Campbell three; but he had capsized in the Horn, lost two packs of beaver, and been near losing his life. Otherwise everything was right; they would have been glad to see us across, but it was too late in the evening to attempt this, as we had to swim. Now that I am obliged to pass a night on this side, if my reader will be so kind as to help me we will try to find out how long I have been in the saddle. As near as I can come, it is five months lacking four days.[13] We should have been much better pleased if we could have crossed over on our arrival; still we felt quite merry, and it was a long time before we could go to sleep.

In the evening, after we caught up our stock, one could hear great talk to the mules, calling them by name, telling them that they were near the end of their journey, and what they might expect in future; it was really amusing, and it was almost thought that the poor dumb beasts understood what was said to

---

Mr. Sublette's arrivel and [that he] was at the time two miles below the mouth [of the Yellowstone] on the north side of the Missouri where he intended to build his fort which is two miles and a half from fort Union belonging to the American fur Company: and our fort was named fort William after the name of the owner whos name was William Sublette."

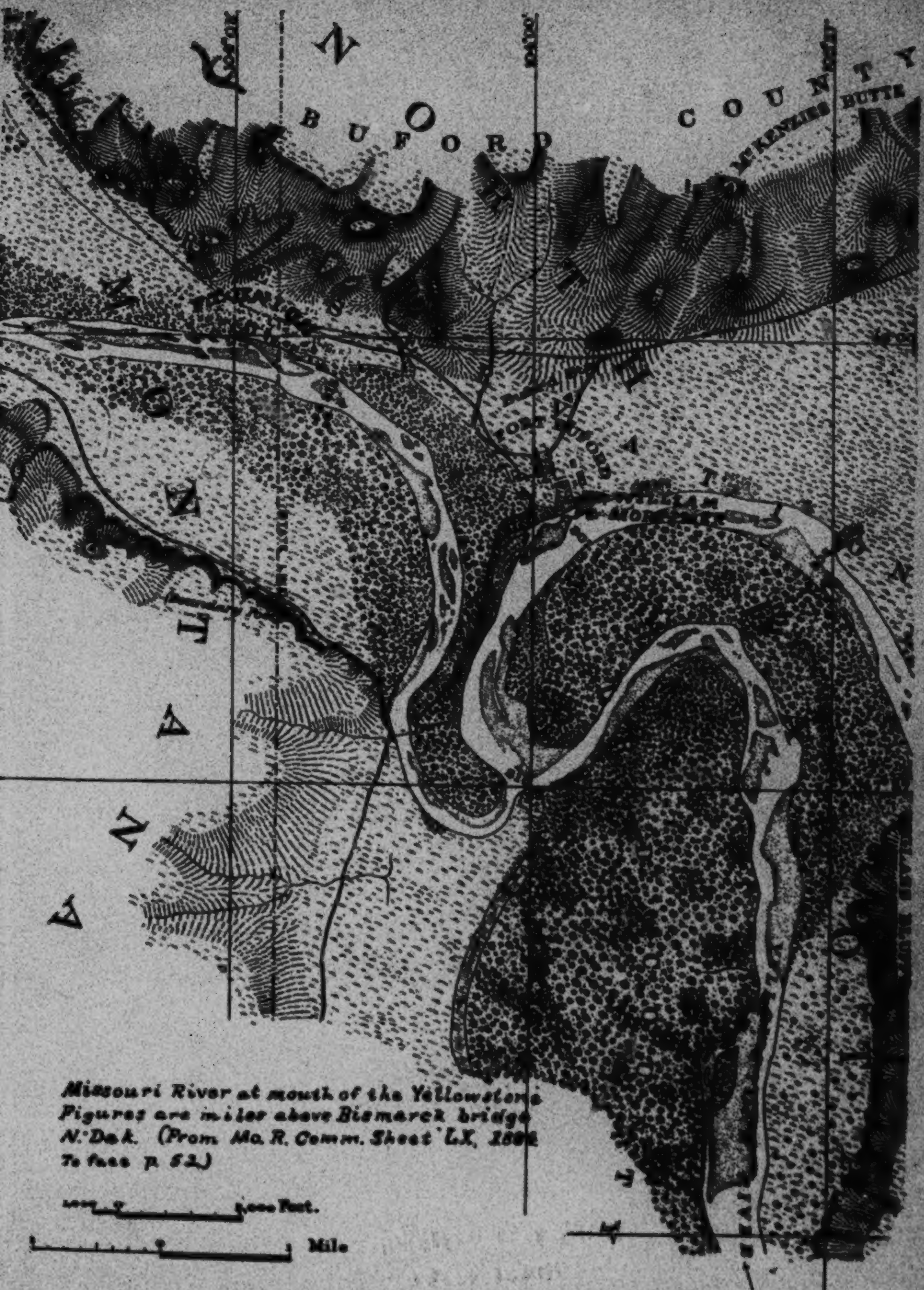
[13] By our text ostensibly Apr. 7–Sept. 3, agreeing within a week with the Orig. Journ. See note [10], p. 12.

them. All hands were up early, mules and cattle turned out, and we waited impatiently to cross over. Between 10 and 11 a. m. Mr. Johnesse, who had come down by water with Mr. Campbell, and was still our foreman, appeared on the opposite shore to show us the place where we had to swim the stock across. The river at that season was low, and the channel so narrow that we could plainly hear all he said. When we got ready to drive the stock in, he hallooed to me, thinking I did not know how to swim, to take hold of the bull's tail. Not being an expert in the science, I took his advice and the bull's tail too, and, making use of my three loose limbs, I reached the opposite shore with ease. In a short time we were all safe on the north bank of the Missouri, upward of 2000 miles from St. Louis.[13]

---

[13] In round numbers, as then supposed, like all of Larpenteur's estimates thus far. The channel mileage of the Missouri, from its mouth to the Yellowstone, is now given as 1,760 m. St. Louis is now 17 m. below the mouth of the Missouri.

From the utmost source of the Missouri, above Upper Red Rock lake, by so-called Red Rock, Beaverhead, and Jefferson rivers, to Three Forks, is 398 m., thence to confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi, 2,547; thence by the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, 1,276; total channel mileage, 4,221—making the longest continuous water-course in the world. See Brower, The Missouri, 1897, pp. 117–121.



Missouri River at mouth of the Yellowstone
Figures are miles above Bismarck bridge
N. Dak. (From Mo. R. Comm. Sheet LX, 1892
To face p. 52.)

CHAPTER IV.

(1833-34.)

FORT WILLIAM.

Soon after crossing the Missouri we were again in company with our former messmates, and some of our other acquaintances who had come down the Yellowstone by water; the meeting was indeed a cause for rejoicing. We were now altogether about 30 men, encamped in the willows on the river bank, about 300 yards from where Fort William[1] was to be erected, and to be so called in honor of William Sublette. As we had no tents those willows sheltered us from the wind, and enabled us to make comfortable cabins. Next day operations commenced for building the fort; some men getting out pickets for the stockade, others sawing logs, etc. Seeing the necessity of having safer quarters, we went to work with all

---

[1] Here we have exact data concerning the establishment of Fort William in opposition to Fort Union of the A. F. Co. The latter stood on the left bank of the Missouri, about the same distance above the mouth of the Yellowstone that Fort William was below the same point, and owing to the loop of the Missouri into which the Yellowstone fell, the two posts were about as far from each other as either was from the Yellowstone. The site of Fort William was nearly identical with that of the subsequent (and present) military post, Fort Buford. This original wooden Fort William is the one mentioned, not by name, in Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. i, 1876, p. 84, where it is said that "Robert Campbell and Sublette built a trading post where Fort Buford now stands, in 1833." Later on, another fort called William was built of adobes, on the same spot, or very close by, and the walls of this

---

one were still standing in 1865, when they were torn down to be used in building Buford.

The Orig. Journ. agrees to Nov. 15 as the date of moving into Fort William and beginning to trade buffalo robes, wolves, foxes, and beavers. The fort, as originally constructed of wood, is fully described in the text beyond.

At same date of Nov. 15, the Journal continues: "We were obliged to erect out Posts one was about fifty miles up the Missouri and the other about 80 miles up the Yellow Stone the former was managed by Mr. Antoine Jeanisse [read Jeunesse] and the latter by Mr. Wm Almond from virginia." The outpost "about 50 miles up the Missouri" was located at Frenchman's Point. Both this and the Yellowstone outpost were abandoned next year, 1834.

The name Fort William runs through travelers' and traders' writings from 1833 to 1866, when the last traces of any structure so called disappeared, as just said. But all mention of the adobe structure so called must be distinguished from any reference to the original wooden Fort William, which only endured about a year, when it was eradicated, and its material taken up to Union. The name stuck to the *place*, and was bestowed upon an adobe structure which was in evidence on the spot to 1866; but the date of erection of this building has escaped my search. In 1843 the Opposition post, on or very near the original site of Fort William, was called Fort Mortimer; Larpenteur says so our might every day, and Sunday too; and by the 15th of November got into our comfortable quarters, after which the Sunday work was stopped. The day we moved in was a holiday, and in the evening a great feast was given us by Mr. Campbell—Mr. Sublette having left in the keel boat a few days after our arrival, taking with him about ten men. It consisted

---

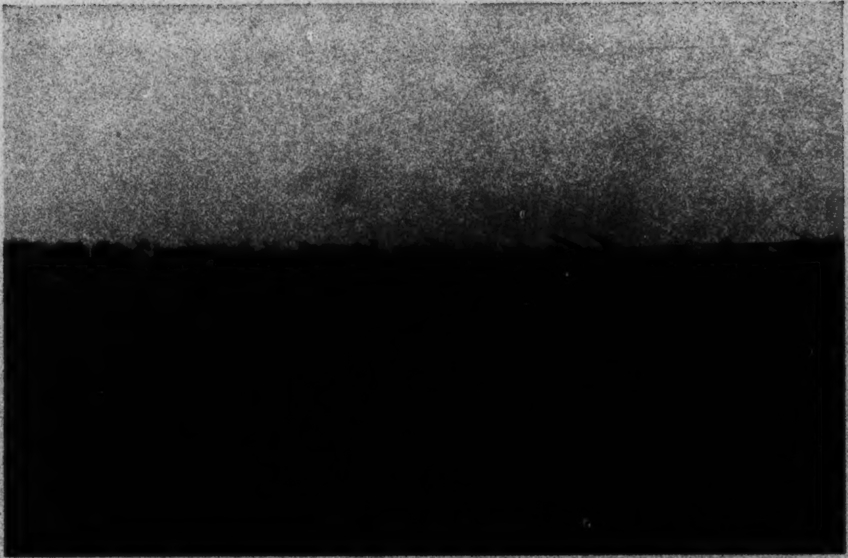
expressly, beyond; and Audubon's Journal of that year repeatedly speaks of Fort Mortimer (vol. ii. 1897, *passim*, from p. 31 to p. 148), but has no Fort William. Boller says, in his Among the Indians, 1868, p. 42, that one afternoon in 1858, "we came in sight of Fort William, three miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, where we landed"; and again, p. 46: "A short stay [at Fort Union] and we were off again, passing the mouth of the Yellowstone to Fort William, where a huge beacon fire was blazing on the bank, surrounded by a group of wild-looking mountaineers, eagerly awaiting our return. Morning at length dawned upon the dismantled fort, where but a short time before all had been life and animation. It had now a deserted and forlorn appearance, and in a little while the crumbling adobe walls would be all that remained of what had once been a bustling post. We took on board the proceeds of the last year's trade," etc. From this it would appear that a post known as Fort William was operative to 1857–58, and that this year was the last of it. In 1863, when Boller was again at Fort Union, he says, p. 369: "of old Fort William nothing was standing save a chimney or two, and portions of the crumbling adobe walls;" and p. 372: "The ruins of Fort William were in plain sight [from Union] and the mountaineers spoke regretfully of the good old times when both Posts were in the full tide of success, and of the hospitalities that were so freely exchanged between them when the trading season was over."

of half a pint of flour to each man, one cup of coffee, one of sugar, and one of molasses, to four men. Out of this a becoming feast was made, consisting of thick pancakes, the batter containing no other ingredient than pure Missouri water, greased with buffalo tallow; but as I had had nothing of the kind for upward of six months, I thought I had never tasted anything so good in my life, and swore I would have plenty of the like if I ever got back to the States.

After this our work was changed in some respects. I was appointed carter, as I was not a very good hand with an ax, and soon equipped with an old cart[8] purchased from some of the half-breeds, who had come over early in the fall, and an American horse, which had been brought to this place by Paulette Desjardins, who had come with us as a freeman, but had sold his small outfit to Mr. Campbell and engaged in the capacity of cook. This horse was an old, overgrown, broken-winded beast, which would groan tremendously on starting his load, and keep it up for about a

---

[8] This was a one-horse, two-wheeled cart built of wood without any iron whatever, the ramshackle affair being held together with rawhide. But the "Red River cart," as it was called because it was made in this fashion by the Canadian French and their half-breeds of the Red River of the North, answered all ordinary purposes, and many thousands of these primitive vehicles were in use during the years of which Larpenteur writes, especially on the annual buffalo hunts which were conducted on the plains in large companies.



CAMP OF PEMBINA HALF BREEDS. WITH THEIR "RED RIVER CARTS."

hundred yards afterward, at which I could not help laughing. Here I am, a regular carter of Fort William, dressed in cowskin pants, cowskin coat, buckskin shirt, wolfskin cap, red flannel undershirt, and a blue check shirt over that, stepping along behind my old horse and cart. This great suit was intended to last my time out, under faithful promise, made to myself, to leave the country as soon as my engagement should be up; for I began to find that I was in a bad box. There had been some trading previous to our entering the fort, but none of importance except one, which took place about two weeks after, as I will now relate.[8]

[8] A long biographical sketch of Tchatka or Gaucher, otherwise Left Hand, the renowned Assiniboine chief, occupies Letter xiii, pp. 168–205, of De Smet's Western Missions and Missionaries, New York, 1859. "He was a crafty, cruel, deceitful man, a bad Indian, in every sense of the word; his life was full of horrors." He seems to have been particularly infamous as a secret poisoner, and his arts as such, together with his theological juggleries, made him the most feared and best obeyed man of the tribe he led for some forty years. This great perverted genius died at Fort Union in the autumn of 1843, soon after a crushing defeat of his band by the Arikaras, from whom he had fled ignominiously. Among his names or titles, besides Gauché or Gaucher, which De Smet translates Awkward, are Wakontonga or Great Medicine; Mina-Yougha or Knife-holder; and Tatokanan or the Kid. De Smet's story is no doubt substantially correct, as he received it from Mr. Denig, "and from a worthy Canadian interpreter." Both of these men resided many years among the Assiniboines, knew Tchatka well, and witnessed many of his acts.

The news came by an Indian that Gauché, the great chief of the Assiniboines and the terror of all the neighboring tribes, was coming in to trade with about 200 buffalo robes, beside many small peltries. As Mr. Campbell had not yet been able to turn any of the chiefs from the American Fur Company's Fort Union, Gauché was not expected to come to us. But as he was a queer kind of a grizzly-bear fellow, very odd in his way, Mr. Campbell thought he might try his luck with Gauché; so he sent his interpreter and me along to see what we could do—for I must remark that, although I was only a carter, I slept in the store and assisted in trade at night. This was the favorite time for the Indians, so that I frequently traded most of the night and went to my carting in the morning. When we reached the place where the Indians had stopped, as was the custom, to vermilion and dress themselves before entering Fort Union, where their reception was awaited with the American flag up and the cannon loaded, ready for the salute, the interpreter of the Big Fort, as Fort Union was called, had already arrived on the spot. Shaking hands with the old man, he said: "Well, I hope you will not fork[4] to-day. The great chief of the big fort has sent me after you, and he is well prepared to receive you. I hope you will not make me ashamed by going with those one-winter-house traders." The old man was listening with half an intention[*]; and, as we approached him, looked the interpreter straight in the face and said: "If your great chief had sent any other but you I would have gone to him, but I don't go with the biggest liar in the country." Then he made a sign to his people to get on the move, crying out now and then, "Co-han! Co-han!" which meant "Hurry up!" I found out afterward that this was a favorite expression of his. So, to the great astonishment of Mr. Campbell and all the others, we made our triumphant entrance into Fort William. We learned afterward that Mr. McKenzie was not at all surprised at the old fellow's caper, for he knew Gauché of old.

---

[4] That is, turn aside to go in another direction, as a road does when it forks.

It was not until night that we all got ready to trade. It must be remembered that liquor, at that early day, was the principal and most profitable article of trade, although it was strictly prohibited by law, and all the boats on the Missouri were thoroughly searched on passing Fort Leavenworth.[*] Notwithstanding this, Mr. Sublette had managed to pass through what he wanted for his trade all along the Missouri; but the American Fur Company, having at one time been detected and had their liquor confiscated, erected a distillery at Fort Union, and obtained their corn from the Gros Ventres and Mandans. I will say more, in future, about this distillery.

---

[*] Undecided in mind whether or not he would "fork," to trade at William instead of Union.

[*] An amusing instance of the way liquor was sometimes smuggled past Fort Leavenworth, with or without the connivance of

The liquor trade started at dark, and soon the singing and yelling commenced. The Indians were all locked up in the fort, for fear that some might go to Fort Union, which was but 2½ miles distant. Imagine the noise—upward of 500 Indians, with their squaws, all drunk as they could be, locked up in the small space. The old devil Gauché had provided himself with a pint tin cup, which I know he did not let go during the whole spree, and every now and then he would rush into the store with his cup, and it was "Co-han"—telling me to fill it—and "Co-han! hurry up about it, too!" This was a great night, but I wished that the old rascal and his band had gone to the big fort. At last daylight came and the spree abated; a great many had gone to sleep, and the goods trade did not commence until the afternoon; but old Co-han, with his cup, kept on the move pretty much of the time. It was not until midnight that

---

the officials whose duty it was to stop it, may be read in Audubon and his Journals, by Miss M. R. Audubon, New York, Scribner's Sons, 1897, i, p. 479).

the trade was entirely over, and early next morning they moved away, with the exception of the old man and a few of his staff of loafing beggars.

Mr. Campbell, who was anxious to secure Gauché for the winter, thought to make him a very impressive speech previous to his departure. So the old bear was invited into Mr. Campbell's room, and, after quite a lengthy speech, during which the old fellow made no reply, not even by a grunt, he merely said, "Are you a-going to give me some salt before I leave?" This being all the satisfaction Mr. Campbell received for his long speech, he could not refrain from laughing. The old devil got his salt, with some other small presents, and then departed without leaving any sign of his intention to return. Thus ended this trade.

Mr. Campbell happened to be out of luck this year, owing to the very warm fall of 1833, which kept the buffalo far north, and the winter trade of 1833-34 was a poor one; the Indians had no confidence in his remaining, so that the bulk of the trade went to the big American Company in spite of all we could do. Fortunately for us working hands, a small trade was done in the early part of the fall, or we should have fared much worse than we did—which was bad enough, as I will go on to explain. The jerked buffalo meat which had been traded from the Indians lasted but a little while, and after this our rations consisted of about a pint of pounded meat, which had been prepared and was brought in by the squaws. This is what pemmican is made of; it has to be mixed with grease to be eaten, but the tallow for this purpose we had to buy. This was sold at 50 cents per bladder, in which it was put up by the squaws, and which weighed from five to eight pounds. I had a partner, a German, and we could together purchase a bladder; but as to salt and pepper, which we had also to buy—salt $1 a pint, pepper $2—we were not in partnership; each had his small sack containing pepper and salt mixed, and used it as he thought proper. This was all we could get—no sugar, no coffee—nothing but cold water to wash the meat down. This was generally given to us for our breakfast, then lyed[7] corn for dinner and supper. This was pretty good, but it went so hard on the salt and pepper that I began to think that I scarcely earned my salt. This kind of living lasted nearly all winter, with the exception of a deer or an elk which the hunters would now and then kill near the fort; but, true to my word, I entered no complaint.

I will here describe the construction of Fort William, which was after the usual formation of trading posts. It was first erected precisely on the spot where the Fort Buford[*] sawmill now [about 1871] stands; but then it was about 200 yards farther from the river, the bank having caved in to that distance. It was 150 feet front and 130 deep. The stockade was of cottonwood logs, called pickets, 18 feet in length, hewn on three sides and planted three feet in the ground. The boss' house stood back, opposite the front door; it consisted of a double cabin, having two rooms of 18×20 feet, with a passage between them 12 feet wide. There was a store and warehouse 40 feet in length and 18 feet in width; two rooms for the men's quarters 16×18 feet, a carpenter's shop, blacksmith's shop, ice house, meat house, and two splendid bastions. The whole was completed by Christmas of 1833. The bastions were built more for amusement than for protection against hostile Indians; for, at that time, although they were constantly at war with other tribes, there was not the least danger for any white men except the free trappers, and we could go hunting in all directions with perfect safety. Large war parties frequently came to the fort, but behaved very well, taking their leave after getting a few loads of ammunition and some tobacco.

---

[7] Corn soaked in lye to remove the hulls of the grains. See for example my Henry and Thompson Journs., 1897, p. 248.

---

[*] The establishment of Fort Buford was immediately followed by the downfall of Fort Union, and thus the mouth of the Yellowstone passed from commercial to military control. This was in 1866, when Buford started as a one-company post, increased to five companies in 1867; the military reservation of 30 square miles was announced in general orders No. 21, Headquarters of the Dept. of Dakota, dated July 16, 1868, and subsequently declared. Building went on for several years, and Buford was a great place when I was there in 1874; I last saw it in 1893. During 1866-68, at least 14 soldiers and citizens were killed by Sioux at Buford or in its immediate vicinity; an attack in force was made Aug. 20, 1868. A good description of the establishment, by Dr. J. P. Kimball, U. S. A., may be read in Circular No. 4, Surgeon General's Office, Washington, 1870, pp. 400-405.

This post was not the only one which was out of luck, for all those along the Missouri proved a failure. Sublette, being apprised of this, sold out during the winter of 1833-34,[*] to the American Fur Company—as I learned afterward, very much to the displeasure of Mr. McKenzie, who wished to break us down completely, as a warning to any one who might oppose such a formidable and well-conducted company.

---

[*] The Orig. Journ. gives some incidents of the winter of 1833-34, which the Autobiog. omits. These are in brief: On Jan. 15 1834, the Mr. Almond already mentioned as in charge of an outpost was robbed by Indians and his life threatened; he was obliged to leave his place, where he had traded only 1½ pack of robes, and a few packs of wolves. About the same time Mr. "Joannisse" was attacked by some half-breeds, who robbed him, and he had a narrow escape for his life; the half-breeds had been hired by Mr. Campbell as interpreters for the Assiniboines and Crees, but got in a drunken quarrel, with the result said. On Mar. 20, 1834, Mr. J. returned to Fort William with 16 packs of robes, and a few wolf- and fox-skins. Mr. Vasques, who had been sent to the Crows, traded 30 packs of robes and one pack of beaver. At Fort William the trade was 100 packs of robes, 5 of beaver, 6 of wolf, and one of fox and rabbit; the opposition (Fort Union, A. F. Co.) made 430 packs of robes; "as to other peltries I was never informed, but I am sure it exceeded ours."

It was not until about the 10th of June, 1834, that an express arrived, informing us of the sale, and that the steamer would be up some time between that date and the 1st of July. This news was of little importance to me, as I had made up my mind to leave, and thought that nothing could induce me to remain in the country. In those days there was but one steamer a year up river this far, and great was always the rejoicement on its arrival. This was the Assiniboine;[10] the boat made her appearance on the 24th of June, having on board the gentlemen who were to take inventories of all the posts belonging to the American Fur Company, as old Mr.

[10] The Assiniboine was the boat which had brought up Maximilian, Prince of Wied, in 1833. She was a single-engine sidewheeler, owned by the A. F. Co.; John Carlisle, master; lost next year, June 1, 1835, by fire, at the head of Sibley island, near Little Heart river, in vicinity of present Bismarck, N. Dak. The boat had grounded when river was falling and was soon left high and dry. A lighter was to be built to float her cargo down to St. Louis, and the steamer was to be left till the river should rise; but before she could be discharged she took fire from a stovepipe in the cabin, and was a total loss, including cargo, which consisted of 1,185 packs of robes and peltries, and a large collection of Indian curios, from the mouth of the Yellowstone. "There were four live buffaloes on board, which were run into the river and reached the shore by swimming." Chittenden, App. WW of Annual. Rep. Chf. Engrs., 1897, p. 3873.

Astor had this year sold out to Pierre Chouteau and Co.[11] A few days after the arrival of the steamer the transfer of goods and peltries took place. Of the latter there were very few—70 packs of robes, 10 in a pack, which made 700 robes; 16 packs of wolves, 30 to the pack; and some few red and gray foxes.

In the meantime preparations were made for departure, which was to be in a large Mackinaw boat. While these were going on my occupation was that of horse guard. The idea of returning to the States was indeed very pleasant; while lying on the grass the thought of relating to Baltimore friends my mountain stories would make me feel, as the Indian says, "Big man me." Best of all, I had the means to accomplish my journey; for, out of my wages of $296 I had saved over $200, thanks to not indulging too much in pancake parties. Coffee being $1 a pint, sugar $1, and flour 25 cents, many of my poor comrades came out in debt.

One fine day [July 2, 1834] I was sent for by Mr. Campbell—I could not imagine what for. I had not yet shed my winter garments, which had become by this time quite greasy; and had it not been for my blue check shirt, which happened to be clean at the time, I should have been taken for a very dirty man. Imagine my surprise, on entering Mr. Campbell's room, to find myself in the presence of Mr. McKenzie, who was at that time considered the king of the Missouri; and, from the style in which he was dressed, I thought really he was a king. Without any introduction he immediately asked me if I would engage to him. Having made my plans to go home and not knowing but what he wanted me for a common hand, my reply was a short "No, sir," after which I made for the door and returned to my duty. The same evening, after I had brought in the horses, Mr. Campbell sent for me again, and then said: "Charles, I omitted to inform you of the conversation I had yesterday about you with Mr. McKenzie. This was the cause of his coming to-day. He did not want to engage you as a common hand; he wanted you for a clerk, and I should advise you to see him. He is very much of a gentleman, and I think you will do well. You will act as you think proper—but this is my advice." Then I had to combat my made-up plans, and give up all idea of returning to Baltimore. This I thought I could never do. I did not sleep much that night.

---

[11] "In 1834, Mr. Astor, being advanced in years, sold out the stock of the company, and transferred the charter to Ramsey Crooks and his associates," Kelton, Ann. Mackinac, Whitney ed., 1886, p. 74. "In 1834, Astor sold his interests to Chouteau, Valle and Company, of St. Louis, and retired from the business," Chittenden, The Yellstn., 1895, p. 35, confirmed by Larpenteur. Mr. Astor d. Mar. 29, 1848; Mr. Crooks, June 6, 1859, in New York, in his 73d year.

Next morning, while I was not feeling disposed to see Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Campbell said, "Well, Charles, are you going to try your luck?" My reply induced him to think that I was not much in favor of that. Said he again, "Charles, try it—there will be no harm in that." Knowing him to be kind, and confident that he wished me well, I at last started. I had not gone more than halfway when I turned back a few steps; but I finally made up my mind to "try my luck" as Mr. Campbell had suggested. So I resumed my journey and soon entered Fort Union, where I met Mr. McKenzie in the yard, not quite so royally attired. He came to meet me, and offered me his hand. After the usual compliments had been exchanged I remarked that I had not been apprised of his intentions when he spoke of engaging me, and that, thinking he wished to hire me as a common hand, I had declined, having had enough of it; but that, having been since informed to the contrary, I had thought I would come to see him, and hoped there was no harm done, in case no bargain were made. To which he replied, "All right! All right! No, I did not wish to engage you as a common hand. I wanted you for a clerk. You will eat at my table, and fare the same as myself. Your work will be no other than that which is the duty of all clerks in this country. Now," he continued, "I will tell you how we engage clerks—that is, inexperienced ones. We engage them for three years, for which term we give them $500 and a complete suit of fine broadcloth; but as you have been already one year in the country I will engage you for two years." These terms did not suit me; my strong inclination to go home made me feel quite independent, and I preferred to miss the bargain. I replied I did not feel like engaging for so long a term; but that I would engage for one year, and then, if he were pleased with me, and I with him, we should have no difficulty in arranging for another year. Finally he consented to this and the bargain was struck for one year, for which he allowed me $250 and a complete suit of clothes.

Bargain made [July 3, 1834],[19] I was almost sorry for it. I started back to Fort William, not after my wardrobe, which I could very well sacrifice, but to thank Mr. Campbell, and to bid adieu to my comrades. Mr. Campbell was extremely pleased to hear the result; he gave me a check for the amount due me, and after a long shake of the hand, with all his good wishes as well as those of my old messmates and others, I left Fort William. My load to Fort Union was not very encumbering; my old saddle bags, made of a yard of brown muslin, sewed at both ends with a slit in the middle, containing two red flannel shirts, pretty well worn, and one check shirt, and one old white 3-point blanket, were about all I had brought to Fort Union;[18] my tin pan and cup I left behind. I should have been ashamed to be caught there in my

---

[19] "I entered in agreement on the third of July for one year at 250 $ per Anum"—says the Orig. Journ., in excellent Latin.

---

[18] Fort Union was begun in the fall of 1829, under the direction of Kenneth McKenzie, and finished in 1833. It was much damaged by a fire which occurred during its construction, Feb. 4, 1832. It was for many years the headquarters and emporium of the A. F. Co. Larpenteur, who now enters it as a humble clerk, was afterward in charge, and has more to say about it than any other. We shall trace its history, from its rise through its culmination to its final fall, in his pages.

What is probably the best description which has ever appeared in print was furnished by Mr. Edwin T. Denig to Audubon on July 30, 1843, and published by the granddaughter of the illustrious naturalist, Miss M. R. Audubon, in the superb work which appeared in Dec., 1897, entitled Audubon and his Journals. Mr. Denig's article occupies vol. ii, pp. 180–188. I shall have frequent occasion to cite this work in connection with Larpenteur; here I will give one passage which occurs in Mr. Denig's account:

"In the upper story are at present located Mr. Audubon and his suite. Here from the pencils of Mr. Audubon and Mr. [Isaac] Sprague emanate the splendid paintings and drawings of animals and plants, which are the admiration of all; and the Indians regard them as marvellous, and almost to be worshipped."

Audubon spent two months and four days of the summer of 1843 at Fort Union and in its vicinity; his whole narrative is of exceptional interest in the present connection (vol. ii, pp. 26–154). He is the most famous person who was ever there. We may also remember that a princely personage, Maximilian of Wied, made Fort Union his headquarters in 1833; and hence "emanated," as Mr. Denig would say, some of those magnificent colored plates

FORT UNION, 1864.

From a hitherto unpublished drawing.

skin suit, which was also sacrificed to Fort William. Now I am at Fort Union, in the service of the great American Fur Company.

which compose the folio atlas of the most luxurious souvenir of Western adventure ever issued from the press.

George Catlin, who was here in 1832, rattles on about the place in his peculiar fashion through Letters 2-9 of his work (4th ed., London, 1844, pp. 14-65); his pl. 3 gives an idea of the scenery, but is worthless for the fort, which he furnishes with more than two bastions.

A notice of Fort Union as it was in 1853, when visited by Isaac I. Stevens on his exploration of routes near the 47th and 49th parallels, begins on p. 85 of P. R. R. Reps., vol. xii, book i, Washington, 1860, and is embellished with a colored lithograph, pl. xvi.

Another good account, prepared by Mr. James Stuart at Fort Peck in 1872-73, occupies Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. i, 1876, pp. 80-84.

The picture of Fort Union which I am enabled to print through the kindness of Dr. Matthews represents the post as it was in 1864, and is probably the most accurate one which has ever appeared. It was drawn by a soldier, name unknown.

CHAPTER V.

(1834-35.)

FORT UNION.

I MUST remark here that my dress was a little improved. I happened to have a pair of gray cassinette pants which I had brought from the States, and had seldom worn; that and my clean blue check shirt and my old cap were the only dress I possessed on entering Fort Union. All the clerks were strangers to me, and when the bell rang for supper I saw them put on their coats, for, as I found out afterward, they were not allowed to go to table in shirtsleeves. One of them, perceiving that I was coatless, was so kind as to lend me a coat, and so we started for supper. On entering the eating hall, I found a splendidly set table with a very white tablecloth, and two waiters, one a negro. Mr. McKenzie was sitting at the head of the table, extremely well dressed. The victuals consisted of fine fat buffalo meat, with plenty of good fresh butter, cream, and milk for those that chose; but I saw that only two biscuits were allowed to each one, as these were placed at each plate. I soon discovered, by the manner in which the clerks took their seats, that mine would come very near the end of the table, for it appeared to go by grade; but it was not many years until I reached next to head. I was hungry, and had such victuals been placed before me the day previous, while I was on horse guard, I should have played my part like a man. But among strangers I could not help being a little backward, and did not eat half to my satisfaction. As good luck would have it, some of the clerks used to take lunch before going to bed; so a large kettle of fat buffalo meat was put on to boil, and out of this I finished filling up. Then I went to bed with the expectation of curious dreams. What I dreamed I don't remember, neither do I now care. I awoke early, perhaps thinking in my sleep that I had my horses to turn out; but no, there were no horses for me to turn out. Mr. McKenzie, who played the nabob, went to bed late, and rose later, and as nothing could be served till he was ready, it was nine o'clock before we got to breakfast. But it came at last, and this morning I filled up fuller, with more ease.

Between ten and eleven, Mr. McKenzie sent his servant to tell me to call at the office. On entering he told me to sit down, and said, "Well, Larpenteur, we will assign you some little duty to try your hand upon, and if you prove faithful and attentive, as I hope and have all reason to believe you will, your salary will be increased next year, provided you wish to remain." My reply was that I hoped he would have no cause to complain. He then went to a place where the keys were hung, and handed me a bunch, saying, "Here are the keys of the fort gates, of the tool house and harness house, and of the bastions. Now it will be your duty to open the gates early in the morning, and lock them at night; to see that the tools and harness be kept in order, and all in their proper places; and you will also lend a hand, in case it should be required, about the stores." Such was my first employment at Fort Union.

Thus I went on quite easily for some time, and I thought my berth a very light one; but it was not long before I was promoted, and this made quite an addition to my former duties. Early in September, after all the hay had been hauled in, Fort William was to be rebuilt within 150 yards of Union. A clerk by the name of Moncrèvie,[1] who was at the time a trader, and also in charge of the men, had this to attend to; but he was a little too fond of whisky, and much too fond of the squaws, to do this work or any other as it should be done.

---

[1] Larpenteur commonly spells this name Moncravie, and I have found in print several other forms, as Moncrévie and Moncrévier, —in either case with or without acute or grave accent. The full name is believed to be Jean Baptiste Moncrèvie, and I shall adopt the latter form.

One afternoon, after the rebuilding of the fort had commenced, Mr. Hamilton, who was in charge at the time, went to see how it was progressing. The men had half of one side of the fort up, but it was an awful piece of work. The pickets were set in crooked, some too high, some too low, and the sight made the old gentleman furious. "Where is that Moncrèvie, that he is not here to attend to the work?" he asked. Being told that Moncrèvie had gone to the fort, he started off quite mad and rushed into our room, his nose appearing to have grown bigger on a sudden—for such was the case whenever he got out of humor. "Mr. Moncrèvie," he exclaimed, "why are you not with your men? That is a nice piece of work they are doing there!" Moncrèvie, all confused, was hurrying out, when the old gentleman said, "No! no! you need not go," and then turned round to me, saying, "Mr. Larpenteur, go and oversee that work and see if you cannot do better than that Mr. Moncrèvie." So I started, and when I got to the men they began to laugh, saying they expected as much. I told them that I was ordered to boss the job, of which they appeared to be glad. Then I ordered them to take all the pickets down, which was soon done, after which I had the trench straightened and the bottom leveled. Next day about noon Mr. Hamilton came to examine the work, and said, with the pleasant countenance he could assume when he chose, "Oh! this looks something like work—not like what that good-for-nothing Moncrèvie has been doing." At that time I had only charge of the men allotted for the rebuilding of the fort; but that same evening Mr. Hamilton sent for me and said, "Larpenteur, I now wish you to take charge of all the men, for that Moncrèvie will not do." Thus came my first promotion. Notwithstanding this addition to my former duties I still thought my situation pleasant, although it was, at times, rather disagreeable to command the men, and not infrequently some fight would come off; but the most disagreeable part of it was to come. Early in the fall trade commenced, principally in jerked buffalo meat and tallow, both mostly traded for liquor. The liquor business, which was always done at night, sometimes kept me up all night turning out drunken Indians, often by dragging them out by arms and legs. Although the still house had been destroyed, the Company found means to smuggle plenty of liquor.

Before proceeding with my narrative I will detain the reader to explain how it happened that the distillery was given up. A certain gentleman from the Eastern States, by the name of Capt. Wheitte,[2] who had been on a tour to the Columbia, and returned by way of the Bighorn and the Yellowstone in 1833, reaching Fort Union about 10 days before we did, thought proper to have better means of going down the Missouri, and called on Mr. McKenzie to make the necessary preparations for this journey. Mr. McKenzie, who was a perfect gentleman, not suspecting the captain, who I cannot say was a spy, did all he could to make his stay pleasant, showed all the arrangements of the fort, explained how trade was carried on, what immense profit was derived, and also showed him the distillery. Capt. Wheitte apappeared to be delighted to see this fine establishment, and probably would not have done what he did, had he not found, when everything was in readiness

---

[2] Meaning Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who at the time of the incident Larpenteur proceeds to relate was on his return from his first expedition (1832–33), and had reached Fort Union Aug. 24, 1833.

---

as we have already seen (note [4], p. 38). The story of the distillery does not appear in Irving's Bonneville, as Wyeth must have had reason enough to keep such a piece of treachery to himself; but in chap. xli of Bonneville, where Wyeth's arrival at Fort Union with Milton Sublette is given at the date just said, Irving continues: "Here they were hospitably entertained by Mr. M'Kenzie, the superintendent, and remained with him three days, enjoying the unusual luxuries of bread, butter, milk, and cheese, for the fort was well supplied with domestic cattle, though it had no garden." Bvt. Major General Orlando B. Willcox, U. S. A., informs me that Wyeth was a brother of his stepsons' grandfather, of Cambridge, Mass.; one stepson, Nathaniel Wyeth, being now a student at L'École des Beaux Arts in Paris, and the other a student in the medical department of Columbian University in Washington, D. C.

for his departure and he came to settle his bill, that the charges were exorbitant. He said nothing, settled, and started; but made it his business, as soon as he arrived, to report Mr. McKenzie. A dispatch was sent up that winter for the distillery to be destroyed. This was the last distillery in the Indian country.

All went on as smoothly as could be expected through our many drinking scrapes with Indians and obstreperous Canadians. The time to re-engage came, and pretty soon my case was carried to the office. Mr. McKenzie said, "Well, Larpenteur, what do you think? Will you hire for another year?" My reply was, "I believe so, sir." "Well," said he, "if you wish to remain, I will allow you $350 for this year." "All right," was my answer. And now for another year in the American Fur Company.

My first year[3] was not yet up, but all engagements had to be made before the arrival of the steamer, and the shipping of the returns; so that, in case any men declined to re-engage, they could be sent off by one or another conveyance. All the clerks were re-engaged except Moncrèvie, who happened to be discharged. Nothing took place worth mentioning until the fall,[4] after the return of some of the free trappers. There was a half-breed family named Deschamps,[5] consisting of ten persons, among whom were the old man and three grown sons, who were in the habit of trapping, and were the very worst of subjects; and another half-breed family, headed by Jack Rem.[6] He had two sons-in-law, and a son 19 years of age, all of whom started on their trapping expeditions together, and returned together. It was customary, on their return from a hunt, to have a spree; and as they had been lucky the hunt was big, and so was the spree. They soon began a fight in which Jack Rem's son had his brains knocked out with the butt of a gun by one of the numerous and wicked Deschamps family. Mr. Lafferrier,[7] who was at the time the trader and storekeeper, became alarmed, for they began to threaten his life, and attempted to get liquor of him without paying for it. Mr. Hamilton, who was still in charge, did not know what to do to stop them, but at last advised Mr. Lafferrier to put laudanum in the whiskey. This advice was followed; they soon fell down and lay

---

[3] His first year in the A. F. Co. would be up July 3, 1835; and he is now re-engaged for 1835-36.

[4] Oct. 19, 1834, "when the Trappers returned from hunting

after having sold there Beaver they got in to a Drinking spree and murdered a young man aged of 18 years," says Orig. Journ.

[5] Much more of this "numerous and wicked" family beyond, when we come to their violent deaths.

[6] This does not look right, but I can make nothing else of copy—possibly it should stand Jacques René.

[7] Spelling wavers in copy—perhaps intended for Leferrailleur.

stretched out on the ground in every direction, so sound asleep that Mr. Hamilton became alarmed, thinking the dose had been so strong that they would never wake up again. I happened not to be there at the time, having that afternoon gone down to the garden, which was about three-quarters of a mile distant from the fort. Mr. Hamilton came there as fast as he could, half scared to death, to tell me the story. I could not help laughing at the idea, and we immediately returned to the fort. On my arrival I saw this amiable family scattered along the river bank, still fast asleep; but at dark they awakened and went home to Fort William, where all those families were kept, as were also some of the Company's men who had squaws, and the horse guard with the horses. Thus this spree ended. Nothing remarkable took place until May of the following spring [1835].[*] It was

---

[*] But the Orig. Journ. has a number of incidents prior to May, 1835. I transcribe them in substance:

Nov. 15, 1834. A party of Assiniboines under La Lance went to war with the Grosventres of the Missouri; on the 23d they were surrounded, 30 of them killed, and 10 wounded; fate of La Lance uncertain, but he is supposed to have been killed. It was a sad sight—that of the wounded, who reached Fort Union after a long journey, with hardly anything to eat and the thermometer below zero. The Assiniboines were greatly excited over this defeat, and soon dispatched several war parties to surround and if possible destroy the Grosventre village.

Nov. 30, 1834. Eclipse of the sun noted at 11 a. m. This I customary, when buffalo got too far from the fort, for hunters to camp out, and from time to time send in loads of fresh meat. On such occasions all their families also went into camp to make dried meat for their own use, and also for a kind of recreation. Such a camp was called by the half-breeds of the north, who

have verified, and the important statement serves to fix Larpenteur's chronology thus far. He says that the fight began at that hour and lasted all day. On Dec. 22 he is informed by a trader that the Assiniboines only killed 4 and wounded 7 Grosventres. The latter, after the fight, stripped the Assiniboines. La Lance was dissected and his flesh given to the children to eat; his bones were bruised and boiled in a pot, and a bladder was filled with the marrow extracted from them. It appears that he had first been taken prisoner, and that before he was put to death he was subjected to "the most cruel act that Indians can ever invent."

Mar. 28, 1835. Fort Assiniboine, an outpost of Fort Union, was abandoned, and on Apr. 2 Mr. D. Lamont and the traders from that post arrived at Union by the steamer which had been obliged to winter at Assiniboine on account of low water. The returns they brought for the winter of 1834–35 were: 179 red foxes; 1,646 prairie do.; 18 cross do.; 74 badgers; 269 muskrats; 89 white wolves; 196 white hares; 5 swanskins; 4,200 buffalo robes; 37 dressed cowskins; 12 dressed calfskins; 450 salted tongues; 3,500 lbs. powdered and 3,000 lbs. dried buffalo meat.

Apr. 24, 1835. Mr. James Kipp arrived at Union from Fort McKenzie (the Blackfoot post near the mouth of Maria's river). His returns for the season were: 9,000 robes; 1,020 beavers; 40 otters; 2,800 muskrats; 180 wolves; 200 red foxes; 1,500 prairie-dogs; 19 bears; 390 buffalo tongues; all of which were brought down in a keel boat and two Mackinaws, with a force of 35 men.

May 1, 1835. Having thus written up his Journal, at this date Larpenteur goes on with regular day-by-day entries for 1835.

spoke broken French, mixed with many Cree words, "nick-ah-wah"; and to go into it was "aller en nick-ah-wah." It happened that, in this camp, there was a beautiful half-breed by the name of Baptiste Gardepie.[9] The Deschamps family, who were there also, got jealous of him and, it was reported, had attempted to take his life. I will now relate an affray which took place at the fort, while they were in camp.

In the spring, after the trade was over, some stragglers always remained in camp at the fort, in spite of all we could do to get them off; for they were great nuisances, and it was dangerous for them to camp at the fort on account of hostile Indians. Early in May an express arrived from Fort Clark[10] by which we were apprised that there would soon be a large war-party of Gros Ventres and Mandans at Fort Union. The chief wished to inform us of this and to warn our young men not to sleep in any of the Indian lodges; for, should there be any at the fort when the war-party came, they would shoot into the lodges, but would not like to kill any of the whites. So the young men were notified, and for my part I did all I could to induce Mr. Hamilton to let the Indians sleep in the Indian house, but he would not listen to me. There were only two lodges of Indians, and almost every night, unknown to the old gentleman, I let them into the fort. But, fearing to be caught at this and thus displease my boss, some nights I made them stay outside. It happened to be one of these nights that the war party of Gros Ventres arrived about twelve o'clock and fired into the two lodges. We heard the shots plainly, and immediately the cry of "Open the door!"—for there had been three white men in the lodges at the time. On our entering them to ascertain what damage had been done we found one squaw dead, shot plumb through the heart; one shot through both thighs; one through the calf of her leg, smashing the shin bone; an old woman shot through the wrist; a little boy 12 years of age shot through the bowels; and one of the white men with two balls through the left thigh, a little above the knee, cutting the artery. He died the same morning at ten o'clock; the squaw shot through the thighs died two days afterward, and the little boy the next day—sad indeed was this affair! Mr. Hamilton repented not letting them into the fort, but it was too late—the damage had been done. But the old Englishman was soon to see what could not be called fun, and be badly put to his trumps.

---

[9] Jean Baptiste Gardepied (same word as now Gariépy): See my Henry Journ., 1897, p. 872, for one of the name who went with the overland Astorians in 1811.

[10] The important post of the A. F. Co. at the Mandans, for trading with those Indians, the Grosventres de Missouri, etc. More about it in the sequel.

About a week later a party of Assiniboines, who had gone to war on the Gros Ventres and Mandans, arrived at Fort Union; and about ten o'clock at night a rap was heard at the door. As I was still doorkeeper, I went to see who was there. On asking who they were, they replied that they were a war party of 20 men, on their return from the Gros Ventres. At this time all the wounded and well Indians were inside the fort, and we were but few whites, as most of our men were in camp. Not thinking it prudent to let the Indians in, for fear of a row, I apprised Mr. Hamilton of the arrival; but he told me to let them in if there were but 20 men. I suggested to him to send them to Fort William, where there was no one at the time, the families having all gone to camp; but, as usual, he would not listen to me, and in I let them. Soon afterward more knocking at the door was heard, and the Indians in the fort said it was the balance of their party, consisting of 70 men. I went again to Mr. Hamilton, who said, "Well, we may as well let the balance in, for it may make matters worse to send them to the other fort." A little while after their entrance something unpleasant was evidently going to happen, and from what I could understand it became necessary to adopt means for our safety. So I informed Mr. Hamilton of what was going on, upon which the old gentleman, who had a sound old English head, told me to bring eight or ten muskets out of the bastion and put them on the men's table in the dining room; also to put one of the smallest cannon in the passage of the main quarters. This was to be done with all care possible, that the Indians should know nothing of it until the proper time came; for if they saw us make such preparations, they might nip his plan in the bud. Very soon we were ready; the window blinds of the dining room were opened, and there could be seen by the three candles the bright muskets, plenty of cartridges scattered over the table, and four men ready for action. The piece of artillery was rolled back and forward in the passage, making a tremendous noise, and two men mounted guard with muskets and fixed bayonets. Such preparations the Indians had never seen or heard of before, and they became, in their turn, more frightened than we had been. They had been very lively on the move and very insulting at times, but they soon lay down and went to sleep, or pretended to, so that all became suddenly quiet. Still, we did not feel quite safe; we thought that perhaps they were shamming and that they might try what they could do before morning. This was about midnight. To my great surprise, just at the peep of day, I was called up; that was easily done, for I was wide awake, with all my clothes on. The partisan said that the Indians wished to go out, and asked me to open the door for them; and in less than ten minutes not one of the party was left in the fort. One may imagine how relieved all hands were, when informed of this, for most of them had almost made up their minds that this would be their last night. As it was yet early, I told them to go and take a nap. I then went to Mr. Hamilton's room, and, after I had informed him of this, he said, "Well, Mr. Larpenteur, what do you think of my stratagem?" To which I replied that I felt confident it had been the means of saving our lives. "Yes, yes," said he; "now go to the cellar, fill this bottle with that good Madeira; we will have a glass, and then you will have time to take a little rest before breakfast, for I presume you have not slept much." I obeyed his orders, took a drink of Madeira, and went to bed. Thus ended the fright.

As I have had frequent occasion to mention Mr. "Hamilton,"[11] I will introduce him to the reader. His real name was Archibald Palmer. He was an English nobleman who, from some cause or other unknown to many, had been obliged to leave England and come to America, apparently without any means. How Mr. McKenzie became acquainted with him I am not able to say. Mr. Hamilton was a man of uncommon education, conversant with many subjects, and quite capable of keeping books. As Mr. McKenzie required a bookkeeper at Fort Union, he made arrangements with Mr. Hamilton to come here. What salary he received I never learned. Mr. Hamilton—as I shall continue to call him, for his real name was not known until after he left Fort Union and his English difficulties were over, when he resumed his proper name—was a man of fifty, who had habitually lived high, in consequence of which he had the gout. This brought him to the two extremes of being either

---

[11] Dr. Matthews kindly contributes the following interesting note on Mr. Hamilton: "I never met this gentleman; but have heard much about him, and, when I have described him, you will understand why he was an object of wonder and gossip to the rude inhabitants of the Upper Missouri valley. He was an Englishman, of high social position at home, who for some reason saw fit to bury himself in the wilderness, though he never fell into the negligent habits of the country. Rumor made him a scion of nobility. He took no one into his confidence and was reticent as to his antecedents. He wore none

but the finest clothes, and always dressed in the latest London fashions. Every year, boxes were sent from London to St. Louis and thence forwarded to him at the mouth of the Yellowstone. Some of the French Canadians have told me, in tones of awe, that he took a bath and put on a clean shirt every day. He wore ruffled shirt-fronts, had a great gold chain around his neck, and was always polished, scented, and oiled to the highest degree. Long as he lived in the country, he never overcame his repugnance to Indians, whom he called 'beasts.' I have heard a tale of his angrily throwing a beautiful colored silk handkerchief (he carried no other kind) into the fire, because an admiring Indian had picked it up to examine it. He is mentioned in Catlin's N. A. Indians, vol. i, p. 21."

very pleasant or very crabbed, but, upon the whole, kept him crabbed; so he was not liked, though much respected. He remained a few years at Union, and died in St. Louis as cashier of the American Fur Company. I must say I got along remarkably well with him and was very sorry to learn of his death. Now I will return to my stories, of which I have many in store.

CHAPTER VI.

(1835-36.)

FORT UNION: CONTINUED.

A WEEK or ten days after the above-mentioned fright, the hunters were ordered to return; the camp was broken up, and all the half-breed families went into their former quarters in Fort William, as well as some of the company's men who had families, and were to take care of the horses. When they had all arrived and were reorganized, a conspiracy was gotten up, unknown to me, to kill old man Deschamps and his eldest son, François. The conspirators were Baptiste Gardepie, the two sons-in-law of Jack Rem, and Mr. Lafferrier—the latter a great hypocrite. This was in July, 1835. As Deschamps used to come to our room almost every morning after breakfast, the killing was to take place there. For this murderous work a rifle barrel was placed in the chimney corner, and Lafferrier put his dirk under his pillow, for Gardepie, who was to commence the job. François Deschamps, the son, was about 27 or 28 years old—

a fine stout young man; he was then interpreter for Fort Union, and ate at the table with the boss and the clerks. Soon after breakfast the father and son came into our room, where the conspirators were already assembled. It was a fine July morning [1] and I, knowing nothing of this, had taken a walk alone down by the garden which was already progressing well, about three-quarters of a mile from the fort. After some little conversation, which naturally took place before coming to the point, Gardepie got up and addressed the old man, saying, "Deschamps, I want to know now whether you will make peace or war with me; you have frequently attempted my life, and I find it necessary to ask you this question—now, what is your answer?" To which old Deschamps replied, "I will never make peace with you as long as there is a drop of blood in my veins." Some blood was quickly out of his veins, for Gardepie immediately seized the rifle barrel and struck a fatal blow on the old man's head. Then he turned round to the son, and, with another blow, knocked him down. But this wound not being a mortal one, François made out to creep under one of the beds, where he begged for his life until the conspirators took pity on him. Gardepie was induced to desist from killing him; but, not thinking that the father had been mortally struck, he reached for the dirk and ripped the old man's bowels out—which operation was not necessary. All this was done in a very short time. Returning from the garden and approaching our quarters I observed that the curtains were down, which was an unusual thing, and when I came to open the door I found it locked on the inside. At my request it was immediately opened to admit me, but directly closed again. The door being shut and curtains down, I could not at first discover what had taken place, but soon saw a sheet spread on the floor and knew there was a corpse under it. On looking about, I saw young François Deschamps sitting at a table with his head held down in his hands, which were still all bloody. No one else was in the room but Gardepie, who said, "I have settled with the old man, and I would have done the same with this coward here, had he not begged so hard for his life." I made no reply, though, of course, I pitied the poor fellow, who was so near the corpse of his father, and uncertain as yet of his own life. It was a sad sight. Mr. Lafferrier, who, as I have already remarked, was a great hypocrite and had thus acquired his popularity among the Indians and half-breeds, had gone to the fort with the pipe of peace, to try to bring about a reconciliation between those two families; and in this he finally succeeded. The old man was buried the same day, and to all appearances everything went on as usual.

---

[1] Thursday, July 23, 1835, is the date of this homicide given in the Orig. Journ., which narrates the tragedy much more circumstantially, but to the identical effect. The extermination of the rest of the Deschamps family comes later on. François sen., with his three sons, François jun., Charles, and Joseph, had returned to Fort Union from their trapping on Wednesday, June 10, 1835. The quarrel between François junior and Gardepied Larpenteur understood to be about a squaw belonging to Gardepied. François fell in love with her, and his father advised him to offer Gardepied a horse for her. This grieved Gardepied, who swore that either he or a Deschamps should die for it. He dared any one of them to fight; they would not accept the challenge, but one of them sought to kill Gardepied, and would have shot him through a window had not an Indian interfered. Next day Gardepied made up his mind to have a settlement with the Deschamps; and how he effected it Larpenteur proceeds to say.

It was thought that this peace would last, as Jack Rem's family was considered revenged by the death of the old man, and had thus been made nearly equal in strength to that of the Deschamps. What afterward induced us to think the peace would be kept was that Gardepie went on a beaver hunt with the three young Deschamps and never offered to molest them. Michel Gravel and Little Frenchman were the names of Jack Rem's two sons-in-law who went the following fall [1835] on their hunt on Milk river, which abounded with beaver, and, like all beaver trappers, fell in with a war party of Blackfeet, by whom they were both killed. This accident reduced Jack's family considerably and enabled the Deschamps to show their wicked dispositions again. But before describing a big battle which took place the following summer [1836], I will relate a little story to show you how cunningly and quickly Indians can work destruction, and also give the character of Gauché, Robert Campbell's chief, whom I have already called Co-han (Hurry Up). Gauché was his French name, which means Left Hand. But by his tribe he was called Meenah-yau-henno,[3] meaning the One who Holds the Knife—with which they said he could cut a rock in two, owing to his strong medicine. As I have already remarked, Hurry Up was feared by all the surrounding tribes, and was called by the whites the Wild Bonaparte. The old fellow had been so successful in his warfare that he found no difficulty in raising the number of warriors he wanted. At this time he had raised a party of 250 to 300, to make war on the Blackfeet, who were very rich in horses. Being considered so great a medicine man and warrior, he had no trouble with his young men, and could order the rush as he thought proper. On this their success always depends, for Indians seldom stand a long battle, and when they do it does not amount to much. About the middle of March the old man came within one day's march of Fort McKenzie, where he fell on the trail of a camp of Blackfeet, containing about 30 lodges, on the way to their fort to make their last spring trade. The old fellow could tell by the looks of things in their camping-place that they were rich in trade-goods and in horses, and that a big drunk would be sure to take place ; for the Blackfeet are great drunkards. After the chief had well examined everything about the camping grounds he went to work at his medicine. He then told his people that he had seen a great deal of blood on the enemy's side, but very little on theirs, and that most, if not all of them, would return on horseback with many scalps, if they would obey his commands. The old fellow was not mistaken. They soon approached the Blackfoot camp, which was near the fort, making ready for a big spree. It was Gauché's intention to rush on the camp when they should be at the height of the spree, too drunk to defend themselves. When it was near daylight the order was given for the rush, and so well was it executed that in a very short time few were left alive in camp, and all the horses were captured with ease—as we learned, upward of 300 head. So great and glorious was the old man's campaign ; and then it was "Co-han! hurry up! let us go home and dance the scalp dance"—for many were the scalps they had taken of men, women, and children. We will let them go and I will return to the little story I promised to relate.

---

[3] See note [3], p. 55, where it is said that De Smet gives this name as Mina-yougha. In Riggs' Dictionary *mína* = knife, and *yuhá* = to have, own, possess.—W. M.

There was an old Assiniboine who had remained after our last trade, with the intention, as he said, to go down to Fort Clark in the steamer, although no peace as yet had been made between the Assiniboines and the Gros Ventres. In the meantime a war party of about 150 Blackfeet, all on horseback, came to Fort Union in search of the Assiniboines, to be revenged on the camp of old Co-han ; this was about the 1st of June,[*] and at that season men were always scarce in the fort, as most of them were required to take down the returns. So we would not allow more than 20 Indians at a time in the fort. The partisan and other important men in the Blackfoot party commenced by making a great deal of the old man, smoking with him, and telling him that they were in search of the Assiniboines with the intention of making peace with them, and that they would be very glad if he would go with them. They also said they had some fine horses which were intended for the Assiniboines, in case they would make peace, and if he would go with them they would make him a present of a nice pony. They did all they could to persuade him to go, and we did all we could to put him out of the notion. Finally the time came for them to start, and not finding the old fellow quite decided, they sent in a beautiful pony, saddled and bridled, telling him it should be his if he would come along. The old man was tempted, mounted the pony, and started. By this time most of the party had left, and were seated on the hills back of the fort, awaiting the rest, and expecting that the old Assiniboine would be along with them; there were also 12 or 15 young men mounted on ponies, ready apparently to serve as an escort for the old man. As soon as I had turned him out—for I was still the doorkeeper—I made haste to run up on the bastion to see what would happen. The escort had not gone over 200 yards from the fort before they fired a volley into the old man, who fell dead off his pony, and in less than no time was scalped. After they had all reached the hills they made us signs that there was no danger for us, and disappeared. I then took a party of six or seven men, wrapped the old man in his robe, and stuck him up in a large elm tree to dry, as this was their own custom.

---

[*] June 12, 1836, by Orig. Journ., where a long story is made of the treacherous murder of the poor old Assiniboine.

Now, reader, make ready for the battle, as it will soon come off. In the latter part of June,[4] shortly after the last-mentioned affray took place, the company's steamboat arrived. After her departure, it was customary to have a big drunk throughout. At this time there were between 60 and 70 men at the fort. The half-breeds who were in Fort William with some of our own men also got gloriously drunk. About midnight old Mother Deschamps said to her children, "Now, my sons, if you are men, you will revenge the death of your father." This struck

---

[4] June 28, 1836, is the date given in the Orig. Journ., in a long special article headed "Distruction of the Des Champ.s family," no doubt the most circumstantial and reliable we possess. As old Deschamps was the one who dispatched Governor Robert

---

Semple, in the massacre on the Red River of the North, June 19, 1816, the fate of this family of rakehellions becomes a matter of some historic moment, aside from the dramatic force of the final tragedy. We have already seen that old François Deschamps was killed by Gardepied, July 23, 1835, and Larpenteur now proceeds to the affair which finished the precious progeny from midnight of June 28, when it began with the killing of Jack Rem by the young Deschamps, to some late hour of June 29. Several versions, with conflicting dates, if any, have appeared: see for example Maximilian, English ed., 1843, p. 276, and my Henry, 1897, p. 557, where my note is incorrect in some particulars, and must be checked by the present account. We cannot here go into the voluminous legal testimony of the Semple affair; but it appears from the deposition of Louis Nolan, clerk H. B. Co., on p. xlii of Selkirk's Statement, 8vo, London, 1817, that Deschamps was the one who did kill the Governor, after the latter had been wounded by Cuthbert Grant. I will transcribe some passages from Larpenteur's Orig. Journ., neglecting his peculiarities of spelling, for comparison with or in amplification of the narrative given above:

"This wicked family was obliged to emigrate from the Red river on account of its bad conduct. I have been informed by several persons from Red river that in the time of the battle be-them favorably, and being in liquor they immediately killed old Jack Rem, swore they would also kill all the half-breeds whom they considered his friends, and even threatened the whites in the fort. This took place about midnight, when the spree in Fort Union had subsided and all hands had gone to sleep. I was awakened by loud raps and voices at the door, which latter I could distinguish to be those of females, crying, "Open the door! quick—they are fighting—they have killed my father." They were the widow of

---

tween the English and the half-breeds François Deschamps, the father of the family, had committed the most cruel acts that any human being can be guilty of. After the battle he was seen on the battle ground with his gun shooting those which were wounded. Some of those poor creatures would request of him a little time to pray, which he would allow, in saying, 'Make haste, you d—d son of a b—h,' and when he thought the prayer was long enough he would shoot them down and rob them of what they possessed. It has also been reported that it was him that killed the governor. They came on the Missouri about nine years ago [*ca.* 1827], from which time they conducted themselves the worst that any family could do. The family consisted of ten children and the nephew of their father, of which there were three grown sons [François jun., Charles, and Joseph], and two boys of from fourteen to fifteen years of age."

It appears among their crimes that they had twice robbed Fort Union; robbed Mr. Jeanisse and threatened to kill him; robbed and whipped Indians; murdered a young man in 1834; and habitually committed adultery with their sisters-in-law. Such deviltries were often instigated by both parents, who seem to have been more adept in crime than any of their offspring lived to become.

Michel Gravel and her mother, the wife of Jack Rem.[*] I had not shut the door before eight or ten of our men came running in great fury, swearing vengeance against the Deschamps family, all of whom they would destroy, big and small. They raised all hands, and in a body went to Mr. McKenzie, of whom they demanded arms and ammunition in angry tones, declaring they were determined to put an end to the Deschamps family. This demand was made in such terms that Mr. McKenzie could not well refuse, fearing the consequences, and not being himself much averse to their intention. Having been furnished with a cannon, muskets, and ammunition, they went to work. But, in the first place, all the horses and all the company's effects were removed from the fort, and before the fight commenced the Deschamps were required to turn out their squaws, who were Assiniboine women, whom we did not want to kill for fear of the tribe. Thinking the fight would not take place as long as they kept in the squaws, they refused to turn them out. After allowing them what time we thought necessary to make up their minds on this subject, the order to fire was given. As we had a cannon we supposed they would not go into the bastions, and as we found their shots were only fired out of their own dwellings we aimed altogether at these houses. When they found we were determined to put our threats into execution they turned out their squaws, who told us that we had already killed one man, but that it would be difficult for us to destroy them all, as they had dug holes under the floors, where our balls could not reach them. Yet we kept constantly firing into the houses, until at last the old lady herself came out with the pipe of peace, begging for her life and that of her children; but she was shot through the heart in stepping out of the fort.* As she was holding her pipe straight in front of her when she was hit, she fell precisely on top of it, at which the boys exclaimed in great mirth, "There's an end to the mother of the devils." In the meantime our firing was kept up; but few shots were heard from them, and at last some of our party ventured into the fort, thinking they were all killed; but that was a mistake. They commenced firing again, and our side made a double-quick retreat; but one[1] of them was shot through the neck as he was stooping through the small door of the fort. It was by this time getting rather late in the day, and it was feared that the fight might continue until night, under cover of which they could make their escape, which would prove serious to the Company in future; and as the bloody work had been begun, it was obliged to be accomplished. In order to do so it was thought proper to set the fort on fire, with the view of burning them in it; but for fear that some might escape through the fire, the hunter of the fort and several other good horsemen were mounted on the best horses to run them down like buffalo, should they make such an attempt. These precautions having been taken, a fire was started; as the fort was dry it soon began to blaze, and in a little while the houses were consumed. We saw one man run out of them and take refuge in the east bastion, into which the cannon was fired several times, but the ball went through without other damage than making its hole. Meanwhile the fire stopped, having burned only one side of the fort and the houses; so the bastion stood with this individual inside it, and was dangerous to approach. One of our men [Vivié], wanting to display his bravery, went near it to get a good shot through the cracks; but this cost him his life. A shot through the heart made him jump up about six feet in the air and fall dead on the spot, on which a loud yell was heard from the man in the bastion. The firing on our side was renewed faster than ever, until it was found that no shot was fired out of the bastion, when some of the boldest of our party determined to see if the individual inside it was dead or alive. On entering the bastion they discovered him backed up in one corner; they immediately fired and he fell dead. This was François Deschamps, the last survivor, as all the rest had been burned or shot in the houses. After he was brought out we found that he had a broken wrist and was out of ammunition. Had he not been thus disabled and defenseless he would probably have killed several of us and made his escape. The men thought he might go, like the balance, into flames; so they threw him into the fire with one of his brothers, and both were burned to ashes. A hole was dug, into which the old woman was put without any ceremony. Thus the battle ended, about sunset, in the death of eight of the family.* The youngest son, about ten years of age, after being wounded, was suffered to come out; but he died the next day. Such was the end of this troublesome family, after which peace and comfort were enjoyed.

---

[*] This preliminary murder is somewhat differently given in the Orig. Journ. Ignoring as before Larpenteur's peculiarities of diction, it stands as follows: "Mr. D. D. Mitchell, who had two or three years ago married [one of] their [Deschamps'] sisters, returned on the steamboat, and taken his wife again, gave them considerable presents, which induced them to believe that they would be supported by him in case they might kick up a fuss. Sure enough, next evening when the boat landed they traded some porcupine-work to the hands of the boat for liquor, and commenced drinking. About twelve o'clock at night I was awakened by a discharge of guns from the old fort and immediately got out of bed. Some one knocked at the door, which I opened; it was the daughter of Jack Kipling, who, crying bitterly, informed me that the Deschamps had killed her father, and shot at her and the men who were guarding the horses." Thus the two accounts differ as to who was killed, unless "Rem" and "Kipling" are different names of the same person.

---

* By a half-breed named J. Mayotte. At that moment one of her sons was already dead in the house. The nephew was next shot by a young half-breed named Jean Marchand, in the house of Gardepied and Jack Kipling, where he had taken refuge.

---

[1] This was one Mayotte. Another half-breed, Joseph Vivié or Vivier, was shot in the wrist, and later killed by a shot through the heart from François, who had meanwhile taken refuge in one of the bastions.

Now, as I have remarked, all was quieted. Outfits were made up and started for the Blackfeet and Crows, and we were left with none but the men allotted for Fort Union, numbering about 30, all told. These were assigned to their several duties, including the horse guard, for which a Mexican, a Dutchman, and a Canadian named Tibeau were appointed. The Mexican was not fit for anything else; the Dutchman was very green in one sense, and very white in another, as will be seen presently. All went on peaceably until about the middle of September [1836], when the Mexican thought he would take a ride back to Mexico on the best horse in the band, and picked out the green Dutchman to assist him in the execution of his plans. But it seems that they both were tolerably green. On one fine day they proposed to Tibeau to go to their dinner first, saying that they would not be long, and that he could go afterward and stay in the fort as long as he pleased. The proposition was accepted by Tibeau, and off started the two gentlemen, who, sure enough, were not gone long; and immediately on their return Tibeau went to his dinner. At this early time the guard was kept up more with a view to prevent the horses from straying away than for fear of their being stolen by hostile Indians. This induced Tibeau to delay; but, fearing that he might be hurried out of the fort by the proper authorities, which he had reason to believe would be done rather roughly, he at last started back. On his return to the guard he could see neither of the two men; but, thinking that they might have gone a little way, made nothing of it and began to look around. Still seeing nothing of them, he commenced to hallo; but no answer was heard. Then he began to surmise that things were not all right, the men having been so willing to remain, and thought he would examine the band of horses. He soon discovered that the two best American horses were missing. Yet, as all the men were in the habit of strolling in search of antelope, and sometimes for pleasure, he waited a while, thinking they would soon make their appearance; but no one came, and he finally went to report the matter. Men were immediately sent in search of the thieves. Thinking that the Mexican would attempt to cross the river above, the men were first ordered up, but returned at night, having seen no tracks. Instead of going up, as it was thought they had, the Mexican and his man had concealed themselves in the point below the fort, it being his plan to steal the ferryboat at night and cross over. That night they came within three-quarters of a mile below the fort, where the Mexican left the Dutchman with the horses, while he went after the ferryboat. But when he came to the fort, it seems that he got scared at the barking of the dogs and could find no opportunity to get the boat off. When day was about breaking, he concluded to abandon that project and returned to the Dutchman, whom he found sound asleep and the horses gone. By this time it was daylight, and fearing to be discovered if they should attempt to look for the horses, they thought it advisable for each one to do as he thought proper. The Dutchman decided to give himself up to the mercy of the authorities; the Mexican concluded to try his luck at large for a while. When the door of the fort was opened one of the men, who happened to go out first, saw two horses near the hills, and came to me saying, "There are two horses which look very much like the stolen ones." I immediately sent after them, and to be sure they were the very two—Mr. McKenzie's favorite horse and the next best, a fine iron-gray. The question then was, What had become of the men? Some thought one thing, and some another, but none guessed right. Soon after breakfast Mr. Dutchman appeared, all in a tremble, and commenced to make up a story which had neither head nor tail. Not even giving him time to finish it, Mr. McKenzie requested me to take his gun from him, and put him in irons in the blacksmith shop. This was done immediately. He knew not what had become of the Mexican. Four or five days after this the Mexican came to deliver himself up, saying, "Mr. McKenzie, I have done wrong; here I am, do with me what you choose; but please don't send me to the States." Without replying to him Mr. McKenzie requested me to have him ironed and placed in confinement with the Dutchman, to await trial. Four days afterward they were tried, convicted, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes. So they were tied to the flagstaff to take their punishment. The Dutchman was flogged first. When stripped to the waist his skin looked fair and tender, and was actually so; for at every blow the blood flew at such a rate that his sentence was reduced one-half. But the Mexican's hide was brown and tough; he hardly groaned, and received the full number of lashes. Both were soon taken to the States by James Beckwith,[*] the great mulatto brave among the Crows, whose life was published some time afterward. Thus ended this scrape.

---

* "Not a crueler death than they deserved," says the Orig. Journ., "but much crueler than I wished to witness. Their sister, the wife of Mr. Mitchell, and a younger sister of hers went to the Blackfeet with her husband, also a little brother of about five years of age; the elder boy was taken to St. Louis."

---

[*] James P. Beckworth or Beckwourth. Life and Adventures of, written from his own dictation by T. D. Bonner; orig. ed., N. Y., 1856, 12mo, pp. 357; new ed., with preface and notes by Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), London and N. Y., 1892, 8vo, pp. 440, plates. It is a good story, founded on fact, but may be best enjoyed by one who does not care to sift fiction; still, it contains a great deal of information which may be relied on to some extent, though most of it requires to be corroborated or confirmed from other sources. Beckwourth appears to have been repeatedly at Fort Union, and on p. 313, 2d ed., speaks of leaving that post *for* St. Louis; but I cannot connect this incident with Larpenteur's statement, owing to lack of dates.

CHAPTER VII.

(1836-38.)

FORT UNION: CONTINUED.

HAVING frequently mentioned Mr. McKenzie[1] as a member of the American Fur Company, I will give him a more ample introduction to the reader. Kenneth McKenzie was born in Scotland of very respectable parents, and was some near connection of the great explorer, Sir Alexander McKenzie. He engaged to the Northwest at the time that Company was formed to oppose the Hudson Bay Company. It was the custom to engage clerks for the term of three years; but after they had served seven, they had the privilege of entering the Company as partners. Those young men had to be of good standing and bear good characters. The Northwest could not compete with the strong Hudson Bay Company and were finally [in 1821] obliged to abandon the country.[2] Mr. McKenzie, who had taken some liking to the trade and thought there was money in it, struck off for the upper waters of the Mississippi, in the regions where

---

[1] The only Kenneth McKenzie who became generally known in the N. W. Co. was the one who was drowned in Lake Superior in 1816: see my Henry Journal, 1897, p. 980. At that time the Kenneth McKenzie of whom Larpenteur speaks, and who became so prominent in the A. F. Co. on the Missouri, was a very young man who had not made any mark—probably a clerk N. W. Co., who first appears a few years after the date said. Larpenteur has him with substantial accuracy, I think. He did trade on the Upper Mississippi, having left the N. W. Co., after 1821, and was bought out by the A. F. Co. about 1827. His precise relationship to the other Kenneth McKenzie, and to Sir Alexander McKenzie, I have not ascertained; but he was some sort of a cousin of the latter. He was born in Scotland in 1801, and died at St. Louis in 1861. His son, Owen McKenzie, appears beyond, in life and death. His unmarried daughter now (1898) resides

---

in St. Louis, where a valuable collection of his papers and other effects was destroyed by fire.

James Stuart says, Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc., I, 1876, p. 88: "In 1822 he went to New York, and got an outfit of Indian trade goods on credit, and established a trading post on the Upper Mississippi, and remained in that part of the country till 1829 [?], when he came to the Missouri and established Ft. Union. He was in charge of all the Northwestern fur trade until 1839, when he resigned—Alexander Culbertson taking his place—and went to St. Louis, where he went into the wholesale liquor trade, and lived there until he died in 1856 or 1857 [not till 1861]. He was a man of great courage, energy, good judgment, and great executive ability. His wife now [1875] resides in St. Louis."

[2] Hardly that—but they were obliged to abandon their organisation and be merged in the invincible H. B. Co. Most of the persons concerned remained in the country in business under the new régime. What happened to the N. W. Co. in 1821 was precisely the issue they forced upon the X. Y. Co., Nov. 5, 1804: particulars in Henry Journ., 1897, p. 255.

the American Fur Company was carrying on trade, in small furs particularly, to a great extent. Whether he had any means at the time I am unable to say, and also in what capacity he entered the American Fur Company; but he probably came in as a member and they soon placed unbounded confidence in him. Having served the Northwest, he had become acquainted with the manner in which trade was carried on in the north, and also with the tribes in that region. He soon persuaded the American Fur Company to extend their trade on the Upper Missouri, for he knew that the Hudson Bay Company did not and could not trade buffalo robes, which would not pay for transportation over their portages, and that their trade was entirely confined to fine furs. This idea in regard to extending trade was correct, but the distance was tremendous, as those going up had to be towed in keel boats a distance of 2,000 miles. But, as I have remarked, the persuasion of Mr. McKenzie, and the unbounded confidence they had in him, overcame all difficulties. About the year 1827 an outfit was made up and started for the mouth of the Yellowstone, Mr. McKenzie in charge. They did not reach that far the first year, but established a wintering post [1827-28] at the mouth of White river, halfway between Forts Union and Berthold—say 150 miles below the Yellowstone. After the post was finished

Mr. McKenzie started for the States, and Mr. Honoré Picotte remained in charge. The returns were found encouraging, and the following year [1829] he went on to the mouth of the Yellowstone, where the chief of the band of the Rocks[3] had desired him to build, and which was a beautiful site, abounding in the best of timber, above, below, and opposite the fort, and with all kinds of game. Mr. McKenzie made this his residence and very soon messengers were dispatched north, inviting all Assiniboines, Crees, and Chippewas to the Missouri. When they learned that Mr. McKenzie was there it was not long before large numbers of these Indians came over, together with many half-breed families. Next year [1830] he determined to extend the trade, both up the Missouri for the Blackfeet and up the Yellowstone for the Crows. As to the Crows there was no difficulty, but the Blackfeet, who were deadly enemies to the Americans, he could not well manage against their will, nor did he think it advisable to start up an outfit before learning how they were disposed. It happened at the time[4] that there was then at the fort an old trapper named Berger, who had been in his young days in the employ of the Hudson

---

[3] One of the divisions of Assiniboines: see my Henry Journ., 1897, p. 523.

[4] "At the time" is the winter of 1830-31, as we learn from Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. i, 1876, p. 84, where we read further: "McKenzie . . sent a party of four men—Burger [*sic*], Dacoteau, Morceau, and one other man—in search of the Indians, and to see

if there was sufficient inducements to establish a trading-post. The party started up the Missouri river with dog-sleds, to haul a few presents for the Indians. . . They followed the Missouri to the mouth of the Marias river, thence up the Marias to the mouth of Badger creek, without seeing an Indian, finding plenty of game of all kinds, and plenty of beaver in all the streams running into the Missouri. Every night when they camped they hoisted the American flag, so that if they were seen by any Indians during the night they would know it was a white man's camp; and it was very fortunate for them that they had a flag to use in that manner, for the night they camped at the mouth of Badger creek they were discovered by a war-party of Blackfeet, who surrounded them during the night, and as they were about firing on the camp, they saw the flag and did not fire, but took the party prisoners. A part of the Indians wanted to kill the whites and take what they had, but through the exertions and influence of a chief named 'Good-woman,' they were not molested in person or property, but went in safety to the Blackfoot camp on Belly river, and stayed with the camp until spring. During the winter they explained their business, and prevailed upon about one hundred Blackfeet to go with them to Union to see McKenzie. They arrived at Union about the 1st of April, 1831, and McKenzie got their consent to build a trading-post at the mouth of the Marias. The Indians stayed about one month, then started home to tell the news to their people. McKenzie then started [James] Kipp, with 75 men and an outfit of Indian goods, to build a fort at the mouth of the Marias river, and he had the fort completed before the winter of 1831[-32]. It was only a temporary arrangement to winter in, in order to find out whether it would pay to establish a permanent post. Next spring [1832] Col. [David D.] Mitchell (afterward colonel in Doniphan's expedition to Mexico) built some cabins on Brule bottom, to live in

Bay Company, at the Fort of the Prairie,[5] when Mr. John Rowand was in charge; and this having been a post for the Blackfeet, he had acquired the language

till a good fort could be built. The houses at the mouth of the Marias were burned after the company moved to Brule bottom. Alex. Culbertson was sent by McKenzie to relieve Mitchell and to build a picket-stockade fort 200 feet square on the north bank of the Missouri, which he completed during the summer and fall of 1832. This fort was occupied for eleven years, until Ft. Lewis [or Louis] was built by Culbertson on the south side of the Missouri river, near Pablois' island, in the summer of 1844. Fort Brule [Brulé: otherwise called Fort Piegan and Fort McKenzie, or known as the Blackfoot post] was then abandoned and burned. In 1846 Ft. Lewis was abandoned, and Ft. Benton was built by Culbertson, about seven miles below Ft. Lewis, and on the north bank of the river."

I have cited this account in fixing the date of the interesting story Larpenteur proceeds to relate, which is thus seen to be corroborated in all essential particulars—the principal variations in fact being that Mr. James Stuart sends only four men on the diplomatic mission, though Larpenteur implies that they were a dozen; and more than doubles the number of Blackfeet whom Larpenteur brings in. McKenzie's genius was perhaps never better displayed than in this great stroke of business, which had far-reaching commercial, political, military, and even ecclesiastical consequences, in the development of the whole region over which his operations extended.

[5] One of several Forts des Prairies on the N. Saskatchewan, probably that at Edmonton. Much about this Mr. Rowand will be found in my Henry Journal, p. 602 and following. I have lately corresponded with his granddaughter, Miss Sophie H. Rowand, who resides at No. 30 St. Patrick Street, Toronto, Ont. One or more persons named Berger are noted, *ibid.*, p. 594.

and could speak it fluently. So Mr. McKenzie proposed to send Berger to the Blackfeet, to try to bring down a party with whom he would endeavor to make a treaty before sending up an outfit. Berger consented; but as this undertaking was extremely dangerous, Mr. McKenzie would not take it upon himself to order any of the men on the expedition. Not less than 12 men would do; but there was no difficulty in raising the required number of volunteers, who were soon ready for the march. The forlorn hope, as they were called, started with the American flag unfurled, hardly expecting to return. But Mr. McKenzie was in good hopes, for they were young Canadians, who knew not a word of English, and the Blackfeet were accustomed to them, as they were also employed by the Hudson Bay Company. He anticipated no danger, except that of being surprised by a war party while encamped, which was also Berger's fear. Having searched for the Blackfeet for about four weeks, the men were at last so fortunate as to discover a large camp, without being discovered themselves; and the time had come to try their pluck. "Blackfeet in sight—that awful tribe, of whom we have heard so many terrible stories—what is going to be our fate?" was the talk. Some moves were made to abandon the idea of entering the camp, and to skedaddle if possible; but old man Berger was grit, and succeeded in getting his men along. He knew the Indian customs as well as their language; the men put great confidence in him, and determined to follow, saying, "Now for the butcher shop!" Berger took the lead with the flag bearer by his side, and his little frightened party close in the rear. Soon after they had got on their march they were discovered, and in less time after that a large party of mounted Indians were making for them at full speed. Berger, having caused his little party to stop, advanced with the flag bearer. The Indians, perceiving this maneuver, and not knowing what to make of it, paused for a while. Berger advanced, and when at a hearing distance cried out his name; at which they rushed up to shake hands, and the party which had kept their position were ordered to come up. How their pulses quickened and their hearts thumped is not hard to imagine, for fear had not entirely left them, and they did not know what fate was reserved for them in the Blackfoot camp. They would have preferred to turn back, but it was too cowardly as well as too late, and on they had to go. On entering camp there was great yelling and shouting in all directions; but after this had subsided they were lodged, feasts commenced, and all was done in such a friendly manner that the boys began to feel reassured. When Berger had made his intentions known, a party of 40 Indians consented to accompany him to the Yellowstone. None of them had ever been there, and some showed a little reluctance; at which Berger, in order to induce them to come, represented the distance to be somewhat shorter than it really was. The party was soon ready, and they all set off. Then came trouble and renewed fear in camp, for the Indians soon commenced to complain of the distance, thinking a trap had been laid by the whites to destroy them, and it was with great difficulty that Berger could make them agree to proceed. Things began to look rather dark, but at last they consented to go on a few days more. One night, when they had come within one day's march of the fort, as Berger knew very well, the Indians swore they would go no further—that he had lied to them, and they would have revenge. Berger was put to his trumps; but, being sure of reaching the fort next day, made them a speech, saying, "I tell you you will be in the fort to-morrow, smoking the pipe of peace with the great chief who sent me. Here I am with my party and horses; if I don't bring you to the fort to-morrow, you are welcome to my scalp and all the horses." This struck them with a great deal of force, and they consented to go on another day. Next morning an early start was made to give ample time to finish the journey, and about three in the afternoon they arrived on a ridge, in full view of the fort, where they sat down to smoke and vermilion themselves. Soon they saw the large flag hoisted, heard the cannon firing, and a little while after that the forlorn hope, with all the Blackfeet, entered Fort Union. In course of time a treaty was made, and next spring [1831] an outfit was started under Mr. James Kipp,[6] with instructions to build at the mouth of Maria's river, which was the first trading post established for the Blackfeet, and called Fort McKenzie.[7] Fort Cass was built next spring [1832]; and

---

[6] Long a well-known person in the fur trade of the Missouri and Yellowstone. In 1847 he was a hardy veteran, upward of 65 years old, who for many years had had a farm near Independence, Mo., and had made the journey to the Yellowstone and back about 20 times. There is much about him in Maximilian, Travels of 1833, pub. 1843, *passim*; in Palliser, 1853, p. 82, etc.; and he will frequently come up again in Larpenteur's narrative.

[7] Mr. Kipp may have so called the one-season house he built in 1831, but Larpenteur means by Fort McKenzie the definitive post of that name of 1832.

By far the best account of Fort McKenzie I have seen, giving history, full description, etc., will be found in a paper penned by Mr. Alexander Culbertson for Audubon, at Fort Union, Aug. 7, 1843, and first published in Aud. and his Journs., by Miss M. R. Audubon, Dec., 1897, ii, pp. 188–195, preceded by extracts from Culbertson's journal at Fort McKenzie of June 13–26, 1834, *ibid.*, pp. 178–180. Maximilian also describes the fort in his Travels, ed. 1843, chap. xix, pp. 242, 243. His account of the battle there, which he witnessed Aug. 28, 1833, occupies chap. xx, pp. 273–277, and his folio pl. 42 is a stirring picture of the scene—one of the very finest works of art in all that magnificent series. Likewise, Mr. Culbertson furnished Audubon with an account of a after those two forts were established, the Upper Missouri Department was formed, of which Mr. McKenzie was the agent. Berger received $800 per annum as interpreter for the Blackfeet.

Having done my best to post the reader on

---

fight which occurred at Fort McKenzie between the Assiniboines under Gauché and the Piegans who were at the fort, Aug. 28, "1834." The story is given in full in Aud. and his Journs., ii, 1897, pp. 133-136. There was fighting enough, I wot, in that vicinity—hardly a coulée unreddened with blood thereabouts; but probably not two battles on an Aug. 28. As the Maximilian date is certain, I suppose the Culbertson date of "1834" to be a mere error of transcription, and the two narratives to be of the identical engagement. Maximilian was at Fort McKenzie Aug. 9-Sept. 4, 1833. Compare also Larpenteur's story on p. 92.

The A. F. Co. had no permanent post among the Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, and Prairie Grosventres (Atsinas) till 1832, as it had been too dangerous to attempt to trade with those hostile and bloodthirsty Indians. Fort McKenzie was begun that year under the direction of David D. Mitchell, then a clerk A. F. Co., afterward U. S. Indian Agent; "the fort was completed by me, Alexander Culbertson, then a clerk of the Company, now [1843] one of the partners. During the first year, owing to the exigencies of the occasion, a temporary though substantial fort was erected. . . During the following year another fort was commenced and completed, and retained its former name of Fort McKenzie, being named after Kenneth McKenzie, Esq., one of the partners of the Company."

This establishment was often known as the Blackfoot post, Fort Brulé, and Fort Piegan or Piekann. It is repeatedly mentioned by the latter name in Maximilian's Travels. Thus, p. 239 of the English ed. of 1843: "Maria River, called, by the Canadians, Marayon; after we had passed it, we saw . . the ruins of the these matters [of 1827-33], I resume my personal narrative. Yet a few words more in reference to the energy of Mr. McKenzie, who once remarked to me, in a conversation on In-

---

first fort or trading post, which Mr. Kipp, clerk of the American Fur Company, had built in the territory of the Blackfeet. This fort was abandoned in 1832, and the present Fort McKenzie built in its stead." Again, pp. 242, 243: "Fort McKenzie, which, at the time of its establishment, in 1832, was called by Mr. Mitchell, its founder, Fort Piekann, is designed for carrying on the fur trade with the three branches of the Blackfoot Indians, and several other neighboring nations, as the Gros Ventres des Prairies, the Sassis [Sarcees], and the Kutanas, or Kutnehas [Kootenays]. . . The American Fur Company concluded, in the year 1831, a commercial convention with those tribes, and sent for that purpose the interpreter, Berger, a Canadian. . . As soon as it was agreed to by both parties, Mr. Kipp was sent with a keel boat laden with goods to Maria River, and Fort Piekann, now [1833] in ruins, was founded. As the situation at the fort was subsequently found to be unfavorable, Major Mitchell, who succeeded Mr. Kipp, transferred the trading post to its present situation."

The definitive Fort McKenzie of 1833 was situated on the north or left bank of the Missouri, about 6 m. above the mouth of Maria's river; it stood 15 feet above the water and 225 feet from the bank of the river, on a piece of prairie a mile long, rising to hills half a mile in the rear; opposite the fort was a perpendicular bank of black clay, 150 feet high; the river was here 100 yards wide. It was a palisaded and bastioned structure, 200 feet square. During its whole existence it was the most important link in the chain of events which extended in space from the Yellowstone to above Maria's river, and in time from 1832 to the founding of Fort Benton in 1846.

dian trade, that his intention had been at that time to extend the trade into the Rocky Mountains; and that, not feeling disposed to do so without a charter, he made application to the government; but that ours being a free government, no charter could be allowed him, and thus the project was abandoned.

After the flogging of our gentlemen nothing special took place until a certain free trapper named Augustin Bourbonnais came down the Missouri in a canoe. As it was yet early, about the 1st of November [1836], his idea was to keep on to Fort Clark and winter there. But as he found many of his friends at Union, he changed his plans and made up his mind to spend the winter at this place. He had been lucky on his hunt, and had about a pack of beaver, worth something like $500, which made him feel rich and quite able to pass a pleasant winter. Bourbonnais was only about 20 years of age, a very handsome fellow, and one thing in his favor was his long yellow hair, so much admired by the female sex of this country. This they call pah-ha-zee-zee,* and one who is so adorned is sure to please them. A few days before his arrival Mr. McKenzie, who was nearly 50 years old, and perhaps thought it was too cold to sleep

---

*"Riggs' Dict. has: *Paha* = hair of the head, the scalp; *zi*, yellow; *zizi*, redundant of *zi*, yellow, *i. e.*, very yellow. Hence *pahazizi*, very yellow hair."—W. M.

alone in winter, had taken to himself a pretty young bedfellow. Mr. Bourbonnais had not been long in the fort before he went shopping, and very soon was seen strolling about the fort in a fine suit of clothes, as large as life, with his long pah-ha-zee-zee hanging down over his shoulders; if he had looked well in his buckskins, he surely looked charming then. Cupid, I suppose, commenced to shoot his arrows so fast that they struck Bourbonnais, unfortunately for himself, as they also had Mr. McKenzie; and as such arrows generally wound to the heart, Mr. McKenzie determined to go on the war path. Being somewhat advanced in age, he found he could not carry on the war with arrows; so he armed himself with a good-sized cudgel and watched his opportunity. It happened one evening that Mr. Bourbonnais, encouraged by favorable returns of affection, went so far as to enter the apartments reserved for Mr. McKenzie. The latter, hearing some noises which he thought he ought not to have heard, rushed in upon the lovers and made such a display of his sprig of a shillelah that Mr. Bourbonnais incontinently found his way not only out of the house but also out of the fort, with Mr. McKenzie after him. It was amusing to see the genteel Mr. Bourbonnais, in his fine suit of broadcloth, with the tail of his surtout stretched horizontally to its full extent; but, unfortunately for the poor fellow, he would not let the affair end in that way, and swore vengeance on Mr. McKenzie. Of course, having been driven out of the fort with a club, he did not think it proper or consistent with his dignity to attempt to enter again; so he took board and lodging in an Indian tent, many of which were pitched near the fort, and all his effects were delivered to him. Then it was reported that Mr. McKenzie would be killed; for, "kill him I must," Bourbonnais had said; but, thinking that his angry passion would soon subside, we made or thought little of the threat. Yet, sure enough, he was seen next morning dressed again in buckskin, with his rifle on his shoulder and pistol in his belt, defying Mr. McKenzie to come out of the fort and swearing that he would kill him if he had to remain on the watch for him all winter. Still thinking that such performances would not last long, Mr. McKenzie preferred to remain a day or so in the fort, rather than have any further disturbance. But Bourbonnais kept up his guard longer than Mr. McKenzie felt like remaining a prisoner in his besieged fort; in consequence of which a council of all the clerks was called with the view of raising the siege either by persuasion or by force, and so it was agreed that Bourbonnais' life was to be taken in case he could not be induced to desist. As a measure of precaution a written instrument was immediately prepared and presented to the men of the fort, to sign if they thought proper, and they were particularly informed that the main object was to scare Bourbonnais away—as in reality it was. Next morning one of his friends was sent to him on the part of Mr. McKenzie, to notify him of what had taken place, and to advise him to leave; but that availed not, for he continued his hostile demonstrations. Having given him ample time to change his mind, and seeing that he did not budge, a mulatto named John Brazo [*]—a man of strong nerves and a brave fellow, who had on several occasions been employed to flog men at the flagstaff—was sent for and asked if he thought he had nerve enough to shoot Bourbonnais, in case he should be desired to do so. To which he replied, "Yes, sir—plenty!" "Well, will you do it?" "Yes, sir; I am ready at any time." John was then ordered to take his rifle into one of the bastions, and shoot when he got a chance. John, as good as his word, took his position. I recollect that it was early one Sunday morning, a little before sunrise, when Brazo came to my room, saying, "Mr. Larpenteur, I have shot Bourbonnais." As none of the men were up, I went to apprise Mr. McKenzie of it, who said, "Has Brazo killed him?" Bourbonnais had fallen, but it was not yet known whether he had been killed or only wounded, and I was told to take three or four men to see about it. Mr. E. T. Denig, the bookkeeper, who understood some little surgery, went with us. When we reached the spot we found Bourbonnais only wounded and that not mortally, the ball having struck him above the right breast, and gone out through the right shoulder. He was then brought into the men's quarters, where his wounds

---

[*] Dr. Matthews kindly furnishes the following note: "There was a white Brazeau (John, I think) and a colored Brazeau on the Upper Missouri. It was the latter that I knew. He used to say he was the first 'white man' that ever came into the country. I think he came as a servant or slave to the former. My John Brazeau was a full-blooded Æthiopian, apparently, of small stature and intelligent, though not handsome, face. He must have been 70 or over when he died. He enunciated his English well and had a good command of it for an uneducated man. He spoke French better than most Canadians; also Sioux and other Indian languages. He was hardy, courageous, and on the whole a creditable specimen of his race. He served the A. F. Co. and its successors for many years. About 1868, the company he had been working for at Fort Berthold sold out to an opposition concern, which had houses outside the fort. The people of the latter firm moved in and turned all the old hands out, including Brazeau, who was now too old, feeble, and rheumatic to work. He was literally turned out to die; no white man offered him anything. Then the Indians took pity on him and gave him such shelter and food as they could afford; but they were, themselves, very poor at this time. Hearing of this I had him conveyed 14 miles to Fort Stevenson, where I was then serving.

My hospital being overcrowded, I furnished a shack near by for his accommodation, and sent his meals to him. He was able to sit up and talk, to the last. One morning, when the attendant brought him his breakfast, Brasseau was found kneeling at the side of his bed, dead."

were dressed by Mr. Denig, but it was not until the following spring that he was able to leave the fort. He remarked that when he was shot he was on his way to his canoe, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, with the intention of going down to Fort Clark. He left early in the spring and what became of him I never heard; as he was quite pale and not entirely cured when he left, it was thought he might die.

Now, gentle reader, that story is told, and next comes one concerning myself, which has nothing to do with Cupid's arrows, but something to say of those made and shot by Indians. That same spring, on the 1st of March [1837], an express arrived with the information that an individual named Millieu [Mileau?] was coming with a small outfit to trade with a band of Canoe[19] Assiniboines who generally remained in the neighborhood of White river, and requesting Mr. McKenzie to send a party from Fort Union to oppose him. I was pitched upon to go, and next day started down with a small outfit on three one-mule sleds. These Canoes were considered at that time the worst band of Assiniboines—great thieves and troublesome to the traders; they seldom came to the fort and left it without committing depredations, and it had happened that they stole several head of horses the previous fall. As liquor was the surest means to recover stolen horses, I was provided with the article for that purpose, as well as for another. But as luck would have it, I was prevented from reaching the Indian camp on this trip, for at our first camp, which was at the Big Muddy river, 24 miles below Union, a young Assiniboine appeared with a letter from Mr. McKenzie, requesting me to turn back, as Millieu had been killed by the Sioux and there would be no opposition; besides which, the Indians had threatened to cut the ears off my mules, and would be likely to rob me. Early next morning we were on our way back to Fort Union, which we reached in good time that day.

---

[19] For this tribe, and a classification and census of the Assiniboines, see Henry's Journ., 1897, pp. 522, 523, and my note there. He knew these people well, having been in business with them for some years, and his division of them into eleven bands is no doubt more reliable than that of Maximilian, who gives only eight: see also Fifteenth Ann. Rep. Bur. Ethnol., 1897, p. 161 of an article in which McGee identifies as Assiniboines the "Eesanapes" of the mendacious or highly imaginative Baron La Hontan. They are the Assinipoualaks or Guerriers de Pierre of

Having been quietly reinstated in my former func-

---

the Jesuit Relations of 1658, and are supposed to have separated from the Wazikute gens of the Yanktonais Sioux before 1650, when they became the Hohe or "Rebels." The trouble seems to have been due to the same thing that caused the Trojan War and most other notable events in the history of the human race, beginning with eviction from an original abode of peace—a woman, *varium et mutabile semper*, as Vergil hath it, with fine disregard of gender.

PIERRE GARREAU. AUGUST, 1879.
(Died about 1881.)

tions, I thought no more of taking a tramp until another express brought the information that the Opposition had come up river and were already with the band of Canoes; and that Mr. D. D. Mitchell, the person in charge of Fort Clark, had sent a half-breed named Pierre Garreau[11] after them, but requested Mr. McKenzie in the meantime to send some few goods, such as Garreau did not have. I was called on again, and started next day with three dog-sleds and some liquor, to recover the stolen horses if possible. The third day I arrived in camp, which was then called the Tobacco Garden [12]; it was 100 miles by

---

[11] "The Pierre Garreau whom I knew," says Dr. Matthews in a letter to me, "was the son or reputed son of a Frenchman or Franco-American. This first Garreau was, I think, the 'Mr. Garrow' of Lewis and Clark. The second Garreau, Pierre, was the Mis or Beesh of the Hidatsa Indians, whom in your ed. of L. and C., p. 245, you appear to have confounded with his father or reputed father. Many of the old settlers said that my man was a full-blooded Arickaree, and only a stepson of the elder Garreau; but I doubt this. When you see his portrait, I think you will recognize Gallic features in it, though he was as dark as any Indian. He had been taken to St. Louis in boyhood and taught the trade of baker. He spoke French and several Indian languages fairly well, but Arickaree best (his mother was an Arickaree). Although he was interpreter for many years at Fort Berthold, both for traders and the military, his command of English was not good. When an important council was on hand he translated the Indian speech into French, and some Frenchman, who spoke better English, translated it to the Americans. I once attended a council in which he was interpreter, and the speech of the visiting Indians passed through four languages to reach us—Cheyenne, Arickaree, French, English. He was courteous in his manners, very intelligent, and was highly esteemed by all his associates, white and Indian. When I knew him he had no children left; all were dead. Boller relates how three of his sons were killed by the Sioux. Dr.

W. J. Hoffman once showed me an excellent portrait of him which I think belongs to the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology."

Boller in his Among the Indians, 1858–66, pub. 1868, has much to say of Pierre Garreau: special accounts of him at pp. 181, 182, and of the killing of his three sons at one fell swoop of the Sioux, pp. 245–248. Boller considers him to have been a full-blooded Arikara, whose widowed mother married the elder Garreau before the birth of her son; but nothing could have been simpler than for the actual father to have become the step-father by marriage.

[12] Tobacco Garden creek was discovered by Lewis and Clark, Apr. 17, 1805; it is the "little run from the north" of their itinerary for that day, ed. 1893, p. 275. It is an insignificant tributary of the Missouri which falls into the left side of this river in Williams Co., N. Dak., half-way between Big Muddy and White Earth river, 39 m. (air line) below Fort Buford, say 50 by the trail, and perhaps 75 by the channel of the Missouri. It will be found traced on any fairly good map of that region, mostly without any lettering by name; but is easily identified as the little stream crossed by the G. N. Ry. next W. of station Wheelock. It is lettered "Reed Bottom" on Stevens' map, and the same name appears on Twining's, but "Tobacco Garden" seems to have been its most frequent, though erroneous, designation. I was there in June, 1874, with the U. S. Northern Boundary Survey; in the Report of which, 1878, p. 75, Major Twining says: "Owing to the slow progress made by the boat, I was obliged to land the live stock at the Tobacco Garden, and herd it from that point to Fort Buford, where it arrived on the 15th of June, a few

water from Union. Soon after my arrival I sent for the chiefs, and told them that the chief of the big fort had requested me to assemble them to assist me in recovering the stolen horses, and that I would make them a present of a little liquor. I then gave them each a pint of whiskey. Two of the horses were soon brought to me, for which I gave the Indians a small keg containing one gallon. For fear that those horses might be retaken, I mounted two good men upon them, and ordered them to put for the fort.

hours after the boat." That this name is a mistranslation of the Indian term appears from the following, kindly furnished by Dr. Matthews:

"When I first learned the Hidatsa name for the Tobacco Garden creek (meaning Place where the Reeds Grow) and found that other Indian names had the same meaning, I was surprised, and started inquiries. I was then told by Charles Paquenand, and other well-informed men, that the name Tobacco Garden came thus: The Sioux and Assiniboine name for reed is *cedi* (cheddy) and the name for tobacco is *ćaⁿdi* (chaⁿdee). Some early traveler who first bestowed the English name was confused by the resemblance of these words and mistranslated the Sioux. Where the creek enters the Missouri bottoms there is (or was in my day 1865–72) a wide marsh where common reeds (*Phragmites communis*) grew abundantly. I have had a modern guide point out to me 'the very spot where the Mexican found the plug of tobacco that he named the creek from,' and I have had another wiseacre show me the place 'where the old Indian planted the tobacco.' Of course, Indians cultivated a native tobacco (*Nicotiana quadrivalvis*) in those days; but not in separate gardens, apart from corn, etc."

There was an Indian by the name of Pet-cah-shah,[11] which is their word for Tortoise, who was known as the greatest scamp of this band; he was the son of their biggest chief, and the identical genius who had stolen the horses. The liquor trade meanwhile commenced. Mr. Tortoise got very drunk, and rushed into my lodge, saying, "You are the meanest white man I ever saw—you traded a lodge from me too cheap last fall—you would not give me the knife I asked you for." He went on enumerating his grievances and exclaimed, "I will kill you to-night!" We knew he was not a bit too good to do it, and soon heard him yelling in an awful manner. Suddenly he rushed into the lodge with his bow and arrows, and had it not been for a young Indian—a friend of mine—who had time to draw his knife and cut the bow string, very likely I should not now be writing. After this performance he came up to me holding a handful of arrows with which he punched me in the breast, saying, "You dog of a white man, I will kill you yet!" He rushed out again and was soon seen with a short Indian gun cocked, but it was taken out of his hands by main force and the priming removed. Then he went to the fire, from which he took out some large smoldering chunks of wood and commenced to rub his dirty head with them, making the live coals fly in all parts of the lodge, as though he intended to set it afire. I don't believe Old Nick himself could have cut a worse figure in his infernal regions. But he was plainly getting too drunk for this sort of thing to last; after cutting a few more capers he rushed out again, and this was the last we saw of him that night.

---

[11] Or Patkasha, which is a better spelling of the word.

Soon after that another and still uglier-looking devil of an Indian made his appearance, rushing about in the same manner. This was Hooting Owl, upward of six feet tall, blind in one eye, naked but for his breech-clout, painted in a most hideous manner, and with a long scalper in his hand. Standing immediately before us, he commenced to talk at a great rate, and was apparently very angry; but what he meant by his remarks I could not understand, as I was not well acquainted with the language. But from his postures and gestures I made sure we were gone up this time. To strengthen me in this belief he began to tear up the ground with his long knife, like a furious bull; then, without saying another word, rushed out of the lodge. I asked Garreau what this meant, to which he replied that the Indian was all right; he had only been saying that he had just heard how we had been treated by the Tortoise, and that he intended to cut up the first Indian who should trouble us again, just as he had cut up the ground. This was good news, and I thought that if I were to adopt a bird as an emblem, I would take the hooting owl in preference to the eagle. I had already made away with the liquor on the sly, as the Indians would not let me do so publicly; the noise subsided and finally ceased, and thus the frolic ended.

Next morning some chiefs and big men came to express their regret that I had been so badly treated, and everything went on quite smoothly; but Mr. Pet-cah-shah never showed himself again. My orders being not to remain more than three days, and not knowing the way back from this camp to the Big Muddy, but wishing to make the fort the same day—a distance of 40 miles—I hired an Indian as guide. When I told him that I intended to reach the fort that day he remarked that I could not do it; that we would have to travel at night, which was impossible, on account of the prickly pears. Seeing him determined to turn back when we had come in sight of Big Muddy, and knowing the road myself from that river to the fort, I agreed to let him go. I sat down, took out my pocket book, and drew him an order for what he was to receive for his trouble, as Garreau could neither read nor write. Although I was not much of a draughtsman he understood the picture very well when I was through with the drawing, which indicated a looking-glass, a number of hawk-bells, a knife, a pallet of vermilion, and a piece of scarlet cloth in the shape of a breech-clout—though this last I had to explain to him. After he had got this and smoked his pipe we separated, and about eleven o'clock at night I entered Fort Union with my feet nearly frozen. As this was the end of March, and it had thawed all day, the river bottom was all water; but at sundown the wind changed to the northwest, the water commenced to freeze, and when I got to the fort my moccasins were so hard frozen that I had to let them thaw before I could get them off. Had there been an hour longer to travel, my feet would surely have been frozen.

Thus ended my first introduction to an Indian camp. Hoping that I should never have another occasion, I went to bed and slept soundly; but it will be seen in the sequel that I was frustrated in my hopes, if my reader will have the patience to read this book through. As I have to go on with my stories in rotation, it will be some time before I again take him to trade whiskey in an Indian camp.

After my return from the Canoe camp nothing worthy of remark took place until the arrival of the steamer, late in June [1837].[14] The mirth usual on such occasions was not of long duration, for immediately on the landing of the boat we learned that smallpox was on board. Mr. J. Halsey, the gentleman who was to take charge this summer, had the disease, of which several of the hands had died; but it had subsided, and this was the only case on board. Our only apprehensions were that the disease might spread among the Indians, for Mr. Halsey had been vaccinated, and soon recovered. Prompt measures were adopted to prevent an epidemic. As we had no vaccine matter we decided to inoculate with the smallpox itself; and after the systems of those who were to be inoculated had been prepared according

---

[14] It is highly satisfactory to find that we have kept Larpenteur's chronology quite correct to this point. It is true that 1838 was the great smallpox year, as given by De Smet, Catlin, and

---

many other writers; we are now at the beginning of the epidemic in 1837. The Orig. Journ. has a long special article on the subject, dated Fort Union, Aug. 13, 1837, and opening thus: "Remarkable Events of the Small Pox brought to this Post by the Steam Boat Saint Peter on the 24th June 1837." This fixes the date precisely, and the Autobiography is now seen to have run in regular sequence of events narrated—what Larpenteur above calls "in rotation"—from 1833 to 1837.

It appears from the Orig. Journ. that Mr. Halsey's case was followed by that of Mr. Denig, both ending favorably. Meanwhile occurred a fatal case of a lying-in woman, and after the alarm had become general 17 persons were inoculated on July 12. Among those who died Larpenteur names Baptiste Contois, a half-breed, and adds: "During his illness some more were expected to Dy sure Enough on the 4 Day of August my Squaw expired, . . . and on the 12 the Poor Contois Was Put in to his earthley Dwelling."

to Dr. Thomas' medical book, the operation was performed upon about 30 Indian squaws and a few white men. This was done with the view to have it all over and everything cleaned up before any Indians should come in, on their fall trade, which commenced early in September. The smallpox matter should have been taken from a very healthy person; but, unfortunately, Mr. Halsey was not sound, and the operation proved fatal to most of our patients. About 15 days afterward there was such a stench in the fort that it could be smelt at the distance of 300 yards. It was awful—the scene in the fort, where some went crazy, and others were half eaten up by maggots before they died; yet, singular to say, not a single bad expression was ever uttered by a sick Indian. Many died, and those who recovered were so much disfigured that one could scarcely recognize them. While the epidemic was at its height a party of about 40 Indians came in, not exactly on a trade, but more on a begging visit, under the celebrated old chief Co-han; and the word was, "Hurry up! Open the door!" which had been locked for many days, to keep the crazy folks in. Nothing else would do—we must open the door; but on showing him a little boy who had not recovered, and whose face was still one solid scab, by holding him above the pickets, the Indians finally concluded to leave. Not long afterward we learned that more than one-half of the party had died—some said all of them. In the course of time the fort became clear of the smallpox, but the danger of infection continued. Fort William [18] was still standing, and the remaining houses, which were no longer inhabited, were used as hospitals for Indians, with no other attendants than some old squaws. It became the duty of John Brazo to take out the dead and dump them into the bushes, and some mornings, on asking him "How many?" he would say, "Only three, sir; but, according to appearances in the hospital, I think I shall have a full load to-morrow or next day." This seemed to be fun for Brazo, but was not for others, particularly myself, as I happened to be the trader, who was liable to be shot at any time; but, singular to say, not even a threat was made, though the tribe was reduced more than one-half by next spring [1838]. Trade continued very nearly up to the average; on being asked how it happened that there were so many robes brought in, the Indians would say laughingly that they expected to die soon, and wanted to have a frolic till the end came. The winter [of 1837-38] was spent in great suspense and fear, but, fortunately, nothing serious occurred except some few shots fired at me through the wicket during the night liquor trade; and as this had frequently happened before, it was not attributed to revenge for the smallpox.

---

[18] The original one of that name having been eradicated and transplanted alongside Union, as we have seen, p. 72; "the remaining houses" being those not burned during the Deschamps massacre of June 28–29, 1836, p. 100. Larpenteur keeps the name in double employ, sometimes for the original site of Fort William, and sometimes for the buildings which were removed from that place to another position.

CHAPTER VIII.

(1838.)

ROUND TRIP TO THE STATES.

It happened that this was an open winter; the ice broke up early in March, and the river was clear on the 22d of that month, at which date I left for Baltimore in a small canoe, with Mr. Robert Christy of St. Louis. He had come up in the fall to winter at Fort Union for his health, and becoming anxious to return, had made up his mind to leave, in spite of all the dangers represented to him. On my part, I had not seen my parents for ten years, and as this early start would give me ample time to visit them, until our party should be ready to return in the fall, nothing could persuade me out of the notion. Mr. D. D. Mitchell, a member of the Company, and very much of a gentleman, got me to engage for another year, previous to my departure, allowing my wages to run on during my absence; so this trip was considered as a furlough.

Matters being thus well fixed Mr. Christy and I left, with two men to row our canoe.

The day was calm and beautiful; and we made good speed. I was young, and full of mirth at the idea of returning to my parents, whom I intended to take by surprise, and many other fine plans I had formed made me so happy that I forgot the danger of Indians. Suddenly a party of them, who had concealed themselves along the river banks, rose up with their bows and arrows, ready to shoot. We were not more than 20 yards from them, and their work of destruction would have been quickly done had it not been for one among them whom we saw running to and fro with his bow in his hand, striking right and left. He finally succeeded in preventing the threatened attack; and, as one can imagine, the progress of our little craft was speedily increased. We were told, on our return, by Mr. Chardon,[1] a member of the Company in charge of Fort Clark, that we had no idea how near we came to losing our lives on that occasion. Those Indians were a party of 80 Rees [Arikaras], who had gone to war on the Assiniboines; and had it not been for their partisan's great influence over them we surely would have all been killed. The Rees had had the smallpox severely, and were therefore badly disposed toward the whites. This was fright No. 1, after which I remember well the first words spoken by Mr. Christy: "Larpenteur, I think we had better stayed at Union." But it was already too late to repent; we were under way and could not turn back.

---

[1] François A. Chardon was a well-known man in the business, whose name frequently occurs in books of trade and travel on the Missouri. He was in charge of Fort McKenzie in 1842, when, with Alexander Harvey and others, he became infamous for the Blackfoot massacre described beyond, and next year built Fort Chardon above the mouth of the Judith. He was in charge of Fort Berthold Apr. 1, 1848, when Palliser reached that post, p. 197, but was already very ill, and his death occurred that spring or summer, as noted by Palliser, p. 263.

At ten o'clock of the second day after this, when we were near Heart[2] river, on the south side of the Missouri, we discovered six Indians, who had gone hunting while the ice was still strong; but it had broken up before their return, and now they had no means of crossing the river. Thinking this a good opportunity to save themselves the trouble of making their own boat, they made signs to us to come for them. These Indians belonged to the band of Canoe Assiniboines, who had had the smallpox badly, and whom I had known to accept pay for being ferried over the river, instead of paying us for the privilege; so of course I declined the job. As soon as they saw our craft steered away from them, they threw off their robes, and, with nothing on but their leggings and breech-clouts, ran to head us off. This they were near doing, as we had to go close to the shore to avoid the waves caused by the strong current washing against sand bars. As we approached they seated themselves, steadied their guns with the ramrods to take good aim, and let fly at us. But by this time we had got a little ahead of them, rowing all the time with all our might, though we could see the flashes from the muzzles of their guns and hear the bullets strike the water. Mr. Christy, who was steering, dodged like a duck passing under a bridge, to avoid the balls which whistled about his ears. We soon got out of their reach, but this danger was not the worst that appeared. The Indian camp was only a little way off, and, having heard the firing, they were all on the alert, thinking we were enemies. They soon found out the cause of the firing, and ran down to the next bend with the intention of giving us another volley. They fired at us again, but, fortunately for us, the river was wide, the current free from waves, and we could keep our distance from the shore. Bullets fell on the water like hail, some even beyond us, and three of them lodged in our canoe. These we afterward extracted with our knives. At length, finding ourselves out of danger, and also out of breath after having paddled with all our might through two attacks, those who had pipes began to smoke, and jocose remarks were made in regard to our scare. Some said, " This is fright No. 2; I wonder what No. 3 is going to be? It cannot fail to happen, as we have already had two in so short a distance, and the third time we must surely go up! " I began to feel like agreeing with Christy, that we had better have remained at Union.

---

[2] Some slip here. Heart river is nearly opposite Bismarck, N. Dak., which is much below the Mandans, where was situated Fort Clark; and Larpenteur is still far above the latter. Perhaps he meant to say Little Missouri river.

After the pipes were emptied, the paddles were again plied, and our little wounded craft slid down stream gently. We kept on in a pleasant manner until next day, at about eleven o'clock, when we discovered a large number of Indians on the south side of the river, running back and forth and gathering on a small hill quite near the bank. Their maneuvers appearing hostile to us, we knew not what to do, and began to fear we were surely gone up this time. It was thought best to land on the opposite shore, to decide upon what course to adopt, and it was left optional with each one to take it by land or water. Not feeling like footing it, I went in for the boat; and after a little further parley, seeing me determined to do so, they all agreed to follow my example. So I placed a good supply of tobacco on the bow of the canoe, in full sight, to produce a good effect, if possible, and on we started. When they saw us coming they increased in number and our fears rose in proportion; but keep on we must. When our fears were at the highest pitch we perceived an individual with pants and a red flannel shirt on, looking very much like a white man. To our surprise and joy, we found that it was old Mr. Charbonneau,* who had been 40 years among the Missouri Indians. He used to say that when he first came on the river it was so small that he could straddle it. Imagine our joy to find our-

---

*Toussaint Charbonneau, Lewis and Clark's interpreter of 1805–6, who was engaged at the Mandans to accompany the expedition to the Pacific, and whose wife, Sacajawea the Bird Woman, rendered important service as guide and in other ways: See L. and C., ed. 1893, pp. 189, 224, 244, 257, etc. Larpenteur's "40 years" would bring Charbonneau to the Missouri in 1798, which is no doubt about right; he is not heard of much after 1838, but I have found no record of his death. History is silent regarding the death of the lowly heroine Sacajawea, who should never be forgotten as the guide of the L. and C. expedition at some of its most critical junctures, as when she pointed the way out of Ross' Hole to Captain Clark, July 6, 1806, over the Continental Divide by Clark's (or Gibbon's) Pass, ed. 1893, p. 1122; and again, July 14, when she is praised by him for piloting him over Boseman Pass to the Yellowstone, p. 1132. Dr. Matthews explains to me that there should certainly be no sound of *j* in her name. The word is composed of *Tsakáka* or *Sakága* = bird + *wia* = woman —the *g* very hard, and the whole accented Saka'ga-wi'a. This should be remembered when the time comes, as I hope it may, for a monument to stand on the summit of one of the passes here said, in commemoration of signal services rendered to the United States Government by a slave Indian woman who was sold by her captors to Toussaint Charbonneau.

selves befriended instead of butchered, as we had thought we were surely going to be. The tobacco was presented to such Indians as the old gentleman advised, and we resumed our paddles.

Charbonneau told us that we were then something like 70 miles from Fort Clark,[4] but thought that we would be detained by the ice, as frequently happened, this being about the most northern point on the Missouri. Gladdened again, fright No. 3 being over, and fairly under way, we traveled well the balance of that day. The next day we found but little current, and had to paddle hard to make much headway. We went on thus until about three in the afternoon, when we found the river nearly blocked by large dykes, which had formed across it and caused the slowness of the current; but we forced our way through a narrow channel, and kept on by hard paddling. By the time we were about 10 miles from Fort Clark the

---

[4] See Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, p. 179. This was the post at the Mandans, for the trade of these Indians and the Grosventres, and long one of the most noted establishments on the river. The most satisfactory account I have seen may be read in Maximilian's Travels of 1833. The book is rare in this country; I have seen but two perfect copies, both of these of the English ed. of 1843, 4to text, with folio atlas of magnificent plates. One of these copies formerly belonged to John James Audubon, bears his autograph, and is now owned by his granddaughter, Miss M. R. Audubon, at Salem, N. Y. The prince has much to say of Fort Clark, as on pp. 318, 319, etc., 323, etc., and gives a diagram of the location on p. 394. It appears that James Kipp, a Canadian of German descent, came to the place as agent of the Columbia F. Co. in 1822, when there was no post. Major Pilcher, who came up the Missouri with Maximilian in 1833, to take charge of Cabanné's Omaha post, and was in 1822 a proprietor of the Missouri F. Co., directed a post to be built a little above the Minnitaree villages, on the S. side of the river. This was abandoned in 1823, when the Mo. F. Co. was dissolved. In May, 1822, Mr. Kipp began a fort on the prairie which lay between the future Fort Clark and "the forest in which the inhabitants of Mih-Tutta-Hang-Cush live in the winter." This structure was completed in Nov., 1822. In Nov., 1825, Mr. Kipp went to White Earth river, where he built a fort a little below its mouth, and wintered 1825–26, trading with the Assiniboines. In the winter of 1830–31 Mr. Kipp caused wood to be prepared for a new fort, and the palisades were erected in the spring of 1831. Mr. D. D.

Mitchell then undertook the direction of this new post, which he completed to some extent and named Fort Clark. In July, 1831, Mr. Kipp was sent to Maria's river, where he built the first Fort Piegan and wintered 1831–32, when he was succeeded by Mr. Mitchell, who began to build the later Fort Piegan or McKenzie (completed by Mr. Culbertson). Thereupon Mr. Kipp returned to Fort Clark, where he wintered 1832–33 as clerk under Mr. Lamont, and then took charge in 1833. Fort Clark was about ¾ m. below the old Fort Mandan of Lewis and Clark, and on the other side of the river, 300 paces from the Mandan village above said, 80–90 paces from the S. bank of the Missouri, 200 paces above a streamlet which receives a branch at 200 paces from the fort, after issuing from the hills back of the level piece of prairie on which the fort was built. About a league below Fort Clark was a wooded bend of the Missouri, where was the winter location of 60–70 huts to which Maximilian refers, belonging to the Mandans of the first or lowest village, called Matootonha or Matootonka by Lewis and Clark, ed. 1893, p. 182; but I understand that the above is a better spelling of the name.

dyke broke loose and the ice came down upon us with such a rush, and tossing our canoe like an old log at such a rate, that we thought ourselves in greater danger of our lives than we had been from the Indians; but at last it brought our canoe of its accord to shore about a mile above the fort, where we were obliged to remain two days till the ice subsided. Mr. F. A. Chardon, who was then in charge, and a very singular kind of a man, entertained us in the best manner. Mr. Christy had a two-gallon keg of good whiskey, of which Mr. Chardon was so fond that he helped himself about every fifteen minutes, saying he had "a great many worms in his throat"—to the sorrow of Mr. Christy, who found his keg so nearly empty that he concluded to make Mr. Chardon a present of what was left. We remained there two days; on the third we took leave of Mr. Chardon who, not knowing he was to fall heir to the balance of the whiskey, and not having as yet destroyed all the worms in his throat, would have been glad for us to remain another day, and insisted very strongly that we should do so. I cannot say whether it was because the whiskey had been put on board before Mr. Christy made up his mind about it, that Mr. Chardon accompanied us to the boat, or whether he did so through politeness; but he felt very happy at the presentation, and hastened back to the fort in double-quick time.

All right and off again; and I am glad to say that, with the exception of high winds, which at times kept us, for three days together, camped in the willows, nothing took place worth mentioning till we reached the Vermilion post.[8] Mr. Dickson, who shortly afterward committed suicide, was in charge, and showed us great kindness during the night we stayed with him. After relating to him our narrow escapes, he remarked that we were now out of danger, being among a different kind of Indians. This information sounded pleasant.

After a good breakfast next morning we left the kind Mr. Dickson, who, it appeared, did not quite know his Indians; for we had not made more than 20 miles when a volley of rifle-shots was fired at us by a deer-hunting party of Omahas. Fortunately we happened to be in a wide part of the river. The attack was so sudden that we had no time for fright before it was over; but, after this, we came to the conclusion that we could not consider ourselves safe until we reached the States. In constant dread of Indians, we kept paddling on our way, trusting to good luck to get out of the Indian country; it was a long way to travel, as there was no settlement at that time on the Missouri above Independence, Mo. Our provisions were getting low, and altogether we were not in very good humor. On reaching the mouth of the Platte we perceived a steamer; and as but one steamer a year came that far up, we made sure it was the Company's boat. Our hearts were glad, expecting to hear all the news and procure a supply of eatables. We were soon on board the Antelope[*]—that being her name. Mr. McKenzie, who was on his way to Fort Union, was much surprised to see me. Said he, "My God! Larpenteur, what's the matter? Why have you come down so early in the season?" After learning the circumstances and being assured that all was right above, he became reconciled, and told me that he had been to my father's, in Baltimore, and had left them all well; "but go on," said he, "they will be very glad to see you." After a little more talk, we continued down river, well supplied with provisions and in a very good humor, though we had still a long distance to paddle. A few days after leaving the steamer we reached a small town called Camden,[7] where we met a boat bound for Fort Leavenworth, and made arrangements for our passage to St. Louis on her return, which we awaited at this little town. Having no further use for our little craft, we made a present of it to our two men, and next day we were comfortably lodged on board the steamer, whose name I have forgotten, as well as that of the captain. Great was the change, after paddling our own canoe for a month through all kinds of dangers, to find ourselves seated at table and gliding down stream at the rate of 20 miles an hour. At that rate it was not many days before we reached St. Louis.

---

[8] Fort Vermilion, so called from the well-known river of that name at whose mouth is now Vermilion, seat of Clay Co., S. Dak. But "the Vermilion post" was not exactly at this point: see a note beyond, in which I discuss the situation, at the date when Larpenteur takes charge of an establishment by this name.

---

[*] A boat of this name, but I should suppose not the one here in mention, was burnt 5 m. below Upper Bonhomme isl., Apr. 12, 1869. She was a side-wheeler, 180×32 ft., 326 tons, in the Benton trade, W. R. Massie, owner; total loss, boat $80,000, cargo $38,000; chambermaid burned to death. (Chittenden, App. WW Ann. Rep. Chf. Engs., 1897, p. 3872.)

I left next day for Baltimore by stage to Louisville, thence to Cincinnati, thence to Brownsville; then stage again to Baltimore. But at that time the stage stopped at Frederickstown[8]—I believe 40 miles from Baltimore—where we took cars which were propelled by horse power, not having as yet any engine.

As it is mostly my object to relate what happened in the Indian country, I will merely state here that I had great pleasure in seeing my relatives again, after the absence of 10 years; and as nothing was spared to make my stay agreeable, I enjoyed myself very much.

[7] Camden, Ray Co., Mo.

[8] Doubtless meaning Frederick, Md., which is 61 m. by rail from Baltimore.

Leaving the reader to imagine the surprise of my unexpected return, I will soon take him with me on the way back to Fort Union. But, before starting up the Missouri, I will give a little incident of my return to St. Louis. This took place in a small town in the Alleghany mountains called McConnelltown,* and will show how one may get praised without deserving it, as happened to be my case. Mr. Denig, the bookkeeper of Fort Union, whose parents resided in this town, had given me a letter of introduction to his father, the doctor, and also a letter of his own to his parents, both of which I delivered with pleasure, as the place was on the stage route. There was great rejoicing on my arrival at Dr. Denig's. The old gentleman was about fifty and the old lady not far from it; both were good, respectable people, who paid all the attention to me that could be expected. I remained three days, during which a report was circulated that there was, at the doctor's, a certain gentleman who was said to be a crack shot. So a target was prepared for a shooting match. Although I did not consider myself a marksman, and, in reality, was not, I accepted the challenge. There was no betting—it was merely to try me as a sharpshooter. Their best marksman was picked out—one that could knock out a squirrel's eye on the top of the highest tree in the mountains at every pop. Accompanied by the two sons of Dr. Denig, and two hired men, we started for the appointed place, where a large crowd of all sorts of people was awaiting my arrival, with targets all ready for action. The conditions were best three out of five shots at thirty paces, unless the center was driven. My opponent was a stout, fine-looking Pennsylvania Dutchman named Keizer. It was my first shot, and I made a close one; he shot nearly a tie; but out of the five I happened to have the best three. The target was taken down and handed to me, and another immediately put up. It was my first shot again, close to the black on the right side; Keizer shot next, on the left, somewhat nearer than mine. Then came my second shot, when I remarked, by way of braggadocio, being far from expecting to make good my boast, "Now, gentlemen, this is what I like! When there is a shot on each side of the black, it serves as a guide to me, and I generally drive the center." As much to my own surprise as to that of all the rest, it was driven—so well that this could not have been more precisely done by hand. Imagine the looks in that crowd, disappointed to see their crack man so badly beaten! But Keizer said it was owing to his having chased his sheep that day, which made him so nervous that he could not shoot. I put both targets in my pocketbook, and brought them to Mr. Denig at Union. Old Dr. Denig was well pleased, and said, "Were I in your place, now that your name is up, I would not shoot any more." Neither did I.

---

* McConnellstown is in Huntingdon Co., Pa. It may be a question of McConnellsburg, Fulton Co.

Next day I left McConnellstown, and nothing took place worth mentioning on the journey to St. Louis until our departure thence for Fort Union. I should have said before that I left Baltimore on the 13th of September [?], 1838. Mr. D. D. Mitchell, who had come down in the steamer, and was about to return to Union, was our chief; besides whom, Clerk Jacques Bruguière, myself, and two men composed the party. We traveled on pleasantly until we reached Poncah creek,[10] when most of our men were taken with fever and ague at such a rate that, instead of eating down they were all throwing up. This kept us two or three days longer than we should have stayed at the creek. The day we left to strike for White Earth river[11] I was taken with such an awful shake that, when on horseback, I could keep my seat only by holding on with all my might to my rifle across my saddle; and I cut such a figure that it excited the mirth of the party, who laughed at me all through their pretended sympathy. After the shake came the fever, and then thirst—but no water—I thought I should die for want of water. I had two such shakes before we arrived at Fort Pierre, where we remained two days. Mr. Halsey gave me some good medicine, and after a couple of light shakes I recovered entirely. Then came the tremendous appetite. I was really ashamed of myself at meal time. But Mr. Mitchell was very liberal in helping us to well-filled plates, and when he saw that I had made away with the contents of mine, would say, "Back up your cart, Larpenteur, for another load." Only those who have traveled the prairie know what a voracious appetite is acquired on such tramps. Having had the ague, which is always followed by an increase of the regular prairie appetite, we became ravenous, and soon made away with our provisions. Three days before our arrival at Fort Clark, at the Mandans, we were out of everything except sugar and coffee; for, singular to say, even at that early period buffalo had become scarce.

---

[10] Ponka or Ponca river, next above the Niobrara, on the same side of the Missouri, near the southern border of S. Dak. See L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 108.

[11] The same which Larpenteur elsewhere and usually calls White river, the first considerable tributary of the Missouri from the N. above Little Knife river, in N. Dak.; station White Earth on it, where the railroad now crosses. This is not the stream so called by Lewis and Clark (see ed. of 1893, pp. 275, 276), nor the White river of S. Dak.

Thus far I had proved myself to be about the best hunter in the company, having killed some few antelopes, badgers, and prairie-dogs, as we had been all this time in the open prairies. When we were approaching Fort Clark, and had reached the points of timber of the Missouri, I proposed to Mr. Mitchell to try my luck in search of deer, as our rations had given out and we had but one cup of coffee left. He readily consented, saying, "Take Brazo along; he is somewhat of a hunter." Having been told where he would camp, I and my man started together; but we soon separated, each choosing his own direction through the wooded point. I soon perceived a fine large buck. I knew that my old horse would stand fire—you might shoot off the whole of the United States artillery around him without making him move—standing still was his forte. I rose in my stirrups and pulled the trigger; but away went the buck, not without leaving a lock of his hair, which I saw fly. Being sure that I had made a good shot, I got off my steady old horse and commenced the search. In the meantime Brazo, who had heard the shot, came up and asked what I had fired at. I replied, "A large buck, which I am sure I wounded." So he joined me in the search; but, as I could find no blood, I soon proposed to abandon the trail. Brazo then remarked, "No, Mr. Larpenteur, I have seen blood; let us look a little while longer." Encouraged by this we resumed our search, and in less than ten minutes we saw the fine buck, stretched dead, having been shot through the heart. In a little while he was cut up and put on my horse, and we were on our way to camp. Brazo, not liking the idea of coming into camp without any game, struck out to try his luck again. I did not expect to get any more game on the way to camp; but luckily came full on a band of five deer, which stood about 80 paces from me. I drew a bead on one of them, which fell at the crack of the gun. No need looking for this one, as it was shot through the neck. Poor Brazo, who had got but a little way off, came up to ask what I had killed. I told him "A fine fat doe." "Well, you are in luck!" said he. Having cut up the meat and loaded it on Brazo's horse, we struck for camp, which we reached just at dark. I leave the reader to imagine the exclamations of joy made at the sight of so much fine meat; but the question arose, "Who killed all that?" I said I had killed both deer. Then it was "Hurrah for Larpenteur! Come, boys, get up your kettles!" While the kettles were boiling French voyageur songs resounded, and all felt quite set up except poor Brazo, who seemed to be down in the dumps.

The third day we entered Fort Clark early and found Mr. Chardon in charge, who received us with hoisted flag and several rounds from his small piece of artillery. There we took supplies to last us to

Union, and the following morning resumed our journey, Mr. Mitchell being our boss and guide. It was now October and the mornings were getting quite cold, with heavy white frosts. The second morning after we left Fort Clark my old horse tumbled into a miry little creek,[13] and, not being able to extricate himself, came down broadside before I could jump out of the saddle. When they saw me so well drenched they could not refrain from indulging in mirth at my misfortune. Our guide, not being very well scienced, struck too far south, in consequence of which we were three nights without wood and had to burn buffalo chips; but, as good luck would have it, we were favored with clear, dry weather and could make good fires. But our animals fared badly, as the route we took brought us into alkali country; some we had to leave, and others died at the fort.

On the fifth day after we left Fort Clark we struck White river, too far up; but we got into some scrawly timber, which was mighty good after having nothing but buffalo chips to burn for three nights. Brazo, who was in the habit of coming into camp last, said he had heard dogs barking, and also thought he had heard squaws talking, and added, "There's Indians close by." This news put a stop to our pleasant feelings and a guard was set. Apprehending attack early in the morning, sleep was light that night; but we happened to be mistaken in our apprehensions. Daylight came all right, breakfast was gotten up, and still no Indians; so we commenced to think Brazo had been mistaken. But we had not left camp more than an hour when some one cried out, "Indians!" Before any preparations could be made, a whole host was upon us; but we soon found that they were some Assiniboines who had camped a little above where we did last night; it was only on account of our late arrival that they had not discovered us. They told us it would take us two more days to get to Fort Union, for our horses were poor and we could not travel fast. Some of the leading men proposed to go along with us, which was agreed upon; for the sake of a little whiskey they would have gone any distance. But some of the rabble followed, whose looks we did not like, and whom we would have been glad to see turn back; for they looked very much like those who made it a habit to borrow, and forget to return, a white man's horse. As they excited great suspicion, the guard was doubled; but, in spite of all our precautions, they managed to get off with two horses, one of which belonged to an individual by the name of

---

[13] Doubtless Miry creek of Lewis and Clark, ed. 1893, p. 261, translating Rivière Bourbeuse of the French. This is present Snake creek, next above Wolf creek, and is a small stream from the right, which was crossed near its mouth by the regular trail from Fort Clark to Fort Stevenson.

Antoine Frenier, a half-breed whom Mr. Mitchell had engaged at Fort Clark as interpreter for Fort Union. When he found that his favorite horse had been borrowed and was not likely to be returned, he began to give the Assiniboines such a blessing, with the aid of the Virgin Mary, whom he invoked to assist him in strengthening his remarks, that I defy any Catholic priest to make a better one. The Indians, who had learned by this time that he was to be the interpreter, were convinced, by this blessing, that he understood their language. In spite of all this we were under way by sunrise, with glad hearts after all, thinking that we had but once more to sleep outside, excepting the old interpreter, who now and then addressed a prayer to the Holy Virgin for the benefit of the Assiniboines, and to the great mirth of the company, sometimes in French and sometimes in Assiniboine, but always mixed with a little Cree, as he was a half-breed from the North. It seemed impossible for him to recover from the loss of his nag sufficiently to abstain from his devotions.

Our last camp was on the Big Muddy.[18] Although we hoped that we had gotten rid of the horse thieves, it was thought proper to keep up a strong guard, which consisted of one-half of the party for each half of the night; but as it was very dark, the Assiniboines made out to take two of our best horses, one of which was Mr. Mitchell's. The chiefs said that they knew who had stolen the horses, and told us not to be uneasy, for we should get the animals back again. They proved as good as their word; our two horses were returned shortly afterward, though the interpreter's was never recovered. Thus, half consoled, we again got under way, and did not stop until we entered Fort Union, which we did about 4 p. m., with a salute of many shots from the artillery, and the large flag flying. This was on the 12th of October [1838];[14] and my reader can guess who felt good after a six-weeks' ride through the wild prairies.

---

[18] Present name; last considerable stream from the N. below the mouth of the Yellowstone; Williston at its mouth, where the railroad crosses. This is the White Earth river of Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, p. 278, but not the White Earth or White river of present nomenclature.

---

[14] The year 1838 is correct, but Larpenteur is out at least a month if, as he says on p. 150, he left Baltimore Sept. 13; he could not have gone from Baltimore to Fort Union inside of a month. He has been traveling in such good weather that most probably the Baltimore date is wrong, and the Fort Union date right.

CHAPTER IX.

(1838-42.)

COMPOSED OF ALL SORTS.

THANKS to kind Providence, here I am again in good old Fort Union, at a splendid table, with that great prairie appetite to do it justice. The day after my arrival I was reinstated in the liquor shop, and as it was the height of the meat trade I had enough to do, night and day. Excepting plenty of buffalo, deer, and rabbit hunting, nothing took place worth mentioning until Christmas [1838]. On this anniversary a great dinner is generally made, but that was never the case here, as it was always taken out in drinkables instead of eatables; and I, who did not drink, had to do without my dinner. At the height of the spree the tailor and one of the carpenters had a fight in the shop, while others took theirs outside, and toward evening I was informed that Marseillais, our hunter, had been killed and thrown into the fireplace. We immediately ran in, and, sure enough, there he was, badly burned and senseless, but not dead yet. We were not at first sure whether this was the mere effect of liquor, or had happened from fighting; but we learned that a fight had taken place, and on examination we found that he had been stabbed in several places with a small dirk. Knowing that the tailor had such a weapon, we suspected him and demanded it. He was at that time standing behind his table; I saw him jerk the dirk out of his pocket and throw it under the table. I immediately picked it up; it was bloody, and from its size we judged it to be the weapon with which the wounds had been inflicted. Having learned that the carpenter had also been in the fight, they both were placed in irons and confined to await their trial. As such Christmas frolics could not be brought to a head much under three days, the trial took place on the fourth day, when a regular court was held. Everything being readv, the criminals were sent for, the witnesses were well examined, and after a short session the jury returned a verdict, "Guilty of murder." The judge then pronounced sentence on the convicted murderers, which was that they be hanged by the neck, until they were "dead, dead, dead!" But, not considering it entirely safe to have this sentence executed, he changed it to thirty-nine lashes apiece. John Brazo was appointed executioner. Always ready for such sport, he immediately went in quest of his large ox-whip, and, not making any difference between men and oxen, he applied it at such a rate that Mr. Mitchell, the judge, had now and then to say, "Moderate, John, moderate"; for had John been suffered to keep on, it is very likely that the first sentence would have been executed.

After this everything went on perfectly smooth. A very large trade was made, and everybody was satisfied; and in time preparations were made to take down the returns. On the 3d of June [1839] I was sent to St. Louis in charge of eight Mackinaw boats, each containing 250 packs of buffalo robes, besides many small furs. The trip was very pleasant, with the exception of being nearly shot by Assiniboines at the same place where we had been attacked the previous spring. The disagreeable features of these trips are caused, mainly, by the crews getting whiskey and becoming unruly; but I managed to get along admirably well, and succeeded in landing all my boats safe in the port of St. Louis. These were the last landed there, as no companies would insure below St. Joseph, on account of the drunkenness of the men, which had caused the loss of many boats.

For what reason I have never been able to find out, though I always attributed it to that old tyrant, Mr. Laidlaw, the Company would not then hire me again; so I remained that winter [of 1839-40] in St.

Louis. It happened during this time that Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Mitchell, and old Mr. Chabané[1] got at difference with the American Fur Co., in consequence of which they raised a large outfit to oppose it; but by some means the misunderstanding was made up.

In the meantime I had been re-engaged, and arrangements were made for my return to Fort Union. On the 31st of March [1840] I was on the steamer Trapper, and after a long, tedious trip we reached Union on the 27th of June. My being a sober man was not much to my advantage, keeping me constantly in the liquor trade, and out of the charge of posts which some of my fellow-clerks took charge of, while I did all the work, and was really in charge when they got dead drunk. Mr. Laidlaw the Father, Mr. Denig the Son, and Mr. Jacques Bruguière the Holy Ghost, formed the Trinity at Union last [?] winter, and a trio of greater drunkards could not have been got together. The consequence was that the large meat trade was lost. Indians would trade robes with Mr. Laidlaw in the office, steal them back, and trade them again with Mr. Bruguière at the regular shop. The reason why Mr. Laidlaw opened trade in the office was, he said, that Bruguière got too drunk to hold out; but Laidlaw was the greater drunkard of the two.

---

[1] John P. Cabanné. The surname appears in many forms; if one of these be Cabanis, it is that of at least two celebrated European scientists—Pierre Jean George Cabanis, the French physicist and psychist, and Dr. Jean Cabanis, the German ornithologist. But as to the great fur trader, John P. Cabanné of St. Louis: "On May 1, 1813, 'Berthold & Chouteau' opened their new firm. . . This was the foundation and origin of what in a very few years thereafter, by the addition of two new partners, Messrs. Jno. P. Cabanné and Bernard Pratte, Sr., . . . became the great and wealthy 'American Fur Company,'" Billon, Ann. St. Louis, 1804-1821, pub. 1888, p. 234. In the same Annals, pp. 399-402, is a biographical sketch of J. P. Cabanné, with plate of his country homestead of 1819; his later city residence, built 1833, was No. 20 Vine St., St. Louis, where he died on Sunday, June 27, 1841, aged 68 years, having been born in France, Oct. 18, 1773. His wife was Julia Gratiot, b. July 24, 1782, m. Apr. 8, 1799, d. Apr. 14, 1852; they had eleven children, among them John Charles Cabanné, b. Nov. 4, 1806, d. July 17, 1854, whose eldest son was John Pierre Cabanné, jr.

About the latter part of May, 1842,[2] Mr. Alexander Culbertson, who was in charge of Union, sent me up to Fort Van Buren, at the mouth of Rosebud river, on the Yellowstone, with a party of 10 men, to bring down the returns. He also instructed me to build another post at Adams Prairie, about 20 miles above, where he expected me to remain in charge, as he was not sure that Mr. Murray, who was then in charge of Van Buren, would be re-engaged. Next day we left

---

[2] So copy, distinctly written out—"It was in forty-two, about the latter part of May." I have no Orig. Journ. by which to check dates along here, but that 1842 is correct will appear by the De Smet incident, etc., beyond. Larpenteur has nothing for 1841 except what is given in the preceding paragraph.

Union, and a pleasant trip we had. Our guide, a young man by the name of Lee, who was a first-rate hunter, made us live on buffalo tongues and marrow bones. A few days after my arrival at Van Buren the boats were off with the returns, and I remained in charge of my first post.

Nothing of importance occurred during the time I remained at this place except one little incident, which I think deserves a place in this narrative.[8] Two or three weeks after the boat left, a certain Mexican, who had been employed at Fort Union, made his appearance with his squaw nearly naked, and said to me, "Mr. Larpenteur, I will tell you the truth. I killed a squaw at the meat camp. I did not intend to kill her; but she made me mad. I took a stick, struck her on the back of the head, and she fell dead. I then ran off, fearing some of her connections, who were in camp. That is the whole truth, captain"—as he called me. "Now I am very poor," he continued, "and my India"—as he called his squaw—"is going to have a child. Will you please let me go into your fort? I will do anything you want me to do." Having but four men with me, all told, and seeing the Mexican so pitiable, I allowed him to come in. Mexicans being only fit to herd horses, I employed him on horse-guard. Had his India not been with him and so near confinement, I would not have given him that employment. For a while he did very well, being attentive to his duties, and all were pleased with him. One fine afternoon he came to me, saying, "My horses are all doing well. I have got them in a

---

[8] Audubon tells the same story, June 28, 1843, Journ. ii, 1897, p. 65—doubtless he had it from Larpenteur himself: "One of the engagés of the Company was forced to run away, having killed an Indian woman, and made his way to the Crow Fort, 300 miles up the Yellowstone. When he arrived there he was in sad plight, having his own squaw and one or two children along, who had all suffered greatly with hunger, thirst, and exposure. They were received at the fort, but in a short time, less than a week afterwards, he again ran off with his family, and on foot. The discovery was soon made, and two men were sent after him; but he eluded their vigilance by keeping close in ravines, etc. The men returned, and two others with an Indian were despatched on a second search, and after much travel saw the man and his family on an island, where he had taken refuge from his pursuers. The Buffalo-hide canoe in which he had attempted to cross the river was upset, and it was with difficulty that he saved his wife and children. They were now unable to escape, and when talking as to the best way to return to the fort, the soldiers saw him walk to the body of a dead Buffalo lying on the shore of the island, with the evident intention of procuring some of it for food. As he stooped to cut off a portion, to his utter horror he saw a small Grizzly Bear crawl out from the carcase. It attacked him fiercely, and so suddenly that he was unable to de-

---

fend himself; the Bear lacerated his face, arms, and the upper part of his body in a frightful manner, and would have killed him, had not the Indian raised his gun and fired at the Bear, wounding him severely, while a second shot killed him. The engagé was too much hurt to make further effort to escape, and one of the Company's boats passing soon after, he and his family were taken back to the fort, where he was kept to await his trial."

good safe place. Will you be so kind as to let me go with my India in search of some pomme blanche?" which is the French name for Indian turnips [*Psoralea esculenta*]. As he had done so well and his India was so near her time, I consented, and off he started, assuring me that he would not be gone more than a couple of hours. But that time passed, and neither the Mexican nor his India appeared; and some of the men said they should not wonder if he had made his escape. This being the general impression, they examined a little old box in which he kept his duds and found it empty. I immediately sent after the horses, which we supposed he had mounted, but found them all right. Next morning, knowing the situation of his squaw, and thinking that he might be lurking around for a chance to steal horses, I sent my hunter and an old Crow in search of the Mexican, under promise of $10 reward if they should find him. About 3 p. m. I saw them returning; the old Indian having the squaw behind him on his horse, with the child in her arms, and the Mexican trotting behind with nothing on but his shirt—thus all ready to be tied up to the flagstaff. This was immediately done, and he would have received a good dose, had not he begged so hard and looked so pitiable that he was let go unpunished. They had found him about 10 miles below the fort on the banks of the Yellowstone, where he had made a raft to cross over; but the raft, not being well constructed, came apart when in the middle of the river, and he lost all his duds except his shirt in saving his squaw, who, he said, had her child immediately on landing, the fright having hurried the birth. I pitied the squaw, but the Mexican I determined to ship off. So the next morning I gave him a skin boat, a little dried buffalo meat, a knife, a steel for striking fire, and a fish-hook and line, with which I told him to clear out and never make his appearance at this place again.

Not long after this occurrence Mr. Auguste Chouteau arrived with the outfit for the Crows, also bringing back the Mexican and his lady. On reprimanding him for so doing, he told me that he could not well help it, considering the situation in which he had found them. It had happened that the Mexican, on his way down river, saw a buffalo mired near the bank; and, having no meat, thought this would be a good opportunity to lay in a supply. Judge of his surprise when Mr. Bruin, who was lying in wait behind the buffalo, made a grab at the man, tearing him so badly that, when he was met by Mr. Chouteau, he was scarcely expected to live. Thus ends the story of the Mexican, except that, some time afterward, he was killed by the relations of the squaw he had murdered at Union.

Among the news that Mr. Chouteau brought up was that of Alexander Harvey's killing Isidoro, the Spaniard. As I shall have frequent occasion to mention Harvey, I will here give some idea of his character. He was a native of St. Louis, who served some time learning the saddle trade with Thornton Grimsley.[4] As he happened to be one of those men that never can be convinced, and with whom it was no use to argue unless one wished to get into a fight, he remained but a short time at his trade. Though not yet of age he engaged with a fur-trapping company for the Rocky Mountains. Having found his way to the mouth of the Yellowstone about the time that Fort McKenzie was built, he engaged with the American Fur Company for that post. There he remained for a number of years [to fall of 1839]; but became so wicked and troublesome, and was so much feared by all hands at the fort, that reports were made to Mr. Chouteau in St. Louis, who sent him his discharge by the fall express, which did not reach Fort McKenzie until about Christmas. He was undoubtedly the boldest man that was ever on the Missouri —I mean in the Indian country; a man about six feet tall, weighing 160 or 170 pounds, and inclined to do right when sober. On hearing of his discharge, and being requested to report in person at St. Louis—which was simply to get him out of the country—he remarked, "I will not let Mr. Chouteau wait long on me. I shall start in the morning; all I want for my journey is my rifle, and my dog to carry bedding." Sure enough, in spite of all remonstrances regarding the hardships to which he would expose himself on such a long journey alone at that season of the year, he set out, good as his word.

---

[4] Thornton Grimsley and Wm. Stark had a harness shop in St. Louis, Aug. 20, 1820. (Advt. in a newspaper of that date.)

Early in March he reached St. Louis, to the great astonishment of Mr. Chouteau, who, after hearing Harvey's story, and learning what a journey he had performed, could not but re-engage him to return to Fort McKenzie. He returned at the same time that I reached Union, in the steamer Trapper [June 27, 1840]. On the way up he now and then remarked to me, "Larpenteur, I have several settlements to make with those gentlemen who caused me last winter's tramp; I never forget or forgive; it may not be for ten years, but they all will have to catch it." Being as good as his word, at Fort Clark he pounded awfully one of the men who had reported him, saying, "That's No. 1." On his arrival at Fort Union, where many had come down with the returns, intending to go back with the outfit to Fort McKenzie, and never thinking of coming in contact with Harvey, they were much surprised when he made his appearance among about 60 men, in search of reporters; and at every glimpse he could get of one of them it was a knockdown, followed by a good pounding. Whiskey had nothing to do with this; he was perfectly sober, only fulfilling his promises. This will show what sort of a man Harvey was; but there is more to tell, and now we return to the Spaniard story.

It was in 1841, when the Spaniard and Harvey happened to go down together with the returns, which were then taken in Mackinaw boats to St. Louis. Both intended to return in the steamer, which they expected to meet below Fort Pierre. The report was generally believed, though I placed no reliance on it, that a plot had been laid on the way up to Union, by some members of the American Fur Company, for the Spaniard to kill Harvey. Both had long been stationed at Fort McKenzie, but had never agreed, being jealous of each other and great enemies. The next day after the departure of the steamer—a day given to the men to look about and arrange their little effects—the Spaniard took occasion to commence hostilities, and was soon parading with his rifle, saying that he would kill Harvey. For the first time in his life Harvey was persuaded to remain in the house, supposing it was only liquor that caused the Spaniard to make those threats; so the day passed, and Harvey was still alive. The second day, all the clerks were called up to get the equipments ready for Fort McKenzie. Mr. Culbertson, who was in charge of Union, came into the warehouse; not seeing the Spaniard with the other clerks, he asked where the man was, and, being told, sent for him. But Isidoro, instead of going to the warehouse, went into the retail store and remained behind the counter. Mr. Culbertson and Harvey both being in the store, Harvey began by asking the Spaniard what he meant by his behavior the day before. "You are too big a coward to come out and fight me like a man; you want to shoot me behind my back!" So saying, he left the store and dared the Spaniard to come out; but the latter never moved. When Harvey found that his enemy would not come out, he went back in the store and said, "You won't fight me like a man, so take that!" and shot him through the head. After this he went to the middle of the fort, saying, "I, Alexander Harvey, have killed the Spaniard. If there are any of his friends who want to take it up, let them come on"; but no one dared to do so, and this was the last of the Spaniard.

Now we will set fire to Fort Van Buren, according to instructions, and proceed to erect Fort Alexander, which I named in honor of Mr. Alexander Culbertson.

Having burned Fort Van Buren,[6] I left with 20 laboring men for Adams Prairie, 20 miles above by land, about 40 by water. With the exception of having my horses stolen by Assiniboines on two occasions, and going on a bear hunt with Indians, which latter incident I will narrate, nothing took place at Van Buren worth mentioning. The theft of the horses put me to a great deal of trouble, and was a great

---

[6] The Journal of Lieutenant James H. Bradley appears in the Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. ii, 1896, pp. 140–228. This is one of the

---

most readable things one could wish to see, giving a lively, realistic account of the Sioux campaign of 1876 under General John Gibbon, and showing that history as well as literature lost a man of much promise in Bradley's death. The campaign he portrays with such fidelity culminated in the Custer massacre—just where Bradley's narrative breaks off. He was killed at the battle of the Big Hole in the Nez Percé campaign, Aug. 9, 1877, while gallantly leading his company (B) of the 7th U. S. Infantry in a charge on Chief Joseph's camp. General Gibbon was an old army friend of mine; I well remember an evening he spent at my house in Washington in 1893, looking over Lewis and Clark's MSS., discussing Clark's or Gibbon's Pass on the Continental Divide, and then the battle of the Big Hole, in which the gallant old soldier was badly wounded, besides being, as he said, "licked like the devil" by Joseph, whom he characterized as one of the best soldiers and most thorough gentlemen he had ever known. But the saddest incident of the fight, he seemed to think, was the death of Lieutenant Bradley. Not long after that the impressive spectacle of General Gibbon's funeral was seen in Washington—but that is another story. . .

Bradley says, pp. 198, 199: "Another object of my visit to the mouth of the Rosebud was to inspect the ruins of the old trading fort that once stood here. It bore the name of Fort Van Buren and was built by Tullock in 1839, to replace Fort Cass situated drawback in the building of the new fort. One fine evening, early in September [1842], a certain Crow returned from searching for his horses, saying that a Mr. Grizzly was breakfasting on one of them, and that, as one man was not enough to make the bear let go his prey, he came for assistance. A bear being considered by Indians a more dangerous enemy than

---

just below the mouth of the Big Horn and abandoned the previous year. It was the second post maintained by the American Fur Co. on the Yellowstone, and had enjoyed an existence of only three years when it gave way to Fort Alexander, built by Larpenteur, in 1842, on Adams' prairie, some twenty miles higher up the Yellowstone. The accounts of the fort represent it as having been a little over a hundred feet square, and I judge from the remains, though I made no measurement, that it was. Seven ruined stone chimneys and a slight ridge where the palisades stood are all that is left of it.

"I recorded in my original journal of this visit: 'The palisades must have been burned, as the ridge is marked with cinders and ashes;' and by an old manuscript that has fallen into my hands I find that it was, Larpenteur having set fire to it himself on the completion of his other fort. The fort stood on a plateau some eighteen or twenty feet above the present level of the water, a few yards from the bank of the Yellowstone, and about seventy-five below the delta of the Rosebud."

By our present account it appears that Larpenteur fired Fort Van Buren before he built Fort Alexander. But this is a small matter to adjust in comparison with the difficulty of reconciling such conflicting statements regarding Van Buren as I have criticised on p. 47, unless there were two places of that name at different dates and on widely separated sites. It is no wonder that Bradley is at one with Larpenteur regarding the Rosebud a man, a good force was raised, and I, wishing to see the fun, volunteered to go with them. We soon came to the spot, where we saw Bruin lying fast asleep behind the remains of his breakfast. Knowing that Indians considered it braver to strike an enemy after he had been shot down, than to shoot him down, I was prepared to be very brave. When we were within 30 steps, one of the Indians made a little noise, at

---

site of Van Buren, because the "old manuscript" above said is the one we are now printing, Dr. Matthews having loaned it to him.

Rosebud river falls into the right side of the Yellowstone from the S., between stations Rosebud and Albright of the N. P. R. R., and late U. S. General Land Office maps mark "Old Fort Alexander" here. Now this appears to be an error; for Fort Van Buren was the one at the mouth of this river, and Larpenteur tells us he built Fort Alexander higher up, at Adams prairie. I regret that my Lewis and Clark reflects this mistake, saying that Fort Alexander was "at or near" the mouth of the Rosebud, p. 1159, where *read* Fort Van Buren. I passed both these old sites Sept. 14, 1893, but was thinking of something else at the time, and made no observations upon them, in my haste to inspect Clark's autograph inscription on Pompey's Pillar.

Fort Sarpy, also at the mouth of the Rosebud, 1850-55, is said to have been the last A. F. Co. post on the Yellowstone. The present military establishment is Fort Keogh, near Miles City and the mouth of Tongue river. This was a new and nameless cantonment in 1877, whence Gen. N. A. Miles made the swift and spirited dash which resulted in the final surrender of the splendid Nez Percé chieftain on Eagle creek, in the Bear Paw mountains, after he had been chased by Gen. Howard for more than 1300 miles. A modern Moses, in sight of the Promised Land!

which the bear awoke and rose up to see who were the intruders. A volley was fired; the bear dropped dead behind his breastworks, and we all counted coups upon his carcass with our ramrods, I among the first.

Soon after that Mr. Chouteau returned from St. Louis to Fort Union, having gone down with Father De Smet,[*] who was on his way from the Columbia to the States. His most important news was that a strong Opposition had arrived; the firm was Fox, Livingston and Co. of New York. They had come up in a steamer, with a large outfit, and were building a Mackinaw boat for the Crows' trade of the Yellowstone; so that we should have opposition here. This news I did not relish; for opposition is necessarily a great nuisance.

---

[*] Peter John De Smet, the Belgian Jesuit priest, noted for his extensive travels and missionary labors among the Indians, and still more so on account of the several books he wrote about them, one of which has already been cited in another connection. The mention of Father De Smet is fortunate, as it enables us to fix the date—1842: see Oreg. Missions, 1847, p. 39, where it appears that in 1842 "Father De Smet was bending his steps back to St. Louis, to procure additional laborers for the mission." The next spring, on May 1, 1843, Audubon overtook him on his upward journey: see Aud. and his Journs., i, 1897, p. 467: "When we reached Glasgow, we came in under the stern of the 'John Auld.' As I saw several officers of the United States army I bowed to them, and as they all knew that I was bound towards the mighty Rocky Mountains, they not only returned my salutations, but came on board, as well as Father De Smet."

In the meantime the work on Fort Alexander was progressing finely; my men were good hands, determined to put up a well-built little fort, which was very near completion by the 15th of November [1842]. I was already in my quarters, very comfortably located, thinking that I was going to pass a pleasant winter with my family. Like all other traders I had taken a better half,[1] who had made me the father of my first child on the 9th of last August. But all these fine expectations were ended by the unexpected arrival of Mr. Murray,[2] who had been engaged to take charge of Fort Alexander, with letters from Mr. Culbertson requesting me to return immediately to Fort Union, where I was wanted mighty bad in the liquor department. This was not the first time I had found out that being a sober man was no advantage to me.

I left next day with one man and two horses—one to ride and one to pack. As it was cold, and snow on the ground, I had to leave my better half behind. One of our horses soon gave out, and our trip of eight days was a tough one.

---

[1] His second wife, the first having died at Fort Union in 1837: see note [1], p. 132. Dr. Matthews tells me that all the children of this alliance died before their father—the last of them, Elizabeth, of consumption, at Fort Buford, at 10.45 p. m., Feb. 26, 1871.

[2] The same who has been already incidentally mentioned, p. 162. I once made the following memorandum from Palliser, 1853, p. 83: "Mr. Murray, a Scotchman in the service of the [American Fur] Company, and in charge of Fort Alexander on the Yellowstone," where Palliser met him in 1847.

I should remark here that, about two weeks before I left Fort Alexander, a gentleman by the name of Frederick Groscloud arrived in charge of a Mackinaw boat, with a fine equipment. He had been formerly in the employ of Mr. Tulloch, and understood the Crow language, but was not considered a person of much force of character.

CHAPTER X.

(1843-44.)

WINTERING AT WOODY MOUNTAIN.

About the 1st of December, 1842,[1] I made my entrance again in Fort Union. It was at night; a large trading party were at the highest pitch of drunkenness; boss and clerks not far behind them in this respect. But I did not find it strange or surprising. Mr. Culbertson, on seeing me, remarked, "Well, Larpenteur, I am mighty glad to see you. We are having a hot time, and I'm tired of it. I suppose you are tired, too, and want to go to sleep." I supposed that he, having drunk so much, did not think about eating, for I had not got that invitation as yet, so I replied, "I'm not so tired as I am hungry." "Well," said he, "there's plenty to eat." I ran to the kitchen, and the cook got me up a rousing supper. I ate too much, and next morning found myself foundered;

---

[1] Copy has "1841"—clearly a mistake of Larpenteur's memory, which I correct. See adjustment of dates in notes to last chapter.

but I had received orders to resume the grog department, and, notwithstanding my stiffness, went on to set things in order. They needed it very much. .

In the course of time [3] I was informed of the cause of this appointment. A certain individual by the name of Ebbitt had, a year previous, brought up a small equipment and made his way as far as the Sioux district. He had a small Mackinaw with 12 men, which was considered by the American Fur Company too slight an affair to oppose; in consequence of which he made a very profitable return of 500 packs of robes. Elated with his success he went to New York with his returns, and there formed an acquaintance with the great firm of Fox, Livingston and Co.,[3] telling them how cheaply he had traded, and also remarking that the American Fur Company so abused the Indians and clerks that everything was working against them—in fact, if a large company, such as would inspire confidence among whites and Indians, should be organized, the American Fur Company would soon leave the country. This story took well; such a company was formed, and started in charge of a gentleman by the name of Kelsey, one of the members of the new firm. Mr. Kelsey had not ascended the Missouri very far before he began to regret what he had done, which was that he had put $20,000 into the concern. The farther he came up river the more he regretted it; and when he arrived at the mouth of the Yellowstone and saw Fort Union in its full splendor, he could not refrain from remarking to Mr. Culbertson, "Had I known how the American Fur Company were situated, I would have kept clear of investing in this opposition"; and concluded by saying, "I hope you will not be too hard on us." The old gentleman went off, leaving a man named Cotton in charge. Mr. Kelsey, who, according to agreement, was to remain in the Indian country and make his headquarters among the Sioux, chose a point[4] 20 miles below Fort Pierre, opposite a beautiful island. Upon this there were four men living in a small cabin, which he considered his. He ordered them several times to leave; but they paid no attention to him, and remained in possession. One morning the old gentleman armed himself and determined to make the men leave. On entering the

---

[3] "In the course of time" covers a considerable portion of 1843, during all of which year Larpenteur was at Fort Union. In taking up his MS. I expected of course to find mention of Audubon's visit to Union in the summer of 1843, with which I had familiarized myself in reading his Journals, before their publication by Miss M. R. Audubon (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, Dec., 1897). His party, consisting of himself, Edward Harris, John G. Bell, Isaac Sprague, and Lewis Squires, reached Fort Union on the steamer Omega, Capt. John A. Sire, at 7 p. m. of Monday, June 12, and left in the Mackinaw boat Union at noon of Wednesday, Aug. 16, 1843. It probably did not occur to Larpenteur that one of these visitors was the most distinguished person who had ever come to see him; or, if he had any such idea, it left no impression on his mind; for he never mentions one of them by name, nor does he even note their arrival or departure. On the contrary, Audubon repeatedly speaks of Larpenteur: see Journs. ii, pp. 41, 65, 68, 73, 77, 81, 124, 126, 183, at dates running June 19–Aug. 8. In a special article on Fort Union, by Mr. Edwin T. Denig, at date of July 30, 1843, Larpenteur is named as being then in charge of the retail store.

---

[3] Audubon, when approaching the Great Bend, May 25, 1843, speaks of meeting three Mackinaws belonging "to the (so called) Opposition Company of C. Bolton, Fox, Livingstone & Co., of New York," Journ. i, 1897, p. 511. This was the second year of the Company, which first came up in 1842.

---

[4] Fort George, which was built on the S. (right) side of the Missouri, on a small creek of the same name, at the 1156¼ mile point of the river by the Mo. R. Commission chart of 1882, which marks Rousseau's ranch on the same creek, in the Lower Brulé Sioux Reservation, S. Dak. The site in mention was 3¼ m. below the mouth of Little Medicine creek, which falls in on the opposite (left) side of the Missouri; this is the Wiyo Paha Wakan or East Medicine Knoll river of Nicollet, Warren, and Raynolds, originally Reuben's creek of Lewis and Clark, ed. 1893, p. 127; Rousseau, P. O., Hughes Co., S. Dak., at its mouth.

That this is the very spot Larpenteur means is confirmed by the narrative of Audubon, who reached Fort George at 3 p. m. Sunday, May 28, 1843, and says, Journ. i, 1897, p. 519: "This is what is called the 'Station of the Opposition line;' some Indians and a few lodges are on the edge of the prairie. Sundry bales of Buffalo robes were brought on board, and Major Hamilton, who is now acting Indian agent here until the return of Major Crisp [?Dripps] came on board also. . . He pointed out to us the cabin on the opposite shore, where a partner of the 'Opposition line' shot at and killed two white men and wounded two others, cabin he fired at one of them, who was in the act of taking a kettle off the fire, and who fell dead in the fire. Another one, who ran out, was also shot, and fell dead over the fence. By that time a third man, who was trying to escape in double-quick time, was shot through the shoulder, of which wound he came near losing his life. During the following night the old gentleman made his escape. I was informed that he went to Mexico. This was the last of Mr. Kelsey.

Mr. Cotton, the person left in charge at Fort William, which he now called Fort Mortimer,[8] had not yet

---

all of whom were remarkable miscreants." This is obviously the same incident that Larpenteur relates in greater detail. In the same connection Audubon repeatedly mentions a Mr. Cutting, as "a young gentleman," etc. Larpenteur's "Cotton" and Audubon's "Cutting" are the same person, though which is the right name I do not know. Audubon says on p. 524, "Mr. Cutting was writing to his post near Fort Union to expect us, and to afford us all possible assistance." Compare also "Collins," next note.

I may mention here that alongside *old* Fort Pierre (the first one, 3 m. above Teton river), there was once a post called Fort Tecumseh, which had been abandoned and was in ruins in 1833: Maximilian, ed. of 1843, p. 155, where is also named a Fort Teton, of the French Fur Co., a little above Teton river, abandoned when the companies joined and old Fort Pierre was built.

[8] As I have remarked in an earlier note, p. 52, Audubon has much to say of Fort Mortimer as it was in 1843. Visiting that post on June 23, he describes it as follows in his Journ. ii, p. 53: "We found the place in a most miserable condition, and about to be carried away by the falling in of the banks on account of the great rise of water in the Yellowstone, that has actually dammed

got dry—he was still green cotton, full of Mr. Ebbitt's stories about the general discontentment of Indians and whites. He soon commenced to try his hand on one of the most important chiefs of the tribe, Crazy Bear,[*] who, like many others, on learning that a big Opposition had arrived, came in with his band to pay them a visit. Mr. Cotton invited him into his room,

---

the Missouri. The current ran directly across, and the banks gave way at such a rate that the men had been obliged already to tear up the front of the fort and remove it to the rear. To-morrow they are to remove the houses themselves, should they stand the coming night, which appeared to me somewhat dubious." Again, July 1, p. 70: "Mr. Culbertson and I walked to the Pilot Knob with a spy-glass, to look at the present condition of Fort Mortimer. This afternoon Squires, Provost, and I walked there, and were kindly received as usual. We found all the people encamped two hundred yards from the river, as they had been obliged to move from the tumbling fort during the rain of last night." On July 13 Audubon went to Fort Mortimer to ask Mr. Collins, a young man from Hopkinsville, Ky., who was then in charge, to let him have a hunter named Boucherville to go after mountain sheep, p. 86. This man Boucherville was a famous hunter and trapper; Palliser, p. 198, met him at Fort Berthold in April, 1848, took him into his service, and has much to say of him in his book, *passim*.

[*] Assiniboine name Mato Witko, in French L'Ours Fou. This chief was one of the deputation which accompanied Father De Smet to a great council in 1851. A letter from him appears in De Smet's Western Missions and Missionaries, New York, 1859, pp. 130–132. No doubt it reflects the savage's statements and sentiments fairly enough, but the language has been fancifully dressed in translating it into English for publication. Crazy Bear first met De Smet at Fort Union, in the summer of 1851.

made him a great speech, dressed him up in a splendid military suit, such as had never been brought into the country before, and then laid a two-gallon keg of whiskey at his feet. Crazy Bear's band was at Union, waiting for his return; but, instead of going directly to them, he went into Mr. Culbertson's private room, not very drunk, took a seat, and remained some time without saying a word. Mr. Culbertson, surprised to see him so splendidly dressed, and thinking that he had lost his chief, was also silent. Finally Crazy Bear broke the ice by saying, "I suppose you think I have left our big house. No; I am not a child. I went below to see the chief, who treated me well. I did not ask him for anything. I did not refuse his presents. But these cannot make me abandon this house, where are buried the remains of our fathers, whose tracks are yet fresh in all the paths leading to this place. No, I will not abandon this house!" After which he rose from his seat and took off his fine fur hat and feathers, which he threw on the floor with all his might; then unbuckled his beautiful sword, with which he did the same; and kept on till he had stripped himself of all his fine clothes, without speaking a word. When this performance was over he said to Mr. Culbertson, who stood in great astonishment, "Take away all these things and give me such as you see fit, and don't think I am a child who can be seduced with trinkets." This Crazy Bear, who was not at all crazy, proved afterward to be the greatest chief of the Assiniboines.

Mr. Cotton, on hearing of this, was so surprised he could scarcely believe it; but when Mr. Culbertson showed him the suit, which had been badly torn, he was convinced, and began to think that Mr. Ebbitt's stories had been somewhat exaggerated. That was the way the green cotton commenced to dry. Still, his trade was pushed to the extreme. He had plenty of goods and was very liberal with them. Both sides then began to send out men to the Indian camps; but as all the most important camps were soon supplied, I began to think that I might escape that disagreeable trade. Being always an unlucky man, I was still disappointed in this.

One evening toward the last of January [1844], while I was thinking of anything but that which was forthcoming, Mr. Culbertson sent for me to come to his room. It was extremely cold and a great deal of snow was on the ground. This, I believe, was the reason he did not broach the subject at once, but finally said, "Larpenteur, I want you to go to Woody Mountain,[7] to a camp of Crees and Chippewas, who have plenty of robes, and have sent for traders from both companies. The Assiniboines have also sent for traders at the meat-pen, which is on the same road that you are going. I want you and Mr. Denig to go into the store, get up your equipment to-night, and start in the morning." Such were my orders, at short notice, after thinking I was going to remain at the fort. I had to make a trip of at least 100 miles, northward into the British possessions, and this was not calculated to make me feel very good. But Mr. Denig and I went to work, and at midnight the equipments were ready. Next morning with one sled apiece, two mules and one driver to each sled, we started on our journey, accompanied by several In-

---

[7] Woody Mountain recalls to mind my own experiences on the U. S. Northern Boundary Survey, season of 1874, when, starting from Fort Buford, June 21, I was in a few days camped at Fort

M. J. Turnay, on Frenchman's river, near the parallel of 49° N. Woody Mountain is a long, irregular mass of drift, making a series of elevations—some of them up to 3,800 feet—which straggle E. and W., mainly between long. 106° and 107° W., 10 to 20 or more miles N. of the British boundary. From their N. slopes the drainage is by Woody Mountain river in the watershed of the South Saskatchewan; on our side these elevations give rise to both the main branches of Poplar river, tributary to the Missouri below the mouth of Milk river, and to the heads of Little Rocky creek, which falls into Milk river next below the mouth of Frenchman's river. On the British side, Woody Mountain post occupies tp. 4 of range iii. W. of the 3d init. merid., in Assiniboia; the cattle quarantine is on the line of 49°, among the heads of Little Rocky creek, occupying tps. 1 of ranges v. and vi. A cart trail from the Red River of the North reaches Woody Mountain settlement, continuing thence to Fort Turnay, and so on to Fort Peck, on the Missouri above the mouth of Milk river.

dians, among whom was one called Wounded Leg, chief of the band of the Rocks, whose camp was at the sand hills, about 60 miles on our road from the fort to Woody Mountain.

At our first camp my interpreter, a half-breed named Andrew, was taken sick; he complained of headache, and in the morning he was so ill that I had to let him go back to the fort. I understood some little Cree, and, as many of them spoke Assiniboine, I thought I could do without him. Next day we reached Wounded Leg's camp, and took a night's lodging with him. My friend Denig had been for the past few days in such a state that it was impossible for him to freeze—he was too full of alcohol. He had not walked one step; this disgusted the chief, who proved an enemy afterward. The morning was so stormy that we would not have left camp had we not learned that the Opposition had gone by with dog-sleds. Not wishing to be outdone by them, I awoke Mr. Denig, who was still under the influence of liquor, and told him that we must be off—that the Opposition had gone by, and that if they could travel I did not see why we should not. When the chief saw that I was determined to leave, he remarked that it would be well for us to go; that a certain Indian was expected from the fort with a large keg of whiskey, and that it would not be well for us to remain in camp while they were drunk; for, as he knew, we had to leave Mr. Denig behind. The mules were soon harnessed up, and into the hard storm we started, with but one Indian, who was my guide. It was an awful day; we could see no distance in any direction, floundered in deep snowdrifts, and knew not where to go for timber. But our guide was a good one, who brought us to a small cluster of scrubby elms. The snow had drifted so deep that we could find no dry wood and had to go to bed without a fire. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could by digging holes in the snow for shelter. We were then only a little distance from the meat-pen, where Mr. Denig was to stop, and reached it early next day. Mr. Denig wanted me to remain with him over night, but as he had to make a liquor trade, and I did not wish to be serenaded, I declined his kind offer. Having packed the contents of my sled on my two mules, and left the sled, which I found to be a nuisance, I proceeded on my journey to Woody Mountain. After this snowstorm the wind changed to a strong, extremely cold northwester. There were only three of us—myself; my guide, a young Chippewa; and my driver, a young Canadian named Piché, which means pitcher.[*] As my poor Pitcher contained more water than whiskey, I was much afraid he would freeze and crack; but he was made of good metal, that could stand heat or cold. Early this evening we came to a good camping place, with plenty of dry firewood; but it was so intensely cold, and we had to dig so deep in the snow to make a fireplace, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could start a fire. But we succeeded at last in making a comfortable camp—the best one we had had since we left the fort. A little while after this we were sitting at a good supper of dried buffalo meat, a few hard-tacks we had saved, and a strong cup of coffee. After supper arrangements were made for sleeping, as a bedroom had yet to be cleared out, in a deep snowdrift, where my friend Pitcher was to be my bedfellow. We proceeded to excavate, and soon had ourselves buried alive in the snow. I believe this was the coldest night I ever felt. The guide got up first, to make a fire, to the delight of Pitcher and myself. A breakfast much like our supper was soon ready, the mules were packed, and we were off again. We had not traveled more than an hour when the wind rose, and the snow began to drift, so blinding us that we could scarcely see. We had over 10 miles to travel to timber; but, fortunately, we were on the main road, which the In-

---

[*] Larpenteur seems to be punning, and perhaps intends another play on the words "mettle" and "metal." The tru

---

name may have been Pichou or Picheau: for this word, see my Henry Journ., 1897, p. 1018.

dians had made so hard, in going from one camp to another, that the drifting snow could not lodge on it; so the tracks remained visible, which enabled us to reach camp in good time. At sunset the wind fell, and we had an easy time in making preparations for our last night out. There being no road between this place and the Indian camp, which was 20 miles off, over level prairie, and wishing to reach the camp in good time, we made an early start next morning.

The day was clear, cold, and calm. In my small outfit I had about five gallons of alcohol, in two kegs of three and two gallons, neatly packed in the bales of goods. I thought this quantity would be too much to bring in camp at once and concluded to cache one of the kegs on the road, for I knew it would be impossible to keep it concealed in the Indian lodge. In order to do this my guide must be dispatched ahead, for I did not think he could be trusted. So, when we got within about five miles of the camp, I remarked to him that I wished him to go on into camp and tell Broken Arm,[*] the chief of the Crees, that I wished him to prepare me a large lodge and make ready for a big spree to-night. To this proposition the guide readily consented, and, having pointed out the direction of the camp, he left on a dog-trot. As soon as he was out of sight and we had reached a place that my friend Pitcher would be sure to find again, we cached the smaller keg in a snowbank and resumed our journey.

---

[*] One of this name appears in Boller, p. 121, but he is given as an Assiniboine, not Cree. "A party of thirty Assinniboines arrived to visit the Gros Ventres. The new-comers have been sent from a camp known as 'the band of Canoes,' by the chief, 'Broken Arm,'" etc.

We had made but a few miles when we came in sight of Indians; but, as we could see no lodges, we presumed they were Indians returning from a hunt. We soon discovered men, women, and children; still no camp, and the prairie looking level as far as the eye could reach. We could not imagine what this meant, and were not relieved of our uneasiness till some of the bucks came running up and told us that there was the camp, pointing to a deep valley. Having gone about half a mile we came to a precipice, on the north of which the Indians were camped, near the bottom. It was an awful place; I could not imagine how they could stand such a place without freezing, for the sun did not reach them more than two hours out of the twenty-four. "Now," said I, to my friend Pitcher, "we are north of north here." "Yes, sir," said he, "and we'll freeze. I can't see what made them d——d Indians camp here." For the first time my good Pitcher was overflowing with bad humor, and indeed I did not blame him, for the prospect of staying in such a hole was anything but encouraging.

But there was no alternative; we had to enter the lodge—a large double one—which we found already prepared for our reception. After our mules were unpacked and our baggage was arranged, a kettle of boiled buffalo tongues was brought in; a strong cup of coffee was made from our own stores, and we took supper alongside a good fire, after which symptoms of good humor returned.

Being now ready for operations, I sent for water, telling the Indians it was to make fire-water, and it was not long in forthcoming; the news circulated through the camp, and before I was prepared to trade the lodge was full of Indians, loaded with robes, ready for the spree. The liquor trade commenced with a rush, and it was not long before the whole camp was in a fearful uproar; but they were good Indians, and there was no more trouble than is usual on such occasions. This was the first time that I ever felt snow-blind; during the spree, which lasted the whole night, I complained considerably of sore eyes, attributing it to the smoky lodge. They told me the lodge did not smoke, except at the place where it ought to, and said I must be getting snow-blind. This I found to be the case, and, though I was soon over it, it was bad enough to be extremely painful. By morning I had traded 150 fine robes, about all there were dressed in the camp, and during the day I traded 30 more for goods. I then feared no opposition, as their robes were nearly all traded—that is, the dressed ones. We had plenty of leisure after that, but tremendously cold weather. It frequently happens in that part of the country, that, after a clear, calm morning, a cloud rises in the northwest about ten o'clock, and in a very short time a tremendous snowdrift [10] comes on, which lasts all day; but the weather generally becomes calm at sunset, turning very clear and cold. Such weather we were blessed with most of the time we remained there, which was about six weeks. Imagine the pleasant time we spent in camp under that steep hill, where I am certain the sun did not shine more than 24 hours altogether during those six weeks.

---

[10] It will be observed that Larpenteur does not use the word "blizzard" for what he describes; but that is what he means. The word is recent; Dr. Matthews tells me he did not hear it applied to a storm until after he left Dakota, where he resided in 1865–72; but if I remember rightly, it was in common use when I was Post Surgeon at Fort Randall, S. Dak., 1872–73. In Boller's Among the Indians, written of 1858–66, a Dakota blizzard is called "pouderie" and "poudérie." Either of these forms is pretty bad French, but the root of the word is *poudre*, powder, and perhaps it is a corruption of *poudrerie*, powder-mill—the force of which will be appreciated by anyone who has had a blizzard burst upon him. The best explanation of the word "blizzard" will be found in the Century Dict. It seems to have first meant a rattling volley or discharge of fire-arms, then something likened to such, as a howling spree, and finally fixed itself as the name of a furious snowstorm. The word has no etymological history.

The third day after we arrived I sent my Pitcher to see how the mules were getting along; the Indians had them in their charge, but I wanted to know their actual condition from a surer source during such intensely cold weather. The Pitcher was so benumbed that he was unable to tell the news on his return until he had warmed his mouth, which appeared so stiff with cold that he could not move his jaws; but I could see in his countenance that something was wrong. Being anxious to learn what the matter was, and giving him scarcely time to thaw out, I said, "Well, Pitcher, how are the mules?" "Ha! the mules both froze dead—one standing up, the other down. My good fat white mule standing up—thought she alive, but she standing stiff dead." By this time his jaws had got limber, and he made them move at a great rate, with some mighty rude expressions in regard to the place where we were. When well warmed up he began to crack a smile again, and all went well until a couple of days afterward, when I found him so much out of humor one morning that I thought surely my poor Pitcher must be broken, or at least badly cracked. When breakfast was served by the wife of Mr. Broken Arm, the great chief of the Crees, who had been to Washington, Pitcher would not partake. "What is the matter, Pitcher," said I, "are you sick? Why not have some of this good fat buffalo meat?" "Not much the matter," he replied; "I will tell after a while"—fearing perhaps that the story he had to tell would not agree with my digestive organs. Some time after that, when the things were removed, dishes washed up, and the cook had gone out, my Pitcher poured out his story. "Mr. Larpenteur," he said, "if you please, after this I will do our cooking." "Why so," said I. "Why, sir, because that enfant de garce—that old squaw is too dirty. Sacré! She scrape the cloths of that baby of hers with her knife, give it a wipe, cut up the meat with it, and throw into the kettle. This morning I see same old crust on the knife—that what the matter—too much for me." After this explanation I was no longer surprised at poor Pitcher's looking so broken; and if my digestive powers had not been strong, as they have always proven to be, I am afraid my own breakfast would have returned the way it went; but with me, whenever the meat-trap was once shut down it was not easily opened again, and things had to take their natural course.

Shortly after the death of our two mules, I traded a pony of an Indian, and Pitcher would now and then go to see how the animal stood this latitude. Then the time came when I thought the Indians might have robes enough dressed to raise a frolic;

so one morning I sent for the keg of alcohol I had cached on the road. Not wishing the Indians to know what we were about, on their asking where my man was going, I told them he was going to look after my pony. He delayed longer than they thought necessary, and they remarked it; but finally he appeared in the lodge with the keg on his back—that being the kind of a pony he had gone to take care of. I was soon prepared for operations, and another glorious drunk took place; but the robe trade was light, only 50 in number. This ended the business, there being no liquor and hardly any robes left in camp.[11]

---

[11] No narrative of fur trading *en derouine* needs moralizing, to adorn the tale of such an atrocious affair. But it may be observed that this story shows up the seamy side of the business to perfection. That old transaction we read of, in which a birthright was exchanged for a mess of pottage, was not a worse bargain than these Crees made with their trader. The weather was such that a mule froze stiff, standing up; buffalo robes were the main protection of the Indians from the killing cold. Out of 210 robes which Larpenteur says he traded, 180 were secured for 5 gallons of alcohol, on which the camp got drunk twice; the other 30 were obtained for "goods"—some flimsy cloth and such trinkets as beads, hawk-bells, red paint, and hand looking-glasses. "This ended the business," as he says, "there being no liquor and hardly any robes left in camp." The per cent. of profit to the trader in this transaction is unsaid—I suppose it to have been several thousand, as five-sixths or more of the poisonous liquor the Indians drank was *water*—for which that proportion of robes was exchanged, under circumstances which would seem to have made a single robe a more tangible if not a more valuable com-

I then sent the Indian to Fort Union with a letter for Mr. Culbertson, requesting from him the means to bring back the robes I had traded. Notwithstanding continued severely cold weather, ten days afterward a party of eight men and 20 horses arrived in camp, in charge of the hunter of the fort, Antoine Le Brun. Those men had suffered so much with the cold that it was almost impossible to recognize them —noses, cheeks, and eyes all scabby from frost-bite, and so dark from exposure that they looked more like Indians than white men. Mr. Culbertson's letter was anything but satisfactory, its contents being about as follows: "Larpenteur, I send you 20 horses, thinking them sufficient to bring in your trade; if not, try to get some good Indians to help you; tell them I will pay them well. From what I can learn some Indians, who are moving north on your route, have

---

modity than any sort of a birthright. I am here reminded of a striking passage in Bancroft, Works, xxxi, 1890, p. 276: "Whiskey, as applied to the noble savage, is a wonderful civilizer. A few years of it reduces him to a subjection more complete than arms, and accomplishes in him a humility which religion can never achieve. Some things some men will do for Christ, for country, for wife and children; there is nothing an Indian will not do for whiskey." Turn it as we may, three things, which have done most to make the Indian what he is to-day, are not the state, the church, and the army—they are alcohol, syphilis, and smallpox. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

said they will steal all your horses; therefore I advise you to take a different route."

Now, what to do? The snow was drifted so deep in all the hollows that I could not possibly take any road but the old beaten one. To go any other way would be at the risk of freezing to death—or at least of losing all my animals in the snow; I preferred to take the chances of being robbed and perhaps beaten on the old road.

Next morning by ten o'clock we were under way, with all my trade. I had some few goods remaining, which I carefully concealed between the packs of robes, so that they could not be seen by the Indians whom we expected to meet; and I kept a few trinkets in sight, to make some small presents, should it be necessary. With much difficulty we made out to extricate ourselves from the awful abyss into which we had plunged when we came to this camp. The morning was clear, but extremely cold, and as we reached the level prairie we perceived the usual cloud, indicating a snowdrift. Not long afterward it came on, so bad that we had great trouble to keep our horses in the track. As the old saying is, "There is no bad wind but what will bring some good." This wind was one of them. We should have reached our camping place in good time, had it not been for this heavy snowdrift. A little before dark, when we came to camp, we were surprised by the barking of Indian dogs, which appeared to be not far off. The country was here very broken, and wooded with small oaks. We concluded that this was the camp of the very Indians who intended to rob us. Owing to the heavy snow-drift, which had lasted all day, they had not discovered us, and we arrived unknown to them. Finding ourselves undiscovered, I told the men to make no noise, build no fires, and early in the morning to go for the horses, as I wanted to be off by the peep of day. Some were reluctant to obey orders, but consented to do so on my telling them they did not know what might happen. Sleeping without any fire, in such cold weather, was certainly a hardship, but I thought it necessary for our safety. Supper was made on a little dried buffalo meat—about all we had. After a long, sleepless night, at break of day the horses were all brought up to pack, and at clear day we were under march. On the first hill we ascended we perceived an Indian with his hand on his mouth, which is a sign of surprise. He called out, "Ho! ho! have you traveled all night?" I answered, "No, we camped at the spring." "Why," said he, "did you not come to our camp? You would have been well off with us —we have meat, sugar, and coffee." I told him that if I had known the camp was so near, I certainly would have gone there. All this time my men were filing by, and as each one passed me I told him to hurry up; that I would remain behind with my pack-horse, and get out of the scrape the best I could. The news soon reached the Indian camp, and in a little while I was surrounded. Their main object was to trade horses, and they wanted me to stop my men. I told them the men would not stop; they were cold, and had gone too far off. "Well," said they, "we have got a few robes we would like to trade." I found from their actions, after my poor excuse for declining the horse trade, that they were not so badly disposed as Mr. Culbertson had represented them to be; yet, if they had got the chance at night, I believe they would have relieved me of some of the horses, if not the whole band. They brought a few robes, which I traded; and not wishing my men to get too far off, I made the Indians a present of what little stuff I had left. When they found I was so generous they let me go in peace, with my good Pitcher, whom I had kept by me.

With much relieved hearts we started double-quick, and soon overtook the party. We found them delighted at our good success, and glad they had followed my advice, saying, "If we had been discovered, we should not have one horse left, and God knows what would become of us." One said, "Did you see that big painted rascal, how he look? Bet you he'd have mounted one of them"; and, after several such expressions, it was agreed among them that I was a first-rate leader.

The day became pleasant, we traveled well, and came to camp at the meat pen, where we fell in with two Indian lodges. One of these was that of He Who Fears his War Club, a respectable and brave man, who I knew could be relied on. After we had gotten everything righted in camp, the old fellow told me to come to his lodge, that he had something to tell me. As we had little to eat in camp I was in hopes that I would get a supper out of him, and perhaps something for my men to eat; but I was disappointed in that, for he was as bad off as we were. On entering he bade me sit down; and having smoked a few whiffs, he asked me if I had heard the latest news from the fort. I told him I had learned none since the news brought to me by my men. "Well," said he, "something very bad has taken place since, and, if I were in your place, I would not go to Wounded Leg's camp; for he has had a quarrel with Long Knife (meaning Mr. Denig) and your chief (meaning Mr. Culbertson). They took him by the arms and legs and threw him out of the fort, and he has sworn vengeance against the whites. It will not be good for you to go to his camp, or even in sight of it, for I tell you he is very mad."

This news struck me pretty hard. I had got out of one scrape, but was already in another; this was something else for me to cipher on that night, and if my stomach was empty my head was full. On my return to camp I was asked what the old fellow had said; the men suspected that all was not quite right, so I told them the whole story. "Now we are in a pretty fix again," said one. "Yes," said another, "they get drunk with the Indians and fight, but don't think much of us poor fellows on the prairie," and all such expressions. One said, "Don't go that way"; and another replied, "You d——d old fool, what other way can we go in this deep snow?" Finding them disconcerted, I said, "Don't be uneasy, boys; I'll figure out a plan to get through."

Meanwhile two strapping big bucks made their appearance in camp, and, of course, they were supposed to be horse thieves; but their story was that they were going to the fort, expecting to join a war party. Notwithstanding this, a guard was placed over them and I took care that they should have a good bed in camp, where they could be easily watched. Early in the morning all hands were roused up; our thieves were all right, but one of the old chief's little boys, about fourteen, had got up still earlier and mounted one of our best horses. He was seen in the act, but could not be overtaken. His father, a good man, was very sorry, and said that the horse would not be lost to the Company. The theft, at this time, was of great importance, as all our horses were getting very poor and weak.

From this place to Wounded Leg's camp was a good level road, about 25 miles, which we expected to make early. Now that all was ready for the move, the boys expressed a desire to know what plan I had to get them through safe. I said to them, "This is my plan: I am going on this road right straight to Wounded Leg's lodge. I know him well; he is a good friend of mine, and I am sure I can fetch him all right. When we come in sight of the camp I will go ahead alone. You can come on slowly; if anything happens to me, do the best you can for yourselves; but if things are all right, I will make you signs to come in." They were apparently satisfied, placing confidence in me, and so we started; but, moving at too fast a gait, we were obliged to leave two horses, which had given out. This made three loads which had been divided on the others; it was very hard on them, and we commenced to think we should be forced to leave some of our robes on the way also.

About three in the afternoon the dreaded camp was in sight. I caused all hands to halt, and told them, "Now, boys, I am going to the camp. When you get within 400 or 500 yards of it, stop. If you see Indians coming, not out of a walk, remain until they reach you; but if they come rushing, make up your minds that Larpenteur is gone up, and defend yourselves the best you can." Off I started. When I came into camp I inquired for Wounded Leg's lodge, which was immediately shown to me. On entering I found his old woman alone. She felt somewhat surprised, but looked cheerful, and we shook hands. She had always been a good friend of mine, and I thought myself pretty safe as far as she was concerned. I asked her where her old man was. She said he had gone to the lodge of such a one. I then requested her to send for him, which she did, and a few minutes afterward he made his appearance. His countenance was not calculated to inspire confidence. Having shaken hands, he sat down and prepared to smoke, as is customary before conversing. I had to hold my tongue, but my eyes were wide open, watching the face of my enemy while he was making ready for the smoke. To my great satisfaction I thought I could perceive a change in my favor. The pipe being ready a few whiffs were exchanged, and time to break silence came. Upon which I commenced, saying, "Comrade, I have heard some very bad talk about you. I was told not to come to your lodge, or to your camp; that you intended to harm me and my men. Knowing you to be a good friend of mine, I would not mind that talk, and you see I have come straight to your lodge." His first remark was, "Who told you all this?" On my naming the individual, he said, "He told you the truth. I did say all that. I was very angry at the way in which I had been treated at the big house. But I have thought the matter over, and given up the idea of putting my threat into execution; though I am not pleased yet." I soon found that I was in a pretty fair way of success; yet something farther on my part was to be said. So, knowing the Indian character, and, for one thing, that praise of their children goes a long way with them, I commenced thus: "Now, my comrade, you know that the difficulty you had with those men at the big house was when you were all in liquor. You know very well that you are liked by the whites. You are a chief; you have a son—your only child—you love him. He is a fine boy. Although but a boy, you know that the chief of the big house has already armed him like a chief. Would you do anything to deprive your only child, as well as yourself, of chiefhood? No! certainly not. I know you too well for that." At this speech I heard the old woman groan; and, during the pause which ensued, I observed that I had them both about melted down into my affections. The idea of his boy's being so much liked and respected by the whites took the old man's fancy, and a pleasanter or more cheerful chap could scarcely have been raked up.

"Now," said I, "this is not all. I want my men to come in camp and stay with you to-night, and I want you to go to the fort with me. I assure you they will be glad to see you, and I will see that you are well paid for your trouble." Turning to the old lady, I added, "I will send you a nice cotillion."[13] "How!" said she, which meant "Thank you!" Then Wounded Leg said, "That is all right, but you must not come into this camp; it would not be good for you. We are starving, our dogs also; they would eat up your saddles and the cords of your packs. You had better go to camp in the cherry bushes," which he then showed me about a mile off.

Taking his advice, I started back to the boys, and when near them made signs for them to come on. Meeting me and learning the result of my mission, they could not help laughing at the way I had "buttered the old fool," as they said. We steered our course for the cherry bushes, which we reached at sunset. The wind had changed to the north; it became again very cold, and to save our lives we could not get a fire out of those green bushes. There was not a stick of dry wood to be found, and a tremendous hard night we had. Sleep was out of the question, and it was too cold to stand a good guard; the result was that the two bucks, who had followed us thus far, disappeared with two of our best horses, one of which we called Father De Smet, because he had been brought from the Flatheads on that missionary's return from the Columbia. We were then nearly 50 miles from the fort, which distance would have taken us two days; but now, being short of horses, it would take us double that time. I found an Indian, whom I knew to be a good traveler, and asked him if he could go to the fort by sunset; he said he could, for he had already done it. I dispatched him with a letter to Mr. Culbertson to send me more horses, and also some dried meat, as we were starving. Dividing the loads as best we could, we got under way again, making but slow progress, with Wounded Leg, several other men, and some squaws in company. We again camped, as we all hoped for the last time; but where was supper to come from? We had not a thing to eat and were mighty hungry. I thought of trying rawhide cords, of which we had a few bundles left. I got a squaw to cut them up fine and boil them; besides which, as a great favor, I got an Indian dog killed and boiled. That I knew would be good; and as I could not obtain more than one dog, the cords, if the cooking proved successful, would help to fill up. I am sorry to say that I was defeated there, for the longer they boiled the harder they got, and they could not be brought into condition to swallow. So there was only the dog for supper. I had sent it to a squaw to cook for us, and when she gave it to us some of the boys cried, "Mad dog! mad dog!" Sure enough, he did look like a mad dog; for there was his head sticking partly out of the kettle, with a fine set of ivories, growling as it were, and the scum was frothing about his teeth. After the mirth had abated, and no one offered to dish out the "mad dog," I appointed Pitcher master of ceremonies, thinking a pitcher could pour out soup and hold some of it too. He commenced with great dignity, but some of the boys refused to partake, saying they would rather be excused, and could stand it until they got to the fort. This made the portions so much the larger for the balance of us; the biggest part of the thigh fell to my share, which I soon demolished, and I must say it sat very well on my stomach. But some of the boys began to say the "mad dog" was trying to run out the same way he went in; and some noises heard outside might have been taken to signify that the animal was escaping.

---

[13] A piece of dress goods for women's wear, woven in black-and-white.

It was no trouble to get all hands up next morning, but some of our worn-out horses had to be whipped up. When once loaded and warmed up by means of the whip, they could only be made to keep on their feet by the same cruel means, which we were obliged to use pretty lively all the morning. Between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock we perceived the re-enforcement from the fort, at which a great cry of joy was heard throughout the company. The loads were soon rearranged; each man took a piece of dried buffalo meat in his hands to eat on the way; the march was resumed, all eating and whipping, as there was no time to spare to reach the fort that day. Owing to those double exertions, by sunset we were on the ridge, in sight of Union and of its fine large American flag. This had been hoisted on our return from an expedition which had caused much uneasiness, from the many reports which had made it doubtful whether we could ever get back. We were also in sight of the Opposition, and I afterward heard that Mr. Cotton, on seeing us, said, "Well, Larpenteur was not badly robbed—see what a fine lot of robes he has!" In ten minutes after reaching the ridge we were safe in the fort.

Chief Wounded Leg, like the rest of us, met with a cordial welcome; and as a large trading party had just arrived, a keg of liquor was presented him, to drink with his friends. Among them was a certain

Indian named the Hand, the greatest rascal in the tribe, it was believed, who had retaken two horses from some Assiniboines who had stolen them from the fort, and he had come to return them, in company with us. In some drunken spree he had killed an individual whose relations were in the trading party above mentioned. Fearing that he might be killed, I remarked to Mr. Culbertson that it would not be advisable to let him go out and drink with the other Indians—better let him have a little liquor in the fort, and if he got too troublesome we could tie him. This plan was adopted; and as I was much fatigued, I retired, telling Mr. Culbertson to awaken me in case they could not manage him without me. He got so drunk they could do nothing with him, and insisted on leaving; so the door was opened and the gentleman turned out. Early in the morning, I was again on duty. The doors were still shut; but, being tired of hearing a constant knocking, I went to see who was there. By the sound of the voice I knew who he was, and that he was all right, so I opened the small door. "Here," said the Indian, "I killed a dog last night. Take him in and shut the door." This dog was Mr. Hand, whose corpse had been wrapped up in his robe and bundled on a dog-travaille.[18] So much for him, and we were not sorry, as he was a devil.

---

[18] For the various spellings and etymology of this word, as well as description of the vehicle, see Henry Journ. i, 1897, p. 142.

Shortly afterward we learned that another individual had killed his own father. I shall have occasion to mention him again. Some time before our return I learned that my interpreter had died about eight days after he reached the fort, complaining of headache. The vulgar said he died of the hollow horn; and others, of the hollow head. My good friend Pitcher, I was informed long afterward, struck for Virginia City, where I hope he became a pitcher full of gold.[14]

---

[14] Larpenteur puns on Piché's name to the end of the chapter, as we see, but it must be noted that in this last instance he is speaking of something that happened about 20 years after the time to which the rest of the chapter refers. Virginia City and Nevada City, a mile apart on Alder Gulch, in present Madison Co., Montana, were two places which sprung up like magic from the rudiments of the first mining camps of June and July, 1863, as if at the touch of King Midas—that great alchemist whose art transmuted all things into gold. The mining district was first called Fairweather, from the name of one of the prospectors, and Virginia City was first named Varina City, in honor of Jeff Davis' wife; but Unionists would not stand this sign of Southern sympathy, and Varina was changed by some caprice to Virginia before its former name had been generally adopted. See, for example, Langford's Vigilante Days and Ways, i, 1893, p. 352, etc., where will be found the best account extant of Virginia City and Alder Gulch—and indeed I think that anyone who reads it will be likely to finish both volumes of this work, which is one of the most entertaining and trustworthy books ever written on the makers and the making of the West. It cost me a sleepless night, which I have never regretted.

CHAPTER XI.

(1844-45.)

CARNIVAL OF CRIME.

JIM BRIDGER, being a great trapper, and having been told that there were many beaver on Milk river, thought of trying his luck in that direction. He left the mountains with a picked party of 30 men, all good trappers and Indian fighters. Nothing unusual transpired at Fort Union until about the month of November [1844] when Bridger and his men made their appearance, having come from Milk river with the intention of passing the winter with us. Mr. Laidlaw, who was in charge at the time, offered him all assistance he could afford, to make his winter quarters pleasant and comfortable, and so Bridger pitched his camp about half a mile from the fort. But he had been deceived by exaggerated reports of the quantity of beaver that could be had on Milk river, and his hunt had been a very poor one. The main substance of Bridger's conversation was his brave men, his fast horses, and his fights with Blackfeet, till we were induced to believe that, with such a party to defend us, there would be no danger for us in case of an attack by Sioux. At that time such affairs became quite frequent, and the Sioux generally came in large parties. Bridger soon had an opportunity to display the bravery of his men, whom he had cracked up so highly. A few days before Christmas [1844] a large war party made a raid on the band of horses belonging to the fort, running off six of them, and wounding one of the guard in the leg with buckshot. The alarm was immediately given, and the braves were mounted to pursue the Sioux. Bridger's clerk, who had been left in camp, came running into the fort out of breath, scared to death. "Get up all the men you can! The Sioux are in camp —they are butchering us!" Mr. Denig and I, with a few men, all we could get, took our guns, and ran with all our might to render what assistance we could. Finding that this was a case in which we had to be cautious, we went along under the steep bank of the river till we thought ourselves about opposite the camp, where we stopped to listen for the cries of the reported butchering. Hearing nothing, we cautiously raised our heads over the bank, to see some of the performance. Neither seeing nor hearing anything, we came to the conclusion the murderous work had been done, and determined to go to the camp, expecting to find people cut to pieces and scalped. To our great surprise we saw nothing—not a sign that any Indians had been near the camp. Now assured that Bridger's brave clerk had lied, we returned to the fort laughing at his fright.

During our absence on this dangerous sortie, Mr. Laidlaw was left alone—that is, without a clerk. I had, in my hurry, taken the key of the store with me, and pressing demands were made for ammunition. Mr. Laidlaw, who was a fiery, quick-tempered old Scotchman, smashed in the window of the retail store. Seeing this, on our entrance, we could not imagine what could have been the matter. No word had been received from Bridger's army, but we expected them to return with the recaptured horses and with scalps flying. But soon, to our great disappointment, came the report that a man had been killed; that a mare belonging to Mr. Ellingsworth,[1] the Opposition bookkeeper, had been shot through the hip, and that the Indians were daring the whites to fight. The Opposition, who had seen Bridger's men turn out to fight, had concluded to join them. Mr. Ellingsworth had bought this fine American mare of Mr. Laidlaw, who had brought her here in the fall. An old half-breed Creek was also well mounted, and they both very soon came up with Bridger's party, who had halted at the foct of the hills. When Ellingsworth and the old man approached they saw the cause of the halt; the Sioux were on a hill, making signs for them to come on and fight. By this time their party had been re-enforced, and Bridger's men, not accustomed to deal with such a large force, declined the invitation. The old half-breed, who was clear grit, put the whip to his horse, telling the balance to come on; but only Ellingsworth followed. The Sioux, who understood this kind of warfare, and expected the whites to accept the challenge, had left concealed in a ravine a small body of their party, ready to let fly in case the enemy attempted to come on. As the old Indian went by at full speed with Ellingsworth, the Indians fired a volley, which dropped the former dead off his horse, and wounded Ellingsworth's mare in the hip; but did not come so near killing her that Ellingsworth could not make his escape. The Indians, seeing this, commenced to yell, and renewed their defiance. But the brave party concluded to turn back, somewhat ashamed of themselves. Bridger was extremely mortified, and said he could not account for the cowardice of his men on this occasion. At the funeral of Gardepie—that being the name of the old man—these words were pronounced: "This burial is caused by the cowardice of Bridger's party." This expression, it was thought, would result in a fight with the Opposition; but the discontentment disappeared without any disturbance. In the meantime the Sioux went away, having killed one man, wounded another's mare, and taken six head of horses. Bridger became very much dissatisfied with his men, who dispersed in all directions, and he returned to the mountains.

---

[1] Audubon, Journ. i, 1897, p. 520, date of May 28, 1843, has: "Squires and I walked to Fort George, and soon met a young Englishman. . . His name was Illingsworth; he is the present manager of this establishment." Mr. Illingsworth talked buffalo to Audubon, promised to get him a calf, and was better than his word; for he sent one which Audubon skinned to pickle the hide, and the head of another which Isaac Sprague drew.

Before I come to the story of the Blackfoot massacre, which is not yet known, I will explain the manner in which trade was carried on this winter [1844-45]. Owing to the local laws which were put in force, we were not allowed to go into Indian camps to trade; the trade had to be done either at the fort, or at an outpost allowed by the agent. So we had to drum up Indians to get them into the fort, and be on the lookout for trading parties coming in. Being well supplied with horses, which we kept constantly in the fort, we had a great advantage over our opponents, who were deficient in that respect. As soon as our pickets, whom we always kept out, in every direction, made the signs agreed upon, we immediately mounted, and, according to signs understood by us, the required number of horses followed. With our pockets full of tobacco and vermilion, we galloped as fast as we could, in order to get ahead of the Opposition, and induce the Indians to consent to come to our fort. But frequently, whether yes or whether no, their robes were put on our horses, and taken to the fort. When the party was large, and some trouble was expected in bringing in the chiefs, a sled was brought out, having a small keg of liquor placed on it, to treat the gentlemen; and a band of music, bearing the flag, was also in attendance. The instruments consisted of a clarionette, a drum, a violin, and a triangle, besides the jingling bells on the sled, and it was almost impossible for Indians to refuse such an invitation. They laughed with delight at the display, and the Opposition could not "come it over them," as the saying is. Mr. Cotton found himself about as badly used up this winter as he had been last; he learned that he stood a poor show in opposing the American Fur Company, and that it would take Mr. Ebbitt, or any other man, a long time to get a footing in the country.

This winter [1844-45 ?] we learned that Mr. F. A. Chardon had had a fight with the Blood Indians, a band of Blackfeet bearing that name; but no particulars were known until the arrival of the returns, which generally came down the latter part of April or the first part of May. At that time I was well informed on the subject by Mr. Des Hôtel,[2] one of the clerks, in whom full confidence could be placed.

Mr. Chardon, who, as has been stated, was the man who [in 1843] built the Blackfoot post at the mouth of Judith river, generally called Fort Chardon, happened to have a man killed by that band of Blood Indians last [?] winter.[3] This man was a negro by the

---

[2] Or des Autel, as the name appears in De Smet's earlier book, 1847, p. 338. This clerk was at Fort Madison in 1846.

[3] "Last winter," by our reckoning, should be 1843-44; but it appears to have been that of 1842-43. The massacre was certainly known in the spring of 1843; for it is mentioned by Audubon, Journ. i, 1897, p. 501, at date of May 19, 1843, when he says: "I forgot to say yesterday two things which I should have related, one of which is of a dismal and very disagreeable nature, being no less than the account given us of the clerks of the Company having killed one of the chiefs of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians, at the upper settlement of the Company, at the foot of the great falls of the Missouri, and therefore at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and Mr. Laidlaw assured us that it would be extremely dangerous for us to go that far towards these Indians." The scene of the atrocity was not Fort Chardon, as our text leaves us to infer, but the post above Maria's river, variously called Fort Piegan, McKenzie, or Brulé. It is probable that Larpenteur's account is the most reliable one we possess, aside from the discrepancy in date, which may be rather apparent than real. The exact date, to the day, must be known; but I have not happened upon the record.

This massacre is narrated somewhat differently by James Stuart, in Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. i, 1876, pp. 87, 88: "In 1842, F. A. Chardon, who was in charge of Ft. Brule [*sic*—meaning Fort name of Reese. Mr. Chardon, it appears, set great store by that negro and swore vengeance on the band. He communicated his designs to Alexander Harvey, who, wishing no better fun, agreed to take an important part. They also got old man Berger to join them. The plot was, when the band came to trade, to invite three of the head men into the fort, where Harvey was to have the cannon in the bastion which commanded the front door loaded with balls; when the Indians should be gathered thickly at the door, waiting for the trade to commence, at a given signal the three head men were to be massacred in the fort, and Harvey was to kill as many others as he could at one discharge; on which they expected the surviving Indians to run away, abandoning all their robes

McKenzie, above the mouth of Maria's river] massacred about thirty [!] Blackfeet Indians. The Indians had stolen a few horses and some little things out of the fort from time to time, and Chardon concluded to punish them for it. He waited until a trading party came in, and when they were assembled in front of the gate, he opened the gate and fired upon them with a small cannon loaded with trade balls. After firing the cannon, the men went out and killed all the wounded with knives. The Blackfeet stopped trading, and moved into the British Possessions, and made war on the post, and were so troublesome that Chardon abandoned Brule in the spring [1843], went to the mouth of the Judith, and built Ft. F. A. Chardon on the north bank of the Missouri river, a short distance above the mouth of Judith river, which was burnt up when Culbertson built Ft. Lewis and made peace with the Blackfeet."

and horses, of which the three whites were to become the owners, share and share alike. But it did not happen quite to their satisfaction; for, through some means, the wicked plot was made known in time for the chiefs to run out of the office and escape by jumping over the pickets. Mr. Chardon was quick enough to shoot, and broke the thigh of the principal chief. Harvey touched off the cannon, but, as the Indians had commenced to scatter, he killed but three and wounded two. The rest quickly made their escape, leaving all their plunder; but saved nearly all their horses, most of which were at some distance from the fort. After firing the shot, Harvey came out of the bastion and finished the wounded Indians with his large dagy.[4] I was told he then licked the blood off the dagy and afterward made the squaws of the fort dance the scalp dance around the scalps, which he had raised himself.

I will conclude this chapter with one more of Harvey's awful deeds. It happened that, while he was at old Fort McKenzie, some Indians, who had a spite against the fort, took it into their heads to kill some of the cattle. One day a party of five chased away some of the milch cows, one of which they shot when they had gone a short distance from the fort. On learning this, Harvey and some others got on their horses and went in pursuit. Harvey, who always kept a No. 1 horse, soon overtook the Indian who had shot the cow, and when he got within a few steps fired and broke his thigh; the Indian fell off his horse, and there he lay. Harvey came up to him, got off his horse, and took his seat near the wounded Indian, saying, "Now, comrade, I have got you. You must die. But, before you die, you must smoke a pipe with me." Having lighted his pipe and made the poor Indian smoke, he then said, "I am going to kill you, but I will give you a little time to take a good look at your country." The Indian begged for his life, saying, "Comrade, it is true I was a fool. I killed your cow; but now that you have broken my thigh, this ought to make us even—spare my life!" "No," said Harvey; "look well, for the last time, at all those nice hills—at all those paths which lead to the fort, where you came with your parents [illegible] trade, playing with your sweethearts—look at that, will you, for the last time." So saying, with his gun pointed at the head of his victim, he pulled the trigger and the Indian was no more.

---

[4] So copy, for *dague*, French name of a dag or dagger, of the sort we should now call a dirk or bowie-knife. The word runs in many forms through various European languages.

CHAPTER XII.

(1845-46.)

POPLAR RIVER CAMP.

THE steamer made her appearance at the usual time, in June [1845], Mr. Honoré Picotte in charge. As it was customary for all the partners to meet in St. Louis in summer, I was left in charge of Fort Union until one of them returned in the fall. I asked Mr. Picotte what kind of men he had brought up; to which he replied, "First-rate men." "Will they not be apt to desert?" "No," said he, "not one." My fear of their desertion was based on their probably being unwilling to go to the Blackfoot post, on account of the massacre of last [?] winter. The steamer left the same day, in the evening. During the night I was made the father of a fine son. In the morning the artillery was playing, and, in consequence of this, something extra must be done. All hands had a holiday, with the promise of a big ball at night. Scrubbing, washing, and cooking went on all day, and at night the ball opened; it went off peaceably, which was rarely the case in this place. All hands retired in good time, and had a good night's sleep. Mr. Auguste Chouteau, who was clerk and had charge of the men, came to my room early in the morning, saying, "Mr. Larpenteur, twelve men left last night." Although I expected some desertions, I did not think any would occur until the men were notified to go to the Blackfeet; but they had been persuaded by some of the Opposition who came to the ball, and being afraid they would have to go, they thought best to disappear while they could get employment elsewhere. I had still many men left, went on preparing the outfit, and in a few days all was ready for their departure. James Lee had been sent for by Mr. Chardon, who had heard he was a bully and a bravo. Lee was to go up to the Blackfoot post, and it afterward appeared that he intended to chastise Harvey. During the outfitting we learned enough to induce us to believe that a plot had been made to pound Harvey on their arrival, but not to murder him. Mr. Chardon was then at Fort Clark, his old station. Mr. Culbertson was in charge of the Blackfoot outfit, with the understanding that he was to burn down Fort Chardon, and build farther up the Missouri.

I finally succeeded in getting the outfit all right, but with a frightened set of men. As they pushed off a large number of the Opposition men were on the shore, crying out to them, "You are going to the butcher-shop—good-by forever!" But the boys, who felt the effects of a good jigger to which they had just been treated, scoffed at this, and went off finely. After this I had the Crow outfit to start off; but there were plenty of men left for this, and for my own use at the fort. Early next morning Mr. Chouteau came to me again, saying, "Seven more men gone last night." This was rather a striker, but on counting the number left, I found that I could send up the Crow outfit, and went to work at the equipment. The following morning, however, three more had deserted, and others kept leaving, one by one, until I had to abandon the Crow outfit. Desertions continued until I was left with but four men all told. This number being too few to keep the fort in safety until the return of the gentlemen in the fall, I immediately dispatched Owen McKenzie,[1] the son of Kenneth McKenzie, with letters to Fort Pierre, to be forwarded thence to St. Louis. Much were they astonished when the dispatch arrived. Men were immediately engaged and sent up by Mr. Denig, who had gone on a visit to his friends this summer. Having so few men with me, the Opposition men became very troublesome; so much so that I had to lock the door on them.

---

[1] "At the White River post, I availed myself of Owen McKenzie's hospitable welcome, and remained in his log-house with another trader of the American Fur Company. Besides these two gentlemen were two other white traders, who had established themselves in a log-house at little more than gun-shot distance," Palliser, 1853, p. 165, writing of 1847–48. The opposition traders were Martin and Frederick, the former a Frenchman.

Shortly after the return of McKenzie from Fort Pierre, a party of Sioux came to war on the Assiniboines, and had taken all the horses belonging to the Opposition when the alarm was given. We ascended the bastion to see the performance, but it was all over, and the Sioux made bold enough to sit on the hill, quietly smoking their pipes, in full view of both forts. McKenzie, who was very young, active, and brave, said to me, "Mr. Larpenteur, this is too bad; let us go and exchange shots, and see if we cannot get back some of those old plugs." As I agreed to this, we ran down at once, mounted the two swiftest horses in the fort, and off we went. Bullets were soon flying about us, but we succeeded in recapturing four head of horses, which we generously gave back to the Opposition, and our names went high up among the bucks and squaws who were singing and dancing around the fort.

After this times passed off somewhat more smoothly. Mr. Denig, who had been started up with a new supply of men, arrived early in October [1845], and things became quite lively again. Soon after his return, when we were sitting on the porch one evening, we saw Harvey walking up to the house with his rifle across his arm. At a little distance he stopped to ask, "Am I among friends or enemies here?" Being told that we did not think he was in any danger here, he entered and commenced his story with, "Boys, I came very near being killed." Being asked by whom, he replied, "By Malcolm Clark, Jim Lee, and old man Berger; but the d——d cowards could not do it." Then he pulled off his hat, showing the mark of Clark's tomahawk, with which his head had been broken; and his hand was injured where Lee had struck him with a pistol. Being then asked the particulars, he said that, on learning of the arrival of the boat, he got on his horse to meet it and learn the news, as is customary on such occasions. Having gone about 20 miles below the fort, he saw the boat, and beckoned them to land. As he had been left in charge of the fort, they could not well refuse to do so. As the boat landed he gave his horse in care of the man whom he had taken with him, and suspecting nothing, but glad to see the men, he jumped on board and entered the cabin where the three gentlemen were sitting. He offered his hand to Clark, who said, "I don't shake hands with such a d——d rascal as you," on which a blow of his tomahawk followed, and then a blow with the butt of a rifle from Berger. In spite of all this he would have succeeded in throwing Clark into the river, had it not been for Lee, who struck him such a severe blow on the hand with a pistol that he had to let go his hold and make his escape. "I then got on my horse," he continued, "and when I arrived at the fort I told the men my story. They were much displeased, and as they did not like Clark, and had already learned Lee's character, they consented to protect me. I told them that I intended to hold the fort and not let a d——d one in."

To this the men agreed, and preparations were made for defense. When the boat arrived no one was allowed to enter, not even Mr. Culbertson. But after hard pleadings Mr. Culbertson, who had always proved a friend to Harvey, made him agree to give up the fort, on condition that Mr. Culbertson should give him a draft for all his wages, and a good recommendation. On receiving those papers, Harvey left in a small canoe with one man.

He remained but a couple of days at Union, and, on leaving, said, "Never mind! you will see old Harvey bobbing about here again; they think they have got me out of the country, but they are damnably mistaken. I'll come across Clark again."

Fort Pierre was then the headquarters of the trading posts on the Missouri; all drafts and papers had to be examined and signed there. The company owed Harvey $5000, and he had to get his draft there for the whole amount. Mr. Picotte appeared somewhat slow and did not come to time until Harvey threatened to pound him, when the draft was made out.

It happened that, when Harvey arrived at Fort Pierre, the most important clerks of the post were dissatisfied with their treatment, and had made up a company in opposition to the American Fur Company. The members of this new organization were Harvey himself, Charles Primeau,[3] Joseph Picotte (nephew of Honoré Picotte), and Bonise, the bookkeeper of Fort Pierre, under the firm name of Harvey, Primeau and Co. Under those agreements, which were not known at the time, Harvey immediately left for St. Louis. There he apprised Colonel Robert

---

[3] A well-known trader for many years among the Sioux and other Indians, and the same for whom was named Fort Primeau, which in the fifties or later stood about 300 yards from Fort Clark, at the Mandans. Mr. Primeau was born in St. Louis, and had been a clerk in the A. F. Co. when he formed the partnership named above. It lasted a few years, and was then absorbed in the A. F. Co. He continued to serve the latter for a time, and afterward held an appointment as government interpreter. He was living at Fort Yates in 1896.

Campbell of the arrangements, and in the spring [1846] the company started operations, with a large outfit, sufficient to establish themselves at all the posts of the American Fur Company. Harvey came up to the mouth of the Yellowstone in the steamer, and went on to Benton in a Mackinaw with his outfit.

A short time after Harvey left us Mr. Kenneth McKenzie arrived to take charge of Fort Union. He had left the country six or seven years previously, but had reserved a share in the Company, on condition that in case of opposition he would return, should it be deemed necessary by the members of the Company, and on that understanding he now returned. This was about the commencement of the meat trade [of 1845]; on his arrival my charge ended, and I was reinstated in the liquor shop. Mr. McKenzie was pleased with my administration; he found everything to his satisfaction, and said I had done well, though I ought not to have left the fort, at a time when I had so few men, to fight Indians.

The American Fur Company, having always had more influence in this country than the Indian department, thought they would abolish the local law, and carry on trade on the old principle, which was camp trading. So when the robe trade commenced, traders were dispersed in all directions. But Mr. McKenzie, like Mr. Culbertson, kept me at the fort until the last. Finally my turn came, and I was sent with a good outfit into a large camp on Poplar river,[3] about 60 miles by land above Union. As a matter of course I took plenty of liquor. I had four men and ten horses—more than I wanted—but the intention was for me to send them back loaded with meat for the fort. A certain Indian by the name of Iron-eyed Dog was known as the greatest rascal and ugliest Indian in the camp; his brother had been killed while camped at the fort by a war party of Sioux, who surprised them in the night. This brother was a chief, called the One who Guards the Whites—a very good Indian for us to have. He was shot in the back, the ball passing through his breast. The Indians, knowing that the whites thought much of him, and believing their medicine might cure him, brought him to the fort from camp, which was not more than 300 yards off. That happened about midnight. Shortly after he was brought in his brother, the Iron-eyed Dog, came knocking at the door to be let in; but as many others had knocked, we paid no attention to him. This made him extremely angry, and he swore he would kill me on the first opportunity, for he knew I was the doorkeeper. Such was the character with whom I expected to have to deal in this camp, where I arrived on the third day out from Union.

---

[3] Present name of the second considerable tributary of the Missouri from the N., above the mouth of the Yellowstone, Big Muddy being the first such tributary. Poplar river is the Porcupine of Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, p. 293, whose Martha's river is the present Big Muddy. The Fort Peck Indian Reservation extends along the Missouri on the N. from Big Muddy, past Poplar, to the mouth of Milk river. Camp Poplar River is the military post and agency at the mouth of the stream whence the name was derived, and there is now Poplar station, near where the G. N. Ry. crosses this river. The distance from Union by trail was as said in text; by the river it is about 95 miles.

After I had stored everything properly, I was invited into the lodges of the chiefs and leading men, to partake of a dish of pounded buffalo meat and marrow grease, as is their custom. In one of the lodges, where several Indians had assembled, I was informed that Iron-eyed Dog, whom they call in their language Shonkish-ta-man-zah,[4] had gone to the fort, but was expected back that night, and would be apt to make much trouble, and very likely kill me; but they thought I might be able to reconcile him by talking to him and making him a little present, as usual on such occasions. Knowing the Dog of old, I invited the principal chief to my lodge and gave him what he thought was sufficient; he started off, saying that he, with the others, would do their utmost for me. This was some consolation, but did not go very far toward making me feel safe.

---

[4] Shonk-ishta-maza would be a fair spelling of the name, which is compounded of *shonka*, dog; *ishta*, eye; and *maza*, metal. The individual seems to have been a notable character, for I have his name in print, though I do not find the reference among my memoranda.

That night, when the liquor trade commenced, the very devil was raised in camp. Iron-eyed Dog, who had arrived, and all the other dogs, including my life preservers, soon got drunk. There was I, with only four other men, among about 300 drunken Indians, with no alternative but to trust to luck. One stout, fine-looking Indian whom I had never seen before, and who suspected something, took his seat by my side, holding a large war-club between his knees, and kept very quiet the whole time. At first I did not know what he was there for, but soon found out; things were as I suspected and feared. Suddenly in came Iron-eyed Dog in great fury, saying, "Here you are! Do you expect to live through this night—you who would not open the door for me when my brother was killed? Did I not say I would kill you?" He went on like this at a tremendous rate, and then rushed out again. But it seemed to me that he did not like the looks of the man with the war-club, who now and then pressed his hand on my knee, as much as to say, "Be not afraid." Then came two more drunken Indians; one of them named Cougher, and the other an individual who had killed his own father; both had plotted with others to murder me in the lodge and plunder my outfit. But it happened that I had a good old friend in camp, whose name was the Haranguer, and who made such a fine speech that they abandoned the idea. This is about as near as I can interpret it: "What is it that I hear? Brothers and kindred, do you think you will need your trader no longer, now that spring is come and trade is over? You have your fill of everything, and now talk of killing your trader. Where will you go? Go north and starve? Give away your hunts for nothing? Why kill this poor white man? What has he done to you? No, brothers! have pity upon him, upon me; spare his life." On his saying this, which they understood to be the conclusion of his speech, a young man got up and handed him his knife, as a sign of approval, and so the idea was given up. My war-club man all this time said never a word, but the repeated applications of his hand inspired a sense of safety in my badly frightened heart.

After that came the One Who Killed His Father, and Mr. the Cougher, when all the liquor was gone, wanting absolutely to get some more, saying, "If you have none, make some. You whites are strong medicine. You can make fire-water." Seeing, however, that I was not "medicine," they insisted on my giving their squaws some trinkets, and off they went, saying that they would soon be back. Then in popped the Dog again, and came at me with his pipe, saying, "Smoke! smoke! Why don't you smoke? I'll make you smoke—you dog, you." This Indian knew I seldom smoked, and only during some of their ceremonies, so he kept running in and out in this manner, and never left the lodge without threatening to kill me.

At last this night, so long to me, wore away; when day came all was quiet in camp, and I felt as though I had been on board a vessel in a gale which had subsided in a perfect calm. After such a storm my appetite was not very sharp, but we had to get breakfast early, before any Indians came loafing in. A strong cup of coffee was soon ready; this revived me, but the dread of seeing the mad dog again was still heavy on my mind. My war-club man was gone, and I saw no one about me that would be likely to take my part. Iron-eyed Dog soon made his appearance with about 20 of his young men, all armed and painted, and I thought then surely I was gone up. The Dog was quite sober, and said to me, "It was a good thing for you that I got too drunk to come to your lodge once more last night, for I did intend to kill you. Now you must give each of my young men some ammunition, tobacco, and vermilion, a knife, and a looking glass; and give those," he continued —pointing to four or five—"a breech-cloth apiece." This being done, he ordered them to go away; "and now," said he, "give me my present." So I gave him 50 rounds of ammunition —the usual allowance for a big man—eight small plugs of tobacco, one knife, one palette of vermilion, and a breech-cloth. To his squaw who was present, I gave a cotillion of cloth, some beads, and other trinkets. He went off without saying another word and I never saw him again; but what became of him will be made known in the sequel.[5]

The trading being nearly over, I sent to the fort for horses to bring in my returns, and five days afterward eight men arrived with 32 head of horses. Mr. McKenzie advised me by letter to be very cautious on my return, as a party of young men had gone up my way with the intention of stealing the horses; to stand strong guard each night, and, if possible, get some good Indians to come with me. I had all my returns ready to be loaded, and next day we got under march with 35 packs of robes, besides some small furs. The second night we reached Big Muddy[*] river, about 30 miles from Union. This being a place which I thought dangerous, and likely to be my last camp, I stood the first guard, with one-half of my party. I had taken with me one of the first chiefs of the Indian camp, with three of his most reliable soldiers, which made our party rather strong. About eleven o'clock I discovered the gentlemanly horse thieves coming straight into camp; they shook hands, seemed glad to see us, and after smoking a while laid down to sleep. Seeing us so well on our guard, they gave up the idea of robbing us; early in the morning they took their leave, and glad we were to see them off. The morning was fine and warm, which enabled us to get an early start. We expected to encamp at the Little Muddy, ten miles above Union; but arriving there about two hours before sunset, and not liking the idea of another night's guard, we concluded to push on to the fort. After smoking a pipe we resumed our march, and entered the fort a little after dark. The fort was full of drunken Indians, as usual. Mr. McKenzie was extremely glad to see me back, and began to tell me how things had gone on during my absence, saying he was at a loss how to get through with all those drunken Indians, with the traders he had in that shop. Finally he said, "Larpenteur, I am forced to ask you to finish this trade, although I know you must be tired. I have been frequently tempted to go and trade myself, but you know that would never do." Finding the old gentleman in such trouble, although much fatigued I went into the shop after a good supper, traded all that night, finished the business, and got the Indians off next day.

---

[5] Larpenteur tells a good story, but we cannot help suspecting that the whole affair was a "bluff," to extract presents by working on the trader's fears. It seems to have been a put-up game, in which the war-club man agreed to take a hand, and play the part of a protector for a share of the swag. It will be observed that he does not appear upon the scene, after his disinterested benevolence. The haranguer's eloquence also appears melodramatic. However, there is no saying what a lot of roaring drunk Indians might have done on such an occasion, which was always liable to lead to bloodshed.

---

[*] The first considerable tributary of the Missouri from the N. above Fort Union—to be distinguished from another stream of the same name below the fort. Distance 42 m. by river.

This [1845-46] winter's trade convinced the New York firm of Fox, Livingston and Co. that it was a losing game to oppose the American Fur Company; they came to the conclusion to sell out, and we were again left masters of the country.

AMERICAN EXPLORERS SERIES NO. I

THE JOURNAL OF JACOB FOWLER

Narrating an Adventure from Arkansas through the Indian
Territory, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico to the sources of the Rio Grande Del Norte, 1821-22.

Edited, with Notes, by DR. ELLIOTT COUES

Plate, 8vo cloth, uncut. $3.00 net

Edition limited to 950 numbered copies, and published uniform with "Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri."

Major Jacob Fowler is a hitherto unknown explorer, whose expedition from Fort Smith to the Rocky Mountains and return to St. Louis has never been heard of before. It is printed *verbatim et literatim* from the autograph MS.

The date of Fowler's expedition is a critical one, immediately following Long's, and fills with new data a page hitherto blank in the history of Western Exploration. It contains the first record of ascent of the Arkansaw from Fort Smith to the site of Pueblo, Colorado, first record of building an inhabited house at site of Pueblo, 20 years before Pueblo was founded, first record of making Sangre de Cristo Pass by an American party, first record of ascent of the Rio Grande to its headwaters by an American party, etc., etc.

A FEW REVIEWS ON THE APPEARANCE OF THIS WORK

NEW YORK TIMES:—

The Journal of this expedition now first presented to the public, is a rich addition to the pioneer history of Western America.

THE AMERICAN, PHILADELPHIA:—

What (Dr. Coues) has already done fully entitles him to the unique and enviable position of historian of the early history of Western North America. His volumes attest his indefatigable energy and seal in the work, and conscientious painstaking research, no less than his knowledge of the subject and his ability to handle it.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS:—

The value of the work (Fowler Journal) is very largely increased by nearly 180 notes by the editor who is peculiarly well fitted for the work by intimate acquaintance with the subject and previous experience in editing similar books.

THE SUN, BALTIMORE:—

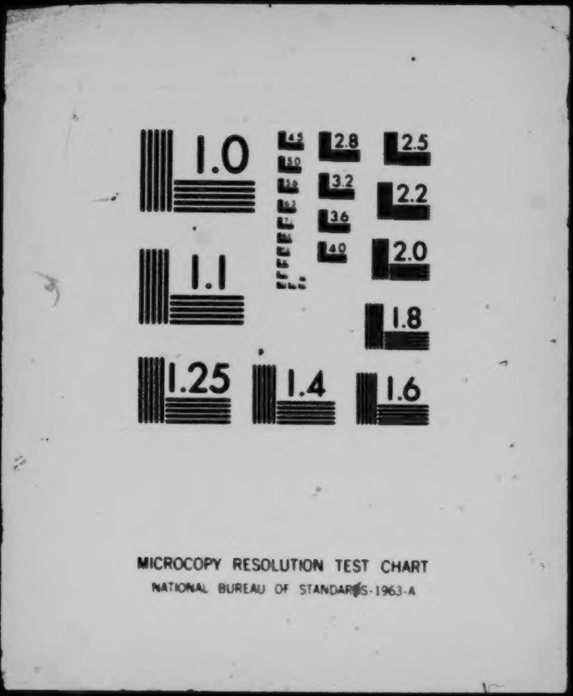
It supplements early Western exploration, and the prior accounts of the disposition, manners and customs of the Arapahoes, Osages, Comanches and others, and is a very amusing display of the real, unadulterated human nature of these pioneers. The spelling is a curiosity, and is given as Major Fowler wrote it down.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW:—

The memoranda jotted down from day to day by Major Fowler relate to a world in much of which he was the earliest explorer. They ought to have been published long ago. His experience as a land surveyor doubles the value of his observations. Multitudes in Kansas and Colorado will greet his book with a double welcome.

XEROX

Xerox University Microfilms
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS-1963-A

II.

AMERICAN EXPLORERS SERIES.

Larpenteur's Autobiography.

VOL. II.

P. J. De Smet S. J.

FORTY YEARS A FUR TRADER

ON THE

UPPER MISSOURI

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF

CHARLES LARPENTEUR

1833-1872

EDITED, WITH MANY CRITICAL NOTES,

BY

ELLIOTT COUES

MAPS, VIEWS, AND PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

NEW YORK
FRANCIS P. HARPER
1898

CONTENTS.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1846–47.)

FORT LOUIS, AND THENCE TO ST. LOUIS.

PAGE

Fort Chardon Burned and Fort Louis Established in 1844—Cordelling up the Missouri—Slow Progress—Malcolm Clark—Fort Louis Reached in Seventy Days—Father De Smet—A Question of Precedence—Return to Fort Union—At Odds with the A. F. Co.—James Kipp—Fort Clark—Son of the Star—Friendly Arickara Partisan—Fort Pierre—Interview with Honoré Picotte—Satisfactory Arrangements—Reaching the States—St. Joseph—St. Louis—Return to Fort Union, ... 227

CHAPTER XIV.

(1847–49.)

FORT BENTON AND ELSEWHERE.

Reinstated at Fort Union—Attacked by Sioux—James Kipp—Iron-eyed Dog Killed—Harvey's Opposition—Mr. Husband—Sent to an Outpost—An Indian in Full Mourning—New Partnership Formed, with James Bruguière—To Trade with the Flatheads—Fort Benton Founded in 1846—Fort Louis Abandoned Early in 1847—Start for Fort Benton—Little Robes, a Band of

20202

PAGE

Blackfeet—In Camp of the Little Robes—To and from Fort Benton—Sun River Crossing—En Route to the Flatheads—Lewis and Clark's Pass not Found—Reduced to Horseflesh—No Further Fear of Starvation—Repulsed from the Mountains—Birds of Ill Omen—Safe and Sound in Benton—Off again for the Flatheads—Great Falls of the Missouri—Blackfoot Ambuscade—Another Repulse—Back to Benton—Wintering at this Fort—Voyaging Down the Missouri—Letter from Author's Father—Melancholy Tidings—Vermilion Post to Crow Creek—A Question of Annuities—Settled by the Soldier—Return to Fort Union, ... 253

CHAPTER XV.

(1849-55.)

FORT VERMILION, LITTLE SIOUX, AND PONKA POST.

St. Louis, Baltimore, New Orleans, and St. Louis again—St. Paul—St. Louis—The Vermilion Post—St. Louis—St. Paul—Wintering at the Vermilion Post—Prospects at Little Sioux River—Bound for Sergeant's Bluffs—En Route to the Little Sioux—Silver Lake—Ashton's Grove—In Troubled Waters—Deluge and Cyclone—"You're in a Pretty Fix, Ain't you?"—After the War of the Elements—Off for the Niobrara—The Ponka Post—Beggarly Ponkas—Difficulty Threatened—Return to Little Sioux—Fatal Adventure—Murder and Marriage, ... 286

CHAPTER XVI.

(1855-61.)

FORT STEWART AND THE POPLAR RIVER POST.

Engaged to Clark, Primeau and Co.—In Charge of Fort Stewart—Pleasant Wintering—Down the Missouri—

PAGE

Smith and Boller as Partners—Lemon also in the New Firm—Overland to the Yellowstone—By Way of Pembina and Mouse River—Nearing Destruction—Forts Kipp and Stewart—Clark and Schoonover—En Route again—Poplar River Post—Compliments of the Season—No Love Lost—Arrival of Boller—"Let us Bury the Hatchet"—Lemon Returns—With very Bad News—Fate of the Chippewa—Down the Missouri—To St. Louis, ... 306

CHAPTER XVII.

(1861-63.)

FORT STEWART AGAIN: FORT GALPIN.

Now What to Do?—Another Journey Overland—Joseph Ramsey—The Route Lost and Recovered—Fort Charles Noted—Arrival at Fort Stewart—Wintering at Fort Stewart—Lemon Goes to the Grosventres—Arrival of Grosventres—The Shreveport and Emilie—La Barge, Harkness and Co.—Site of Fort Galpin Selected—Down the Missouri—Affairs Settled—Return to Milk River—Wintering at Fort Galpin—Parlous Times—No Longer in Charge of Galpin—Personal Encounter—The Tobacco Garden Affair—Mr. Hodgkiss at Union—Death of Owen McKenzie—Other Homicides—St. Louis, . 329

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1864-66.)

FORT UNION ONCE MORE: HOME AGAIN.

Arrangement to Take Charge of Union—Appointed Commissary—St. Louis to Fort Randall—To Fort Sully—Voyage Continued—To Fort Union—Arrival of the

PAGE

Military—In Charge at Union—Sully's Campaign Criticised—Sioux Attack Union—Miners Arrive at Union—Proposed Bear Hunt—Surprised by Sioux—Changes at Union—Fort F. D. Pease Noted—Government Affairs End at Union—Charles Conklin—Coming of Crow Couriers—"The Sioux! The Sioux!"—Pacification of Crows—Issue of Annuities—Hubble, Hawley and Co.—Departure from Fort Union—Good-by to Assiniboines—Sioux City—Little Sioux—St. Louis, . 355

CHAPTER XIX.

(1866–72.)

ON AND AFTER THE PEACE COMMISSION.

Appointed Interpreter on the Commission—Assiniboine Treaty at Union—Assiniboine View of the Treaty—Council Held at Berthold—Plain Hidatsan Talk—Hidatsan Logic—Fort Rice—Conclusion of the Treaty—Berthold and Stevenson—Again in Charge of Union—Building of Buford—At Buford as Sutler—Sioux Hostilities—Crippled for Life—Ruined—Ejected—To Die Broken-hearted, ... 379

CHAPTER XX.

INDIAN LAWS AND CUSTOMS, ... 396

CHAPTER XXI.

INDIAN AGENTS AND AGENCIES, ... 412

APPENDIX, ... 431

INDEX, ... 447

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. II.

Portrait of Peter John De Smet, S. J. (with Autograph), ... *Frontispiece*
Portrait of Malcolm Clark, . . . *Facing page* 240
Portrait of Son of the Star, ... " " . 244
Lewis and Clark's Pass and Vicinity (Map), " " . 264
Residence and Grave of Larpenteur, near Little Sioux, Iowa (Map) . . . " " . 298
Old Fort Pembina, ... " " . 314
Forts Kipp and Stewart (Map), ... " " . 316
Larpenteur's Poplar River Post (Map), . " " . 318
Portrait of Henry A. Boller, ... " " . 322
Forts Galpin and Peck (Map), ... " " . 344
Portrait of Dr. Washington Matthews, . " " . 384

CHAPTER XIII.

(1846-47.)

FORT LOUIS AND THENCE TO ST. LOUIS.

EARLY in the spring [of 1846] Mr. McKenzie left on a Mackinaw boat for St. Louis. Nothing of importance took place after his departure until the Company's steamer again arrived, at its usual time, Mr. Honoré Picotte in charge. Mr. Culbertson, who went up a previous summer [in 1844], had burned down Fort Chardon, and gone on with his outfit, according to understanding, to build another post.[1] He had selected, for that purpose, a site five or six miles above Benton, on the south side of the Missouri, named it Fort Louis, and left Mr. Clark in charge. From what motive I cannot say, Mr. Picotte wanted him removed, and on that account arranged with me to go up with the outfit and take charge. I was then getting $600 a year, which he increased to $700. On the 8th of July [1846] I found myself on board a keel boat called the Bear, with 30 men on shore, the tow cord on their shoulders, going at the rate of about 1½ mile an hour, with upward of 800 miles[1] before us. On board were one steersman, two bowsmen, two cooks, and one hunter, who had two men with him and three horses. The boat was well rigged for sailing in case of fair wind, and supplied with sweeps and poles. Though we started at the rate I have said, few know what slow progress is made in such navigation. The banks of the Missouri are lined with thick rosebushes and bull-berry bushes,[2] which are thorny, and sometimes attain the height of 12 feet. Such thickets being impenetrable, men must be sent ahead of the cordelle men, as those who tow the boat are called, to prepare a path for them. Besides this, snags and other incumbrances must be chopped down to clear the cordelle, poling is always slow work, and there are rapids to be overcome, of which I will speak when we reach them. It takes Canadian French boys to do all this, on meat alone, or only lyed corn, when meat cannot be obtained.

---

[1] We thus learn that the end of Fort Chardon, near Judith river, and the beginning of Fort Louis, on the Missouri above the future Benton, were almost simultaneous, in the summer of 1844.

---

[1] By no means so far as this—the distance may have been called 800 m., but river miles in those days were calculated for the traders by the steamboat men, who stretched to the utmost the mileage by which they were paid for transportation. Fort Louis was actually about 530 m. by the Missouri above the mouth of the Yellowstone, and about 375 by the overland trail.

[2] Otherwise the buffalo berry, *Shepherdia argentea*.

At this slow rate we finally reached a place called Amell's island,[4] a little below the [Picotte's] rapids, where I stopped to make a Mackinaw boat to lighter up the rapids, and also to enable me to keep on to Fort Louis, as the river was very low. A few days after I commenced my boat two men on horseback appeared on the opposite shore. They were sent for and on landing informed us that Harvey had arrived at the mouth of the Yellowstone with a large steamer in opposition, and was making a Mackinaw boat to go up to trade with the Blackfeet. Those men had been sent with a letter to me, requesting me to send them on post-haste to Fort Louis with a letter to Mr. Clark to engage all such freemen as he thought might be of service to Harvey. They were dispatched immediately, and a few days afterward Mr. Clark unexpectedly made his appearance. As I had not sent his letters, he thought that I was coming to take the charge, and that he would have to serve under me; and after reading his letter from the Company, observed that he would not have served under me had he been ordered to remain, for the reason that he had been a long time with the Blackfeet and thought himself entitled to the charge during the absence of the owner. This Mr. Clark [5] had been educated at West Point, and was extremely punctilious. The next day he started back to Fort Louis.

---

[4] See Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, p. 324, for position of this island, and many variants of the personal name by which it afterward became known. It is most frequently Armel and Emil's island on modern maps. The rapids above, which Larpenteur mentions, are Picotte's and several others. Emil's island is 56 river-miles above the mouth of the Musselshell; it is now 1⅛ m. long, with its head ⅛ a m. below present Emil's creek; which latter is the South Mountain creek of Lewis and Clark, who mention but do not name an island, 2 m. below their South Mountain creek, thus corresponding closely with Emil's, if not the same.

---

[5] "A Sketch of the Early Life of Malcolm Clark," by his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, of St. Paul, Minn., occupies Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. i, 1876, pp. 90–98. He was the son of Lieutenant Nathan Clark, 5th U. S. Infantry, and was born at Fort Wayne, Ind., July 22, 1817. He entered West Point Academy at seventeen, but never graduated, in consequence of some boyish quarrel which was followed by a challenge to fight a duel, a fracas, a court-martial, and his dismissal from the corps of cadets. He went to Texas, served in the Texan army, returned to Cincinnati, and when he was 24 years of age received his appointment to the A. F. Co.

"Sketch of Malcolm Clarke [*sic*], a Corporate Member of the Historical Society of Montana, by Helen P. Clarke," his daughter, occupies pp. 255–268 of the Society's Contributions, ii, 1896, with portrait opp. p. 329. This article is rather filial than strictly biographical. It appears that Clark came into the country in 1841, made his reputation in the fur trade, and finally settled as a stock-raiser with his family on a ranch in Little Prickly Pear Cañon, Lewis and Clark Co., Mont., in 1864. His first wife, Miss Clarke's mother, was the daughter of an Indian chief; his second was of mixed blood. He acquired two Indian names, White Lodge Pole and Four Bears. He was murdered by two

MALCOLM CLARK.

From only known photograph, in the Montana Historical Society.
(Date Unknown.)

In about a week my boat was finished, we were under way again, and soon came to the rapids. Our lightener did not avail us much, for the river was so low that both boats had to be completely unloaded, and the goods to be carried 400 or 500 yards over the rapids, on the men's backs. The boats were pried over by main force, after clearing the channel of rocks; but this was done with the intention of throwing those rocks back into the channel, so as not to let Harvey overtake us.

Under such slow progress I reached Fort Louis 70

Piegans at or near his home, Aug. 17, 1869, and buried in a spot which was in 1877 on the ranch of Hon. John Fergus. As to the spelling of his name, his daughter uses the *e*, his father did not, and I have never seen his autograph.

To the foregoing sketch is appended an editorial note upon General W. T. Sherman's visit to the grave in 1877: "After supper the General strolled about the place and discovered a grave near by, which he proceeded to investigate. Upon returning to the ranche he mentioned the occurrence and asked a number of questions in order to fix with certainty the personality of the dead, who was none other than Malcolm Clarke, the subject of this sketch; of whom General Sherman said, in substance: that he well remembered Malcolm Clarke, who had been a fellow-cadet with him at West Point and a great favorite there, whom he had there known as a remarkably bright, open-hearted, and high-spirited young man, and for whom he had always prophesied a brilliant future; . . and, finally, that he had lost all trace of his schoolmate since their life at West Point until the discovery by him of the sepulchre among the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains.—W. E. S."

days after my departure from Union. But I must remark that I had great sport hunting. The points above Milk river being cleaner of rubbish than those below, I commenced my hunt from that river, and the boat was so slow that I had plenty of time. I killed 35 deer and 15 elk. On arrival at Fort Louis I met with Father De Smet,[*] who was again on his return from the Columbia to the States. In about three days Clark left in a skiff with two men, and then I remained in full charge. The fort was a good one, well arranged for the time which had been spent on it. I was pleased, and getting along so finely that, had my family been with me, I should have been perfectly contented; but I had left them at Union.

---

[*] This lucky statement enables us to check Larpenteur's chronology with precision. The year is 1846. Reference to De Smet's Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains in 1845–46, orig. ed. pub. 1847, p. 307, shows that on Aug. 16, 1846, he left the Bitterroot valley at Hellgate. Having passed by way of rivers he calls Cart and Arrowstone to the Jefferson, he descended the latter to the Madison and Gallatin, went up the latter and through Boseman Pass to the Yellowstone, at present Livingston; passed thence over to some headwaters of the Musselshell, and was camped on Judith river Sept. 13. On the 18th he writes, p. 325: "A chief, just arrived, informs us that Black-Feet of different tribes are assembling in the neighborhood of *Fort Lewis* to receive their annual supplies, and that the traders who bring up the goods are distant only three days' journey, with three large canoes (Mackinaw boats)." These traders were of course Larpenteur and his party, then nearing Fort Louis, which De Smet reached Sept. 24, p. 331. "The gates were thrown open. We received a hearty welcome from every white man in the Fort; the bourgeois being absent, soon returned, to add by their kindness and politeness to the warm reception we had already received at the hands of their tenants." His companion, Father N. Point, remained with the Blackfeet here; De Smet departed from Fort Louis on the 28th; reached Fort Union Oct. 11; left 15th, and continued down the Missouri to Westport, Mo., Nov. 28, whence he went by stage to St. Louis, where his next letter is dated Jan. 10, 1847.

One fine Indian summer day, about the last of October [1846], Mr. Clark unexpectedly made his reappearance, having received orders at Fort Pierre to return to Fort Louis, and take charge. I felt mortified at having my charge taken away from me, and not even receiving the scrape of a pen from any one. Feeling myself slighted and remembering what Clark had said to me in regard to his charge of forts, I remarked that I supposed he would be willing to admit that the rule should work both ways. "I am not willing to serve under you," I said; "I have been in this Company's service ten years longer than you have, and I think that ought to entitle me to a charge—or, at all events, to justify me in not serving under you. So I am going to Fort Union." Upon which he remarked that he had nothing to say in the matter, and if I made up my mind to go, he was willing to supply me with the means for my trip.

All the men were displeased with the way I had been treated, and angry to see Clark in charge; for they disliked him as much as they had Harvey. They proposed my remaining in charge, and assured me they would see me through all right, if I would say the word. But I thanked them, and the second day after Clark's arrival I left on horseback with a first-rate guide named Joseph Howard, one of the oldest hands. Our journey was a pleasant one, but with nothing worth mentioning, and on the 15th of November [1846] we reached Fort Union.

My reception by Mr. James Kipp, who was in charge at the time, was rather cool—"Well, Larpenteur, what brings you down here?" On my relating to him the circumstances, said he, "I am sorry for all that, but I have nothing to do with it. Mr. Picotte engaged you, this is all his doing, and you must see him about it. My arrangements are all made for this winter. I cannot give you employment." Thus finding that I should not be a pleasant subject in the fort this winter [1846-47], I made up my mind to leave, bag and baggage.[1] So I immediately got some buf-

---

[1] This was the mistake of Larpenteur's life. He was a faithful, efficient, and reliable clerk of the A. F. Co., had been promoted in due course, stood well with his superiors, and was in fair way of becoming a partner of the great organization. Far better have pocketed his pique with his wages, and kept on with his employers, than turned himself adrift with nothing but a large family. He would doubtless have got even with Clark for the Fort Louis affair, if he had bided his time.

SON OF THE STAR. AUGUST, 1879.
(Died in Autumn of 1880.)

falo hides to make a bull-boat, and in two days after my arrival was under way for some lower post, hoping to be able to reach Fort Pierre. This was about the 20th of November [1846], altogether too late for such a journey; but the weather was fine and I thought I might reach some point where I could pass the winter, and thus keep out of Fort Union, where I did not think myself welcome. But the weather changed suddenly, and the next morning after leaving Union, full of ire at finding that I could not proceed any farther, I was obliged to return.

I must say that Mr. Kipp was fair enough with me. He furnished me with a room for myself and family, and provided my firewood and water, which had to be hauled from the river, all free of charge, and also allowed me to trade all the dried meat I wanted, charging myself what was thus expended. This enabled me to pass a half-pleasant winter; but, doubting that I should ever be re-engaged, I made up my mind to leave the Company, and take my family to the Flathead mission,[8] of which Father de Smet had so favorably spoken to me. So I made arrangements with Mr. Kipp to build me a boat, in which I was to leave early enough to reach the States in time to get off with the Mormon emigration.

---

[8] St. Mary's Mission, which was founded in 1840, when the Jesuits first entered the Bitterroot valley under De Smet, having come overland from the east. It was held by them till 1850, when it was bought by Major John Owen, who came into the valley as a trader that year, and remodeled the mission into Fort Owen. His bill of sale for the property, dated St. Mary's Mission, Flathead Country, Nov. 5, 1850, is extant.

According to agreement the boat was ready, and on the 5th of April [1847] I left Fort Union with my family, consisting of six children, accompanied also by Mr. Latty [Latta ?], son-in-law of Mr. Laidlaw, who had come up in the fall for his health, and two men. We had a pleasant trip, excepting some high winds, which sometimes caused us to remain as much as three days camped in the willows, and one fright from a war party of Rees.

When we stopped at Fort Clark, Mr. Des Hôtel, who was in charge, told us that a party of 22 Rees had gone to war on the Sioux in 11 bull-boats, two in each boat; but remarked that there would be no danger for us, as the partisan was a young man friendly to the whites. "This partisan is the son[*] of Old Star," said he, pointing to the old man, "and there is Old Star himself"; and a very fine looking fellow he was. The following morning we left, expecting to meet them on that or the following day, as they had started the day we arrived; but it was not till the second day, about noon, that we discovered the party. Although we had been well armed at the fort, and were not in much danger for ourselves, we could not feel entirely safe, on account of my family of Assiniboines, who were deadly enemies to the Rees; for I knew the latter to be worse than any others, in taking revenge on women. But we were soon discovered by them, and on we had to go. As soon as we came near they commenced to yell at a great rate, and in a moment our boat was surrounded. All those that could get hold grasped our boat; but this appeared to be done in good humor. As we thus drifted along with the current, they gave us some of their provisions, which were little balls made of pounded parched corn, mixed with marrow fat, and some boiled squashes; in exchange for which we gave them some fine fat buffalo meat. Ahead of us there was a boat which we afterward found contained the partisan, who, having given his orders, had gone on to find a suitable landing; and in a little while his party, who held us prisoners, landed us in his presence. He was a very fine-looking young man, and had his pipe ready for a smoke; but he understood so few words of Assiniboine that I could make out little of what he said, and was anxious to be out of the clutches of his party. I got out what tobacco I had, a good bundle of dried buffalo meat, and some sugar, of which I knew they were fond, and after this made a sign that I wanted to proceed on my journey; upon which he gave me the sign to go, charging me not to let any one at Fort Pierre know they were under way. Under such fair promises we took our leave of the gentlemen, having fared much better than we expected.

---

[*] Son of the Star was the brave and wise chief of his tribe in the '60's-'70's, and is believed to have died in the '80's. He was present in council at Fort A. Lincoln in May, 1875. The portrait we present is said to be a good likeness.

On we proceeded again, quite jovial, and praising the partisan, who we hoped might exchange his boats for horse-flesh, as that was what the party were after, and take some Sioux scalps, if these could be obtained. As we went along I began to think of what kind of a reception I should have from Mr. Picotte at Fort Pierre, which I somewhat dreaded to enter. But as I was a free man, who owed the Company nothing, I did not think there would be much danger in approaching him; and if he would not let me come into his fort, I could very well sleep outside, as I was used to it by this time.

At last we came in sight of the fort, and as ours was the first boat down this spring, many persons came to the landing to see who had arrived, and to learn the news. A little before landing, I saw Mr. Picotte at the head of the crowd, who had made way for him to be the first to receive us. He looked very pleasant, and I supposed he was glad to see Mr. Latty, who handed him the mail; but I soon found him well disposed toward us all. He shook hands with me in a very friendly manner, and invited me up to the fort, saying, "Never mind your baggage; I will send the wagon for it, and for your family." This was rather a surprise to me, who expected anything else but such a kind reception. We walked up to the office, where he opened the letters, read several, and after a while said, "Larpenteur, come to my room." I could not think what this private invitation meant, and supposed it would end in a scolding; but as he had been so kind as to invite me into his fort, and send for my family, I did not think it would be a very serious one. There was no one else in his room, where he bade me be seated, and then asked abruptly, "What made you leave the Company?" I replied that I had not left the Company; that I had left Clark only. After I had related the particulars he smiled and said, "It is true, Larpenteur, that I ought to have written to you; yet you did wrong—you who have been so long in the Company should have overlooked that, knowing how much we thought of you; and it would have been better for you, if you did not want to serve under Mr. Clark, to have remained at Fort Louis until the arrival of Mr. Culbertson, who you knew was to be up in the fall." To which I remarked that probably that would have been better, but that it would have been very disagreeable for both of us. "Now then," he continued, "I am told that Mr. Kipp treated you badly last winter. Did you have any words with him?" I then told him such reports were false; that I had no complaint to make against Mr. Kipp. "Well, now, here is a draft of $200 on your friend Johnson in St. Louis, in favor of the Company; what is that draft for?" "It is for provisions which I got during the winter," I replied. He then tore the draft to pieces and threw it into the fire. "Now," said he, "how much did you expect to save of your wages this year?" I told him that according to arrangements I had made with Mr. Denig, the clerk of Fort Union, I expected to save $300, if not more. "Well," said he, "come to the office; I will get the bookkeeper to make you out a draft on the Company for $300."

While the clerk was making out the draft supper was announced, and well was I prepared for that. After supper we all retired to the office, where most of the conversation was on the great discovery of gold in California, this being the first that we had heard of it; for the news had just reached Fort Pierre, and some could scarcely credit it. Mr. Picotte then said to me, "What are you going to do with your family? Are you going to settle below?" After telling him that my intention was to go on to the Flatheads, in company with the Mormon emigration, he said I should be too late for that; but, if I wished, he would give me a letter to Bordeaux, the person in charge of Fort John [10] on the Platte, where I could remain all winter and proceed on my journey early in the following spring; or, better than that, I could engage with the Company for another year, make arrangements with them to take me up as far as Fort Benton, and go from there to the Flatheads. This was very kind of him. Being prepared to go either by the Platte or by the Missouri, and convinced that I stood fair in the estimation of the Company, I left Fort Pierre next morning in great glee, holding Mr. Picotte high in my esteem.

On reaching the settlements, I learned that the Mormon emigration had gone, and that I was too late. So I went down as far as St. Joseph, Mo., where I left my family, and immediately proceeded to

---

[10] Fort Laramie, on the North Platte, then in charge of James Bordeaux. The great Mormon emigration of 1847 may be read conveniently in H. H. Bancroft's Works, vol. xxvi, being the Hist. of Utah, chap. x, pp. 252–274. Larpenteur was too late to join it, as it had passed Fort Laramie already, reaching the Black Hills early in June. Bancroft, p. 255, quotes an orig. MS. of 1847: "Fort John, or Laramie, was occupied by 'James Bordeaux and about eighteen French half-breeds and a few Sioux. . . . Two or three of us visited Mr. Bordeaux at the fort. We paid him $15 for the use of his ferry-boat. Mr. Bordeaux said that this was the most civil and best behaved company that had ever passed the fort.'" This year, 1847, is later than the time when it was usual to call Fort Laramie by its earlier name of Fort John: see note [11], p. 23.

St. Louis, where I arrived in time for the Company's steamer to the Yellowstone. I made arrangements to serve one season, and they were to bring up my small outfit for the Flatheads the following summer. Everything being thus arranged to my satisfaction, I took my family on board at St. Joe, and after a pleasant trip of six weeks we reached Fort Union on the 27th of June [1847].

CHAPTER XIV.

(1847-49.)

FORT BENTON AND ELSEWHERE.

A FEW days after my return to Fort Union I was reinstated in my former department; but as some of the clerks had gone to the States, and were not to return till the fall, I had an addition to my duties, having the retail store and the men to command, besides the trade. All went on smoothly, excepting that a war party of Sioux attacked the men at the hay field, wounding one, and killing four oxen which had been hitched to the shafts of the carts, in Red River fashion. The men came running, out of breath, to report the attack, saying they thought the oxen were all killed. I then took two Spaniards, mounted the best horses in the fort, and went to see how matters stood. On our arrival at the spot, ten miles from the fort, we found three carts turned over, the animals dead in the shafts, and the fourth ox standing in a ravine with several arrows in him, mortally wounded.

The usual time for the fall express arrived, and on the 15th of October [1847] Mr. James Kipp and suite made their entrance into Union, including Mr. James Bruguière, his nephew, who had formerly charge of the retail store and command of the men. So I was relieved and had only to attend to the Indians. For some time after Iron-eyed Dog had so much troubled me, young men who called at the fort on their war-paths would ask me how I liked my comrade, the Iron-eyed Dog; to which I would very imprudently reply that I had made my medicine for him, that I thought would be as strong as theirs if not stronger, and that they would find it out before the summer were over. Should anything happen to him after I made such a declaration my chance to escape unhurt would be small. To my great astonishment, a party of Blackfeet happened to surprise the Assiniboines during the summer and shot the Dog through the back. This was a bad shot for me, although I must confess that I was not sorry to hear of it, but the scamp was not killed. This news kept me somewhat uneasy. Harvey's Opposition boat having been ice-bound 18 miles below Union, he concluded to winter there; so a trader had to be sent from Union to oppose him, and I was chosen, for Mr. Kipp did not like to send his own dear nephew. So, toward the last of October [1847], I was dispatched with an outfit to build in opposition to Mr. Husband, that being the name of the gentleman in charge. I dreaded going to this place, for we had learned before arrival of the Opposition that the Dog had been killed by the Rees. At this time a good strong peace had been made with the Assiniboines by the Gros Ventres, Mandans, and Rees, and in the fall they would visit and trade corn. Mr. the Iron-eyed Dog was a great gambler; he had won a large quantity of goods from the Rees, and was returning to his camp well packed, when a small party of Rees overtook and shot him. My medicine was strong! Now his brother was in the camp where I had to go and build, on the bank of the Missouri, and the Dog had been killed about three weeks before. If I had been uneasy before, imagine how I felt now.

On my arrival in camp I was invited by the chiefs and most of the leading men into their lodges, as usual. After accepting many invitations, I returned to my own lodge, which I found well lined with visitors. A little while after I had taken my seat, hoping that invitations were all over, a little Indian boy came in, saying, "He invites you." Indians do not like to mention each other's names, on which account there is often trouble to get at the right name. At last one said, "He is the brother of the one who was killed by the Rees—look out for him!" "Now," said I to myself, "here is another scrape"; but knowing the

Indian character, and understanding their language, I thought I could get out of it. So I followed the boy to the lodge. On entering, I saw a great six-footer, in full mourning—that is, daubed all over with white clay, legs full of blood, head full of mud, and hair cut short; indeed, he did look like a monster. On my entering, without shaking hands he bade me sit down, and then commenced to light the pipe without saying another word. During this time I did my best to assume a sad countenance, to correspond with his own. At last he got through with the preparation of his pipe, lighted it, and having handed it to me, said, "I suppose you have learned of the misfortune I have met with." I then answered, "Yes, we have, and on learning this sad news we were all very sorry. It is true your brother was troublesome when in liquor, but this we always overlooked, knowing it was not his fault, and, aside from liquor, he was a good man—a good robe-maker, whom the chief of the post thought a great deal of. I have heard my chief say that he thought the Dog would become the chief of the band of the One who Holds the Knife [Gauché]; and indeed I was of the same opinion." The poor fellow, or the villain, thinking by my talk that he had lost a greater brother than he had supposed, burst into a tremendous lamentation, which I did not know how to take; but it did not last long. During my confab a small wooden bowl was placed before me, filled with pounded buffalo meat and a few pieces of marrow fat; but I had already been to so many feasts that I could not partake of this. When I thought the mourning ceremony over, I told the monster my reason for not eating, said that I would take it to my family, and asked him to send his little boy with me for the pan. This is customary with them. The little boy followed me to my lodge. Having shaken hands with him, I gave the boy a large plug of tobacco, put some hawk-bells, some vermilion, a knife, and various small trinkets in his pan, and sent him back. My success was so great that I got all this man's trade during the winter,[1] and he remained my best friend. So much for having buttered him so well!

During this winter [1847-48], myself and James Bruguière, who each had an Indian family, formed a partnership to open trade with the Flatheads. We sent down our requisition and were to go up in the keel boat to Benton, where we were to proceed to the Flatheads with a wagon and pack-horses. Mr. Culbertson had moved Fort Louis down the previous spring [of 1847], this being the season after Fort Benton was built.[3]

---

[1] While Larpenteur was at this outpost he was visited by Palliser, from whom we hear of him by name: "Next morning [in March, 1848] . . . we rose early and reached Mr. Larpenter's [*sic*] post late in the evening. This was a very miserable hut, and the supply of dry meat with which he and his companions were provided was so small, that I made but one day's halt," Palliser, 1853, p. 191. Palliser reached Fort Berthold a few days later, on Apr. 1, 1848.

---

[3] We thus discover the close date of abandoning Fort Louis, after establishment of Fort Benton in 1846. For the latter, see L. and C., ed. of 1893, p. 355. Benton fell heir to all the glories of Union when the latter succumbed to Buford; it became an emporium, the entrepot of the whole northwest. In the winter of 1862–63 about 35 persons lived at Benton. In 1864 it was sold by the A. F. Co. to the N. W. Co.; in October of 1869 it was occupied by U. S. troops, mainly as an entrepot for Fort Shaw, on Sun river, and Fort Ellis, on the Gallatin near Bozeman, both of which posts started in 1867. Before 1865, the steamboat arrivals had ranged from none to 4 each summer; there were 8 in 1865, and next year the number leaped up to 31. This was exceeded in 1867, when 39 arrived; there were 35 in 1868, and 42 in 1869. Those were four great years for Benton—1866–69. Immediately after military occupation the arrivals fell off to 8 in 1870, 6 in 1871, 12 in 1872, 7 in 1873, 6 in 1874, etc. This last was the year in which I made Benton my point of departure in a small open boat, on a voyage of 835 miles down the Missouri to Bismarck. The town which grew up about the post had a boom about 1882–83, when no fewer than 27 steamboats reached Benton one summer. When the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba branch of the Great Northern Railway was brought past, it killed the river trade, and the importance of Benton began to wane in favor of Great Falls, which latter it was the policy of James J. Hill and Paris Gibson to build up. When I again stood on the spot, Oct. 15, 1893, I viewed the crumbling ruins of disused Fort Benton, close to the river bank, about the lower end of the town, which reached a mile or so up river. Relics of departed great-

The steamer, which never failed, arrived on time [in the summer of 1848], bringing up our requisition. Being put in charge of the keel boat I started on my second trip to the Blackfeet. Unfortunately for us the river was even lower this season than it was last and we were 90 days on our trip. The Flatheads had news that we were coming, and as they were at peace with the Blackfeet, a party had come to Fort Benton, thinking it was about time we arrived. They had been disappointed, but left word where we could find them, saying they would assist us over the mountains; but we were frustrated in this good thing.

A band of Blackfeet, called the Little Robes,[3] after

---

ness still stood at the water's edge, in the shape of snubbing-posts at which the boats used to tie up; but the shriek of the locomotive told another story as the train rattled by the bluffs, a mile and a half back of town. Charles Rowe, who was keeping a shack called the Overland Hotel in 1874, was in 1893 mayor of the town, besides being proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel, two squares from which were still to be seen the ruins of Fort Campbell, so named for Tom Campbell, a great character in those parts when I was there in 1874. The ford was still used when the river permitted, but an iron bridge spanned the Missouri.

[3] These do not appear to have been a well-known band. De Smet, Oreg. Miss., etc., 1847, p. 326, has the following: "The Black-Feet nation consists of about 14,000 souls, divided into six tribes, to wit: the *Pegans*, the *Surcees*, the *Blood Indians*, the *Gros-Ventres* (descendants of the Rapahos), the Black-Feet (proper), and the *Little Robes*. These last were almost entirely destroyed in 1845." Catlin also speaks of the Little Robes as a band of about 250 lodges, early in the '30's. De Smet's Gros-

the name of their chief, instead of following the rest of the tribe north after trade was over, remained on the south side of the Missouri. Some of Little Robe's young men happened to have a fight with the Flatheads; some one of each party was killed and horses were stolen. So the peace was broken, and the Flatheads returned to their country as fast as they could. This was bad news for us, as the peace had been an inducement for us to undertake this trade.

Still, go we must, and horses must be had, which could not be procured without going to Little Robe's camp to trade them; and there was some risk in that. At this time Mr. Clark was in charge of Benton, and I must say he did all he could for me. He lent me horses to go to the camp and also sent his interpreter with me; a very good one he was, and had he not been with me, it is doubtful whether I should have returned. The second day after we left the fort we came to the camp; it was yet early, and the horse trade soon commenced. This was going on finely, when an old rascal commenced a harangue, in which he said, "Why do you trade horses to that stranger?

Ventres are not those so called on the Missouri, otherwise the Minnitarees or Hidatsas, but the Grosventres of the Plains or Prairies, otherwise Fall Indians or Atsinas, an Algonquian tribe confederated with the Siksikas or Blackfeet proper: see Henry and Thompson Journs., 1897, pp. 530, 531.

He wants them to take arms to trade with your enemies. You had better take what he has, and send him home," and a great deal of other bad talk, which at last induced them to take back their horses, for which, however, they returned to us very nearly the correct payment. All this was owing to my interpreter, for, had any other than him been with me, they never would have brought back anything, and most likely would have taken our pile. At last he said, "We had better pack up and leave; the longer we stay the worse it will be for us." Taking his advice, we packed up and went away, leaving the old scoundrel still at his harangue, and having been able to retain but two horses out of eight which we had traded. After this bad luck, we reached Fort Benton next day.

As the season was far advanced, we had no time to wait for the return of the Indians from the north, nor did we think it advisable to do so under the present circumstances. Through the kind efforts of Mr. Clark, we were furnished with two wagons, two carts, and eight pack-horses, besides the four horses to each wagon, and two to each cart; also, with ten men, and a good guide—at least, one who was thought good. It was about the end of October [1848] when we left Fort Benton again. As our horses were not well broken to harness, we had some trouble for the first few days, after which we went along about half right. On the fourth day out we reached Sun river[4] early. My hunter had been in luck, having killed three grizzly bears, and he brought to camp the meat of the cubs, which, at this season, are very fat. It was but fun for this hunter to kill them. He came into the mountains at the same time I did, with Robert Campbell [in 1833], and had remained all this time in and about them; he had been hunter for Captain Stewart, who came out from England two seasons in succession to hunt in the Rocky mountains.

While the fat cubs were boiling we dug the bank of Sun river to make a crossing place, mine being the first spade ever sunk in this ground by a white man, and my wagon the first to cross this stream, in the year 1848. After a good dinner we hitched up again; the river was fordable, with a good gravelly bottom, and our crossing was made without much trouble.

---

[4] Medicine river of Lewis and Clark, falling into the Missouri from the W. immediately above the series of falls on the latter, at the town of Great Falls: see L. and C., ed. of 1893, pp. 371, 373. It is 63 m. from Fort Benton by the trail to Fort Shaw; most likely the point at which Larpenteur struck Sun river was near this fort, at the crossing now called Sun River. Shaw was first started as Camp Reynolds, June 30, 1867, when Major Wm. Clinton of the 13th Infantry, with four companies, selected the site, 20 m. up the river; but on Aug. 1 of that year the name was changed in honor of Col. Robert G. Shaw, 54th Mass. Vols., killed at Fort Wagner July 18, 1863.

We camped a short distance below the ford, where we had plenty of grass and wood. Our guide, who was a young Piegan Indian, had not been seen since breakfast, as he knew we were acquainted with this part of the country. We thought he might have gone in search of deer or bighorns, and were not uneasy about him till it became dark, when some began to think he had deserted us; at bedtime he had not made his appearance, and in the morning we found ourselves without a guide. Now what to do was the question. No one knew the way to the Flatheads, even by a foot path. I thought of my hunter, who was accustomed to travel through mountains, and proposed to take him with me, and try to find the Flatheads.

The next morning we started, thinking we had given our guide sufficient time to make his appearance. Expecting to find game, we took nothing with us but a little sugar and coffee; but we were mistaken in that, for when one gets in the mountains he is out of the range of game, as I found out afterward.[8] On the fourth day, when on the summit of a mountain, there was a heavy snow, and we had eaten but one partridge and two ducks since the day after we left camp. After this fall of snow, having found no practicable wagon road, nor even any fit one for pack animals, we concluded to turn back.

---

[8] Larpenteur does not tell us where he struck the mountains, but if he had known where to find Lewis and Clark's Pass, he

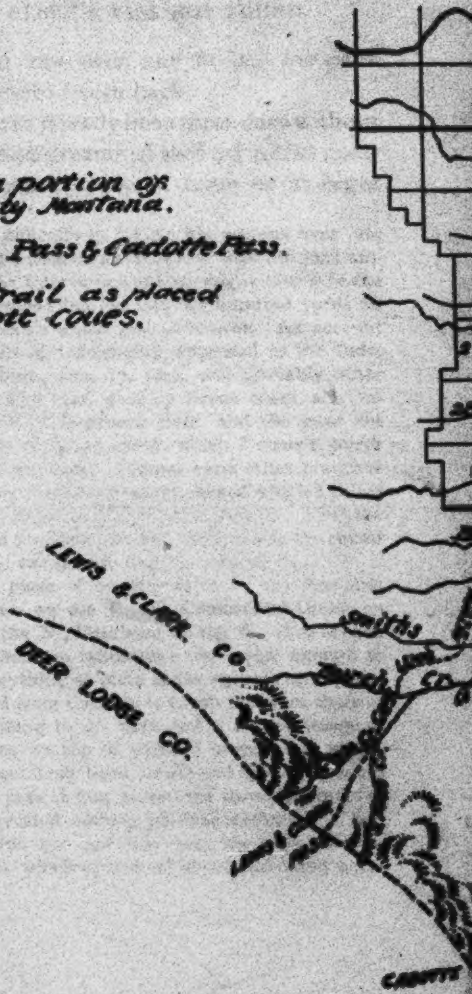
At this time we had already been three days without eating. Now the fine dreams of well-set tables commenced, with no conversation at noon or at night

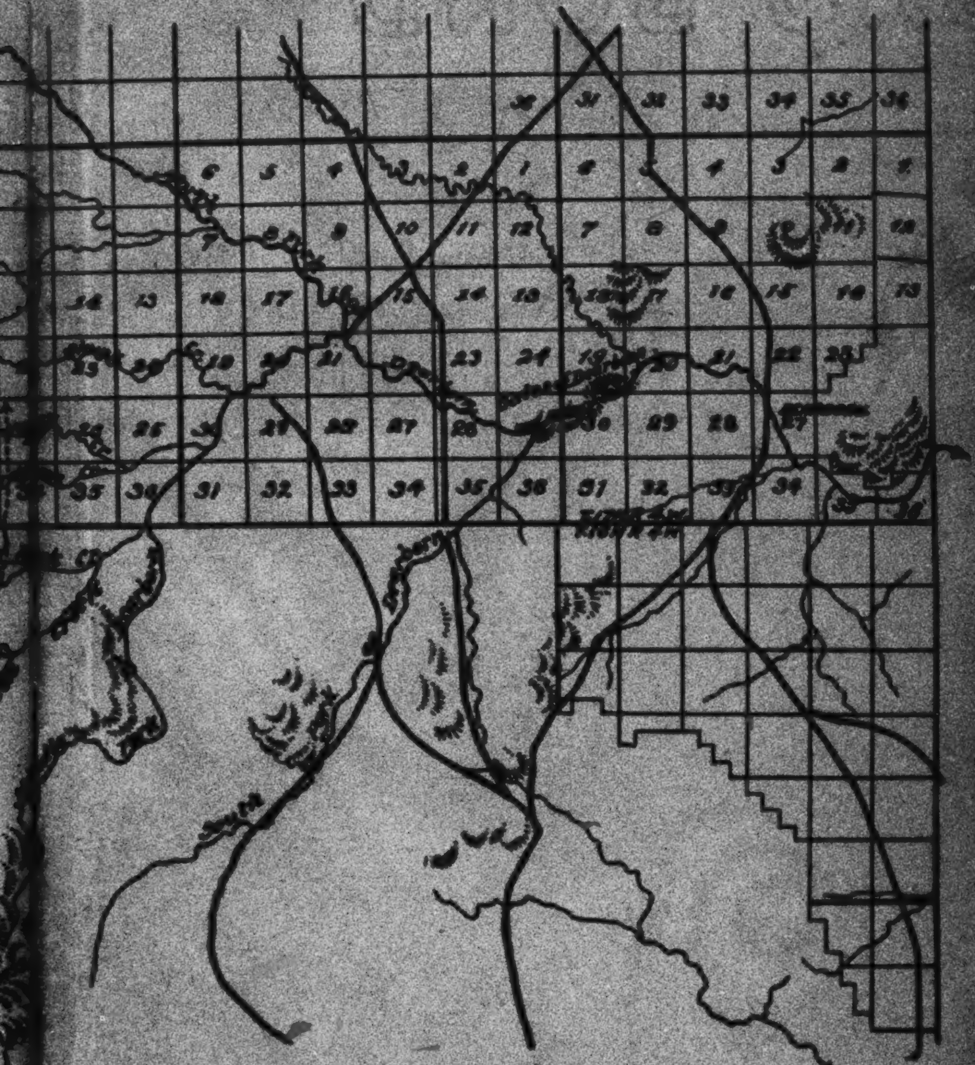
---

would have had little difficulty in taking his wagons over into the Bitterroot valley, and no trouble whatever with his pack animals. In the fall of 1893 I drove in a spring wagon nearly to the summit of the pass, surmounting the last few hundred yards on foot, in the traces of wheels which had gone over. An account of this trip, with details of topography, appeared in the Independent of Helena, Mont., Oct. 17, 1893, and probably other Western newspapers. The road goes up Green creek, a tributary of the middle fork of Dearborn river, and the pass lies between the two heads of Green creek, which I named North Pass creek and South Pass creek. I found some other branches of Green creek which are as yet unmapped, one of which I called Burch's, after Mr. J. H. Burch, one of my companions. I left the railroad at Cascade, on the Missouri, and easily made the round trip in 2¼ days. See L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 1077, *et seq*.

That is a beautiful piece of country to travel in—that area inclosed by the Missouri on the E., the Continental Divide on the W., Sun river on the N., Dearborn on the S. It is broken enough to be full of first-rate landmarks, and open enough to show them all off—everything as plain as the squares on a chessboard. When I started from Cascade to climb the main chain of the Rockies I had nothing to go upon but a mental image of Lewis and Clark's Pass, on top of which I proposed to stand. The natives of what had long been Lewis and Clark Co. could tell me nothing of any pass of that name; the snowy summits of the range before me revealed nothing but inaccessibility. I had been assured there was but one way over the main Divide, namely, Cadotte's Pass, which I knew all about and cared noth-

Enlarged copy of a portion of
Lewis & Clark County Montana.
showing
Green Creek, Lewis & Clark Pass & Cadotte Pass.
also
Capt. Lewis's return trail as placed
thereon by Dr Elliott Coues.




36 31 32 33 34 35 36
6 5 4 3 2 1 6 5 4 3 2 1
7 8 9 10 11 12 7 8 9 10 11 12
14 13 16 17 18 15 14 13 18 17 16 15 14 13
23 24 19 20 21 22 23
25 27 28 27 26 30 29 28 27
35 36 31 32 33 34 35 36 31 32 33 34 35 36

camp, and this lasted three days longer. On the morning of the sixth day of our starvation my hunter found a mare and colt. Having traveled about two hours, we perceived a party of warriors; but, fortu-

ing about. But I heard from one person of another pass, called Pend d'Oreille, said to be somewhere N. of Cadotte's; and was satisfied that this was the one I wished to reach when I learned that an old Indian trail from Sun river led to this Pend d'Oreille gap—for, did not Captain Lewis follow an Indian trail from his pass to that river, July 7, 1806? Then I found a young fellow named Michael Casey, who said he knew nothing of any pass, but could put me on that old trail. Enough—we started. The first thing I recognized was Shishequaw mountain of L. and C., which stands out so strongly as Heart mountain on Stevens' bird's-eye lithograph, but which Casey called Haystack butte. Having followed up the N. fork of Dearborn river far enough, through a curious place I called the Gates of Dearborn, we approached the foot of the great range at a point marked by twin hills, which the people who live under them have named Sunrise buttes. Next morning, not long after the sun had gilded their tops, I was on the trail, retracing Captain Lewis' footsteps; and the sun at his meridian scintillated through a whirl of sparkling snow blown off surrounding mountain tops as I stood breathless on the crest of the Great Divide, in the tracks of the original explorer. A few days afterward the Surveyor General of Montana, Mr. George O. Eaton, in whom I discovered a gentleman who had assisted me to embalm the body of an officer killed by a stroke of lightning near Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo., in 1877, was kind enough to reduce my rough topographical notes to scale, and give me a blue print; from which has been made the map now facing the reader. I believe it to be the most accurate delineation we possess of the approach to the pass by the Indian trail which Captain Lewis followed down from the Divide en route to Sun river.

nately for us, we saw them first, turned back a few steps, and then struck for the roughest part of the mountains to hide and select a good place for defense, in case we should be found. During this rambling I thought of a dried buffalo sinew which I had in my bullet pouch to mend moccasins. I pulled it out and cut it in two, offering my hunter a part of it, which he refused, saying, " Eat it all; I believe I can starve better than you." So, without asking him a second time, I soon demolished the sinew, which I found excellent, except that it was too small. We at last found a good hiding place among the rocks, where we remained concealed till near sunset, scared and mighty hungry. The mare was a fine, fat one, but she had gone lame in one of her hips. My hunter, being by this time perhaps as hungry as I was, went out of our hiding place, and very soon I heard a shot. He came back, saying, " We shall have plenty to eat now." " What have you killed? " I asked. " I have shot the old mare," he replied. We both got a piece of the liver and some ribs, went to a place where there was wood, near by, made a small fire, and began to cook. The liver we threw on the embers, but the coals of tamarack pine turned it so very black that, at first, I thought it impossible to eat any. On digging pretty well into it, I found some of it eatable; but this was laid aside when the fine fat ribs were roasted. The fat tasted excellent, but the lean part was rather insipid, and appeared to need a great deal of seasoning to make it palatable. As bad luck would have it, we had forgotten our salt at last night's camp; so I tried sugar, but that was worse than without.[6] However, we made a fine supper, and grew a little more talkative. In the morning, having looked around as well as we could, to see if we could discover Indians, and found no signs of any, we made up our minds to get under way again, and did so, taking with us a good supply of mare meat. We now traveled without fear of starvation, though our great uneasiness regarding enemies rendered the journey very unpleasant; but we were so fortunate as to reach camp the next day, having seen nothing alarming. We found them all right in camp, but without much to eat, meat being all out. I offered them some of the meat I had, but when they found out what kind it was they declined, saying they thought they could hold out a while longer. As I did not have much left, and had got used to it by this time, I was not sorry for their refusal, now that I had pepper and salt. I can assure the reader that horse meat makes excellent steaks.

---

[6] This locution, which I leave as I find it in Larpenteur's MS., reminds me of the little boy who, being asked to define salt, replied, "Salt is what makes soup taste bad if you don't put it in."

Finding no road, winter advancing, fear of war parties—all those things taken into consideration induced us to make up our minds to turn back and winter at Benton. This move, which was the best I could make under the circumstances, was anything but consoling to me. I knew that I was a ruined man. Aside from the danger apprehended on our return to Benton, my situation was an awful one; but there was no alternative. Next morning we got under way for Benton. On the following day, in the afternoon, we discovered Indians on the other side of the Missouri, yelling with all their might and making signs for us to come to them. This gave us a great fright, the women and children crying and going on at a great rate, knowing that we could not reach timber in time should the enemy rush on us. Yet nothing better could be done than to try to make the timber. Had it not been for the women and children, we would have stood our ground behind our wagons, but on their account we made for timber. In the meantime we saw the Indians going up the Missouri, not appearing to want to cross; and, applying the whip pretty sharply, we finally reached the so-much-desired timber, where, losing no time, we forted the best we could, expecting an immediate attack. Night came without further alarm, and arrangements were made for a good strong guard. Just after we had retired a tremendous croaking and cawing of crows was heard, which brought all hands up again, much frightened. The women and children being as well secreted as we could, every man stood to his gun, awaiting the attack; but, when an hour or more passed and nothing happened the fright subsided, and all came out of their hiding places—I mean the women folks and children. Then the talk was that it was a bad omen to hear crows croak at night, and my Canadians had a long sitting up, relating their superstitious stories. I thought that the crows might have been frightened by Indians, who, seeing us thus put on our guard, had concluded to delay the attack until morning. So the same guard was continued, and after a little all was quiet again.

Morning came and all was right. My hunter, who had got up earlier than the others and gone to see what he could discover, soon returned, saying that he had found out why the crows made such a noise last night. The party of Indians we had seen had passed through the timber, where they had killed two elk, taken most of the meat, and gone on their way. The crows had feasted on part of it, when Mr. Bruin, coming for his share at night, had frightened the birds away from their repast. This was the whole cause of their alarming noise. Luckily for us there was more meat than the bear and all the crows could eat, and my hunter brought enough of their leavings to make us a good breakfast. We were soon hitched up and ready to start, hoping to reach Benton the next day, provided we met with no accident on the way. Our hopes being realized, we entered Benton, all safe and sound.

Upon arrival we were informed that the Indians we had seen were those who had killed the elk we had found. They were a party going to war on the Flatheads, and had left the fort shortly after we did, having been told that we were on our w[illegible]o the Flatheads, and warned not to trouble us if they saw us. They were Piegans—good Indians, who promised not to harm us; and we afterward learned from a couple of them that they had seen us and made signs for us to come after meat; but, seeing that we were frightened, kept on their way.

At the time we returned to Benton, the Indians had commenced to arrive from the north. Among them was a small Indian named Sata,[7] a half-breed Flathead and Blackfoot, who had guided Father De Smet and others from the Flathead mission. He said he could find a wagon road, and if I wished would show me the way. Having been inspired with confidence in him by the people of the fort, and being anxious to see the Flatheads, wagon road or no wagon road, I determined to try that famous guide.

---

[7] De Smet, Oreg. Missions, etc., 1847, p. 328, speaks of this Indian by name, in amusingly theological terms. The good father is on his way from St. Mary's Mission in the Bitterroot valley, and is approaching Fort Louis on the Missouri, Sept. 22, 1846, when he thus vouches for his proselyte, neophyte, acolyte, or whatever the mongrel ex-pagan may have been: "SATA, our interpreter, acts the part of an Apostle—after each interpretation, he resumes his discourse, and speaking from the abundance of his heart, produces a powerful effect upon his audience. The word *Sata*

does not differ in signification from *Satan*, and as the Indian generally receives his name from the natural disposition he manifests, we may safely conclude, when such a name is given to a Black-Foot, that the grace of God has operated most powerfully in converting this savage to what he is at present." With which pious conclusion we might agree, if we could imagine this etymology of the name *Sata* to be as sound as we have no doubt De Smet's theology would be found by anyone who could understand such comical twaddle.

In October of 1893 I traversed the entire valley of the Bitterroot from Missoula to the summit of Gibbon's Pass, up one side of the river and down on the other, on the double trail of Lewis and Clark, in an ambulance furnished at the instance of the Secretary of War by my old friend, Col. Andrew Sheridan Burt, commanding Fort Missoula. On the 25th I passed through Corvallis, where are still visible the ruins of Fort Stevens, built in 1853 by Lt. John Mullan, and named in honor of Gov. Isaac I. Stevens, for whom was also named Stevensville, Ravalli Co., Mont., where I slept that night. On the S. W. flank of Stevensville is St. Mary's Mission, a small church built of chinked hewn logs, with a dwelling in the rear and some other buildings, the whole shaded with large cottonwoods, planted on three sides of a square. On the W. is a graveyard, in the middle of which stands the monument of Father Ravalli, a fellow-worker with De Smet, beloved and respected by all for his good deeds. The lot is about 20 x 20 feet, inclosed with metal rails and chains on low marble posts; in the center rises

The third day after my return to Benton I was on the way again, taking one of my men who understood the Blackfoot language well. I was mounted on a fine stuball[*] horse, much fancied by Indians, well dressed and well equipped; my man was also well arranged, and we felt sure this time of seeing the Flatheads. The first evening, about camping time, we fell in with a small camp of Blackfeet, who invited us

---

the monument, about 14 feet high, consisting of a granite pedestal with a marble plinth and square tapering shaft surmounted by a cross marked I. H. S. in German text. The inscription is: "Montana's Tribute to Father Antony Ravalli S. J. Who spent forty years in this far west, for the good of souls and suffering mankind, as a zealous missionary and charitable physician. Died Oct. 2, 1884. R. I. P."

[*] *Sic*—for *skewbald*, meaning spotted askew or irregularly with white; equivalent to *piebald*. *Skewbald* is a fair word, which will be found in most dictionaries, though now obsolescent or provincial. But it may not be generally known that *skewball* or *stuball* survives in the West, or did survive till the Civil War at least, when either of these words formed the refrain of some nonsense-verses that made an immensely popular, uproarious drinking-song. I first heard it at Fort Larned on the Arkansaw in 1864, when I was a slender, pale-faced, lantern-jawed, girlish-looking youth, without a hair on lip or chin and hardly dry behind the ears—what would I not give to look like that now? Anathema Maranatha, Tempus edax rerum! I do not recall the song intact, but it largely consisted of "When Johnny comes marching home again, *skewball!* says I"; and "We'll all drink stone blind, Johnny fill up the bowl!" How often it was dinged into my startled ears on the particular occasion to which I refer may be inferred from Pike, ed. 1895, p. 426.

to stay over night with them, and we willingly did so, saving ourselves the trouble of making camp. But it was not long before I repented of having accepted the invitation. I soon felt a crawling in my underclothes, and by morning it seemed as though I were being raised clear out of bed. I before never felt so miserable in my life, and in spite of all I could do, I could not get rid of the lice till I returned to Benton.

Our next encampment was at the Great Falls of the Missouri. The noise was so great that we could scarcely hear each other talk, but I could very well feel the graybacks hunting for their suppers in my shirt. Sata happened to kill a fine buck and we had a glorious supper. Having traveled for two days without any unusual occurrence, pretty much on the same kind of road as on my former trip, we reached the base of the mountains. Sata remarked that we had best try to get some meat, as game was scarce in the mountains, and now was the time to provide for ourselves. Thinking myself somewhat of a hunter I went a little ahead of the party next morning, and soon saw some objects crossing a small brook, at so great a distance that I was unable to distinguish whether they were men or game. Hoping they were deer, I slipped the cover off my double-barrel, and went after them. When in the act of shooting, I discovered on my left, behind a small hill, an object which I could not make out, but thought was probably a wolf. Sata and my man, who had come up by this time, asked me, " What have you seen? " I replied in Blackfoot, " Matahpey," meaning " people." On our advancing a few steps, fifteen naked Indians, with guns, bows, and arrows rose up before us, ready to shoot; but Sata cried out, " My brothers! my brothers! don't shoot! It is I." Hearing this they put down their arms, came up, and shook hands. They said, then, that they had discovered us, taken us for beaver trappers, and had made arrangements to kill us. As to myself, whom they took to be the chief, they had me killed already in imagination; one was to have my stuball horse, one my sky-blue coat, another my gun, and so on in the partition of my effects. The object I had taken to be a wolf was one of the Indians, who remarked himself that he had got a little nearer me than the balance of his party, and that I might be glad his gun was hard on the trigger; for he had aimed well at my breast, and I surely would have been a dead man, had he got his gun to go off. On learning where we were going, they told my guide that it was impossible for us to cross the mountains; that they had had great trouble to return, and that our animals could not get over. Thereupon, my Sata gave up the idea of going any farther, and concluded to turn back with them.

So there was another trip for nothing, except gathering an awful crop of graybacks, which I thought would devour me before my return to Benton. The Indians were delighted to see us turn back, immediately struck out on a hunt, and at the place agreed upon to encamp, came in with three fine deer, of which little was left in the morning. This was a party of young men, full of fun and mirth. I could not have been better treated than I was by them. On arriving in camp my place was prepared for me; the best spot was made as soft as it could be, by pulling and cutting small willows on which to spread my bedding. Then the best pieces of meat were cooked in various ways, and given to me first of all. There were roast and boiled meat, liver and guts broiled on the coals, blood pudding—in fact, all that was considered eatable of the animals. They kept this cooking going on almost all night—it is incredible what a quantity an Indian can eat. With the exception of such feasts nothing took place on our return worth mentioning, and on the fourth day after falling in with this party we entered Fort Benton again.

Although all my efforts had been in vain, I did not yet abandon the idea of the undertaking, which I intended to put through early in the spring. Eight or ten days after my return, I was taken with a pain in the breast, which I laid to my starvation and exposure, and the failure of my undertaking. I could not help taking my disappointment to heart, and this, I believe, was the cause of a great derangement of my nervous system, from which I never completely recovered. Mr. Culbertson, who had returned from the States, treated me extremely well, and I passed as pleasant a winter [of 1848–49] as could be expected, situated as we were.

During this winter the whole tribe of the Blackfeet learned that our intentions were to proceed to the Flatheads in the spring, and remonstrated against it. The leading chiefs advised us not to go, saying that it would not be good for us, even if we succeeded in getting there safe; that we would not be safe when we got there; that there would be war parties constantly about the Missouri; and that the tribe would not go north as usual, but would remain south of the Missouri, with the intention of carrying on war with the Flatheads.

This information, from such sources, induced us to abandon the project. We sold out to the Company, and early in the spring [of 1849] went down to Fort Union with Mr. Culbertson. We left Benton in a large Mackinaw boat. Having started so early, we were sometimes ice-bound, and suffered a great deal from cold. The water was very low, and frequently we had to jump into the river to get the boat off sand bars, while there was ice running. I was generally one of the first in and last out of the water. Twenty days out from Benton we landed at Union.

On my arrival I was offered $1000 a year to take charge of Fort Alexander, which, at that time, was considered the most dangerous post the Company had. But, wishing to take my family to some place where I could open a small farm, on which they could remain, should I return to the Indian country, and feeling sick besides, I refused the offer.

While at Union I learned that the Company wanted to sell Vermilion post. So I concluded to go down and see what I could do in that line. I procured a small canoe, hired one man, and started for the States. There I was, again on the march, in a hollow log, for the distance of 1200 or 1500 miles. Luckily, this time I reached Trading Point[*] without any accident, and remained there awaiting the arrival of the Company's steamer to return to Union. On my way down I stopped a few days at the Vermilion post, but was not pleased with it, and abandoned the idea of making any arrangements there.

---

[*] In Iowa, Mills Co., on or near boundary of Pottawatomie Co., about the 653-mile point of the Missouri, nearly opposite Bellevue, Sarpy Co., Neb. The first thing ever named here was Camp White Catfish of Lewis and Clark, given as 10 m. N. 15° W. above the mouth of the Platte, where the explorers rested July 22–26, 1804: L. and C., ed. 1893, pp. 52, 54. The name of Trading or Traders' Point seems to have lapsed: but the vicinity was noted during many years for the sites of various establishments which have left their traces in such names as old St. Mary's, Sarpy's, Bledsoe's, etc. Bellevue appears as the only permanent one of them. This was once a trading post of the Mo. F. Co., of

At last the steamer arrived. I went on board, where a letter was handed to me from my father, saying that he had sold his farm near Baltimore, and gone to St. Paul with my brother Eugene, to assist him to settle there, and also to see his grandson, A. L. Larpenteur.[10] He was then to proceed to France, which he wanted to see once more before his death, and then to return and die in America with his children. He urged me strongly to leave the Indian country and settle near the rest of the family, where what property I might have, with what he could do for me, would enable me to live more comfortably than I could while wandering in the Indian country, exposing myself to the risk of losing my scalp.

---

which a Mr. Dougherty was in charge in 1833; on the dissolution of this company it was bought by Mr. Fontenelle, who sold it to the Government when he was appointed Indian agent, and settled a few hundred yards lower down. St. Mary's bend was cut off in 1879, and the latest chart I have gives the landing for Bellevue as 11.3 m. above the mouth of the Platte.

[10] Owner of the original MSS. upon which the present work is based. Address The Anchorage, 341 Dale St., St. Paul, Minn.

Situated as I was, this news was well calculated to revive my hopes; but being born for bad luck, my agreeable expectations were not of long duration. Yet I had some pleasant moments, thinking that I should meet my old father again, whom I had not seen since 1838, and be united again with all the family after a separation of upward of 20 years; and I began to think that perhaps it was well for me not to have reached the Flatheads.

On reaching the Vermilion I was informed that a gentleman had just arrived from St. Paul, across the country, to take the census of the Santee half-breeds; and, at the same moment, the person himself came on board. After being introduced I asked him if he was acquainted with A. L. Larpenteur, to which he replied, " I know him very well." I then asked him if he knew whether that Mr. Larpenteur's grandfather had come from Baltimore. He answered in the affirmative, but added that he had bad news for me; which was that the old gentleman had died the third day after arrival at St. Paul, and that he, my informant, had attended the funeral.

I will leave the reader to imagine my feelings, and to sympathize with me, if there is any sympathy in him. The steamer is pushing off, and I must resume my journey, as well as my story.

During my short stay at the Vermilion, on my way down, Mr. Culbertson had overtaken me there, also on his way to meet the steamer; but, learning that there was cholera on board, he made up his mind to go no further, and to return to Fort Pierre. His reason for going to meet the boat was that they apprehended difficulty with the Indians at Crow Creek[11]

---

[11] "Crow creek" is a name of no fewer than three streams not very far apart, above White river and below the Great Bend of the Missouri. The term refers to the bird, not to Crow Indians; and the nomenclature has led to so much confusion that the following explanation may be serviceable:

1. The name Crow creek originated in *Corvus* creek of Lewis and Clark: see ed. of 1893, p. 118. This stream falls into the right (W.) bank of the Missouri at the 1064-mile point of the Mo. R. Comm. charts, about 8 m. above the mouth of White river. Lewis and Clark passed it Sept. 16, 1804, and camped a mile above. This stream became the American river of Nicollet's map, and the American Crow creek of Warren's and later maps. A place at its mouth was called Oacama, and here was established the Brulé Agency. Five miles higher up, at the 1069-mile point, on the other side of the Missouri, is Chamberlain, seat of Brulé Co., S. Dak., on a small stream now called American creek, by duplication of part of the name of American Crow creek, but formerly Rantesha river of Nicollet, and Cedar Island river of Warren. This higher creek falls in opposite that Cedar island which is the Second Cedar island of Nicollet and of Warren, and which was the site of old Fort Recovery. Nicollet marks "Old Ft. Aux Cedres" directly opposite this island, on the W. (right) side of the Missouri, but perhaps its position was the same as that of old Fort Recovery. Maximilian, Trav., p. 147 of the ed. of 1843, says: ". . . the 25th of May [1833], we had already reached the White river, and at noon came to a place where the Cedar Fort, a trading post of the Missouri Fur

Agency, in case their annuities were not on board. So Mr. Culbertson told me, privately, of his writing to Mr. Sarpy, who was in charge, to tell him, in case the annuities were not on board, to send a dispatch to Fort Pierre, and he would come down and help to pass the boat; but, if they had the annuities, it would not be necessary for him to be there. At this time

Company, had formerly stood. When the Company was dissolved, this and other settlements were abandoned, and demolished by the Indians."

2. Ascending the Missouri about 12 m. from Chamberlain, or to about the 1081-mile point, we come to a place where, on a ridge of bluffs, an Arikara village once stood and was destroyed by the Sioux; opposite which was Fort Lookout, a post of the French Fur Company. "Sioux Agency, or, as it is now [1833] usually called, Fort Lookout, is a square, of about 60 paces, surrounded by pickets. . . Close to the fort, in a northerly direction, the Fur Company of Mr. Sublette had a dwelling house, with a store; and, in the opposite direction, was a similar post of the American Fur Company," Maxim., p. 148.

3. We are now nearing the celebrated Trois Rivières des Sioux, the Three Sioux rivers, or Three Rivers of the Sioux Pass of L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 122. These fall into the left bank of the Missouri not far apart—the first two of them about a mile apart, say at 1082 and 1083, with a bluff between them; the third one about 2 m. higher up than the second. Opposite and below their mouths is the very large and shifty island called Prospect or Laurel (French Isle des Lauriers). Directly opposite the two first of the Sioux rivers, on the right (W.) bank of the Missouri, at the 1082½-mile point, was Fort Hale, whence the road led to Red Cloud Agency. Now, as to the names of these Three Sioux rivers: The *first* or lowest one of them became Crow creek, and I know no other name for it. The *second* became Wolf creek,

Major Hatting, their "father,"[13] a young man of about 26 or 27, was on board.

Five or six days after we left the Vermilion post we arrived at Crow Creek, or as it was called, the Collins Campbell houses. After the boat landed, three barrels of hard-tack were put ashore, with some sugar and coffee, and given to the Indian soldiers; after which the men were sent to take in wood, which was all ready for the boat. In the meantime the Indians, who had not been invited on board, as was customary, took offense, and knocked the heads out of the barrels of hard-tack, which they threw into the river;

also called Pokende by Nicollet, Shompapi by Warren, and Elm by Heap. The *third* became Campbell's creek, also called Chanpepenan by Nicollet and Caswell by Heap. On this third one of the Sioux rivers was Campbell's old trading post. This stood some little way up Campbell's creek, opposite the 1085-mile point of the Missouri, on the W. bank of the creek.

4. Higher still, at the 1089-mile point, a *fourth* creek comes into the same side of the Missouri as the Three Sioux rivers; and its name is *Crow* creek again, duplicating the name of the First Sioux river. It is the Sniyan Otka creek of Nicollet, and has also been called Soldiers' creek. On this was Fort Thompson, and the Crow Creek Agency. This *place*, as distinguished from the stream itself, became known as Crow Creek; and Crow Creek became also the name of the large Indian reservation which extended from about the position of old Fort Lookout, far up the Missouri, to above the Great Bend, and included portions of several counties of South Dakota.

[13] Indian agent. In another place Larpenteur is very severe in his remarks on Major Hatting: see last chapter, beyond.

then they horsewhipped the men away from the woodpile, and placed a guard at the line; after which the chiefs, without invitation, came on board. After they had seated themselves one got up and said, "It is customary, when the boat arrives, to invite us on board, to shake hands, and tell us the news. What is the matter with you this year? Do you think that we have got the itch? Is that the reason you don't wish to shake hands?" Being told that their father was on board, they asked if their annuities were also on the boat. On being answered in the affirmative, they said, "Do you intend to take them to Fort Pierre?" Having been told that was the intention, the Indians remonstrated, saying they had been promised that the annuities were to be distributed at this place, and that they would have them left here; for they had nothing to do with the fort. The agent, giving no decided answer in this regard, went and sat down near the chiefs, who were all holding their heads in expectation of some reply from their father. Things were thus at a standstill for some time; but at last a tall, robust Indian got up, saying, "I am not a chief; but I am a soldier. I see that my chiefs all hang their heads down, as though they did not know what to say or do. But I know what to do." With that he struck a heavy blow with his tomahawk on the table, and then, addressing himself to the agent, said, "Hold up your head—when you speak with chiefs or soldiers, look them in the face. You are young, but we suppose you must have some sense, or our great father would not have sent you up here. My chiefs have spoken, but it seems that they have not been heard. I am a soldier; I tell you that those goods were promised us here, and they will not go any farther. I know that all the chiefs are not here yet; but we have sent for them. If you think that we want to distribute the goods during their absence you can put them in the store, and keep the key until they come; but we will not go to the fort. Do you hear that? That is what I have to say as a soldier."

The Indians were perfectly correct. I was on board the boat last season, when Major Matlock,[12] at this very place, made them the promise and made up their requisition for the goods now on board; the Indians were then well pleased, and the major said he would throw in a box of sugar as the tail, which was 500 pounds.

During this great debate a cup of coffee and a hard tack had been presented to all who were in attendance, and as soon as the soldier and speaker was through, they all took leave. Upon consultation among the authorities it was agreed to unload the annuities—a very prudent forced move; and the following morning we were permitted to depart. Those Indians had been much displeased, the year before, with the behavior of the agent; they had shot at him while on board, but missed him, and killed one of the hands instead. We reached Union early in July [1849].

---

[12] This Indian agent also fares badly at Larpenteur's hands, as will be seen in another part of his work, where he passes in review the numerous agents with whom he was personally acquainted.

CHAPTER XV.

(1849-55.)

FORT VERMILION, LITTLE SIOUX, AND PONKA POST.

WITH the intention to proceed to St. Paul I got all my family on board, and shipped for St. Louis, and thence for St. Paul. On examining affairs it was found that my father had not had time to accomplish his will properly. I went to Baltimore, applied to the Orphan Court, and had the will broken. All being arranged to my satisfaction I was ready to return. Being still sick, I applied to a physician, Dr. John Buckly, who said that a sea voyage might prove beneficial to me. So I embarked on a small merchant ship, and in 45 days landed in New Orleans. I put up at the St. Charles Hotel, where I remained a week; but the climate did not appear to agree with me, and I took a steamer for St. Louis.

About the latter end of February [1850] I arrived in St. Louis, where I had to remain until navigation opened to St. Paul. During my stay I made arrangements with the Company to take charge of the Vermilion post,[1] on condition that, if I chose, I could purchase it at a certain stipulated price. About the 15th of March I left for St. Paul. When the boat reached Galena it was learned that the ice on Lake

---

[1] At date of May 16, 1843, Audubon's Journ. i, 1897, p. 493, has: "Then we came to the establishment called that of Vermilion River, and met Mr. Cerré, usually called Pascal, the agent of the Company at this post, a handsome French gentleman, of good manners. He dined with us. After this we landed, and walked to the fort, if the place may be so called, for we found it only a square, strongly picketed, without portholes. It stands on the immediate bank of the river, opposite a long and narrow island, and is backed by a vast prairie, all of which was inundated during the spring freshet." This is present Vermilion Prairie, on the borders of Union and Clay counties, S. Dak., and part of Buffalo Prairie of Lewis and Clark, Aug. 23, 1804 (see ed. of 1893, p. 83), or Hutan Kutey Prairie of Nicollet, extending up to Vermilion river. The post was some miles below the river, for Audubon goes on, passes some bluffs on his left hand, and stops "about ten miles below the mouth of the Vermilion river." Again, on Oct. 27, returning down the Missouri, Audubon passed Vermilion river at 7.30 a. m., and did not reach Fort Vermilion till noon. Next day he left the post at 8 a. m., and "landed 15 miles below on Elk Point." The Missouri has undergone such great vicissitudes hereabouts, especially by the immense cut-off of 1881 at present Vermilion, S. Dak., that it may be impossible to say now how many channel-miles below the mouth of the Vermilion this Fort Vermilion was situated; but its position was in S. Dak., at a point of Vermilion Prairie nearly on the line between Union and Clay counties, on the Kate Sweeny bend, opposite Ionia, Neb., at the 849-mile point, now some 10 m. by river below the town of Vermilion, and some 45 m. by river above Sioux City.

That this was the site of one Vermilion post I am assured; that this was the post of which Larpenteur took charge in 1850 is

Pepin was still too strong, and we had to remain a few days longer. At last the captain concluded to start. On arriving at the lake, it was impossible to get through, and as it appeared to the captain that

---

probable, but questionable. I am credibly informed of a post known as Fort Vermilion much higher up the Missouri, above Vermilion river, about halfway between the latter and "Jim" river—say 10 m. from each by the trail. This position would be at or near Audubon point, about the 876-mile point of the Missouri by Mo. R. Comm. charts, directly opposite the mouth of Petit Arc or Little Bow creek of Lewis and Clark, Aug. 26, 1804 (Hopa Wazupi river of Nicollet, present Bow creek), in Clay Co., S. Dak., about 2 m. S. S. E. of the point where the boundary between that and Yankton Co. strikes the Missouri. A Vermilion post was built at this place in or before 1835, in which year Wm. Dixon or Dickson was in charge, and afterward Théophile Bruguière. The latter is a person of whom Larpenteur speaks beyond; his wife is living, and she and another pioneer, named Joseph Leonnais or Lyonnais, now of Sioux City, who were both at a Fort Vermilion in 1836–37, insist stoutly that the post they knew by that name was the one in question *above* Vermilion river, halfway up to the James. A third pioneer, named Letillier, also of Sioux City and also interviewed on the subject in my behalf by a friend, attests that a certain Fort Vermilion was above Vermilion river "when Théophile Bruguière was in charge."

Evidently two different establishments, about 25 m. apart, are in question; and Larpenteur himself fails to inform us where *his* Vermilion post was situated. It was *not* the Ponka post of which he was afterward in charge, on the Niobrara. One Le Clerc had a small fort at the mouth of this river, on its right bank, opposite old Fort Mitchell; but I never heard of any post called Vermilion in that vicinity.

we would be likely to be detained there long, he preferred to return to Galena. After waiting there a week we again started. The ice was still strong, but by main force, cutting the slushy ice like an old ram, the boat succeeded in getting through. I believe it was on the 8th of April that she landed at St. Paul, being the second boat up that season.

I remained in St. Paul until a St. Louis boat arrived, which was on the 15th of April. Next day I got all my family on board for St. Louis. On my arrival there, the Company's steamer was not yet ready to start; so I took my family up to St. Charles to await her arrival. On the 10th of May the steamer arrived, and I went on board, bound for the Vermilion post.

About a week after we got under way cholera broke out among the men below, and grew so bad that we boxed up three and four at a night. The boat at last stopped. We put everything out, aired and limed the boat well, and about eight days afterward started again. The disease abated, though there were a few more cases, among which was my woman; but she recovered. Finally we reached the Vermilion post, where I was deposited for one year, very glad to get out of that steamer.

The post, the country, all pleased me well enough, but I found there was nothing more to be made in the Indian trade, and the place was too much exposed to hostile Indians for me to remain there as a farmer. The Indians robbed me of all my corn, as well as all the half-breeds who were settled near the post; they were obliged to abandon their places and most of them went to settle at Sergeant's Bluffs.[1] Had my health been good, I should have enjoyed myself well that winter [1850-51].[2] Trade was not bad, and there were good hunting grounds. One young Indian went out turkey hunting by moonlight, and returned in the morning with 14 fine large turkeys.

---

[1] In Woodbury Co., Ia., on the Sioux City and Pacific R. R., 6 m. by rail below Sioux City, and 2 m. from the left bank of the Missouri. The village borrowed its name from that of the bluff at Sioux City on which Sergeant Charles Floyd of Lewis and Clark's expedition was buried, first on Aug. 20, 1804, next on May 28, 1857, and for the third time on Aug. 20, 1895. See Report of the Floyd Memorial Association prepared on behalf of the Committee on Publication by Elliott Coues, Sioux City, Dec., 1897, 8vo, pp. 58. There is every prospect that the purpose of the Association will soon be realised, in which event a towering shaft, visible for many miles up and down the river, will replace the lowly "seeder post" which originally marked the lonely grave of the first U. S. soldier known to have been buried west of the Mississippi.

[2] The date is confirmed by a letter of Father Christian Hoeken, dated Post Vermilion, Dec. 11, 1850, to De Smet, pub. in the English ed. of the latter's Western Missions and Missionaries, New York, 1859, p. 266: "Mr. Charles Larpenteur, whose hospitality you have often enjoyed when travelling in the desert to visit the Indian tribes, is now in charge of the post, and he received us with all the goodness of a father," etc.

I traded six of him, among which one weighed 24 pounds.

Finding that the Vermilion post would not suit me, and learning that there were good claims to be had cheap down about Little Sioux[4] river, I sent my clerk to see how it looked there, and if possible to purchase for me a certain claim which, from the description given, I thought would be likely to suit me. The situation was about 85 miles[5] from this place

---

[4] Petite Rivière des Sioux of the early French traders; Eaneahwadepon of Lewis and Clark, who passed its mouth Aug. 8, 1804; Inyan Yankey of Nicollet's map; Sioux Pictout river of some writers. This stream falls into the left bank of the Missouri, from the E., in Harrison Co., Ia., at the 722 mile of latest Commission charts, about 88¼ m. below Great Sioux river. The railroad crosses near its mouth, at a place called River Sioux, a mile below another named Little Sioux, both on the S. (left) bank of the stream. "The sources of the Little Sioux river are in Minnesota. The Ocheydan branch issues from the West Okabena lake in Township 102, Range 40. The eastern fork, bearing the name Little Sioux, rises in the West Heron lake in Township 102, Range 37. These lakes are on the divide between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers and have an elevation of 1580 feet above the sea. The Little Sioux river has a total fall, from its source to its confluence with the Missouri in Township 81, Range 45, of 500 feet. Measured upon the axis of its valley it has a direct length of 190 miles. It has been meandered for a distance of 98.7 miles from its mouth with a direct distance of 42 miles—a proportion of 2.35 to 1." (Legend of Vincent's Map of the Western part of Monona Co., l: 79,200, Sept., 1896.)

[5] By river Little Sioux is 84⅜ m. below the railroad bridge at Sioux City, and this is 54⅜ m. below Vermillion, S. Dak. Total,

[Fort Vermilion]. On his return he said that the claim was a good one, but that it had not been represented correctly; for, in order to have it right, I must purchase a part of the neighboring claim, and that being the case, I had better go and see for myself. A few days afterward I went down, made the purchase to suit me, also arranged to have a ferryboat built, and then returned to my post. At the time I am speaking of there was no settlement between Sergeant's Bluffs and the place I bought—a distance of 50 miles.[*]

About the 15th of May [1851], when Mr. Honoré Picotte came down from Fort Pierre in a Mackinaw, I embarked with him, bound for Sergeant's Bluffs, from which place I intended to go down to my claim by land. We had had a great deal of rain; the Missouri, as well as all other streams, had overflowed their banks, and the bottoms were all inundated. I had to remain about 15 days at Sergeant's Bluffs, waiting for the roads to become practi-

---

139½ m. by the channel of the Missouri. But the distance by land is of course much less. As traveled by the road from Sioux City to Little Sioux it is 55 m., to which add about 25 m. for Larpenteur's journey from Fort Vermilion down to Sioux City, or a total of about 80 m. by land.

[*] From Sergeant's Bluff to his place on Little Sioux river Larpenteur had a journey of just about 50 m. to make by the road. Almost all of it was in the flood-plain of the Missouri, with

cable. I purchased four Indian ponies, two French carts, and hired a guide, at $2 a day, to pilot me through the water, for there was very little dry land to be seen between this and my place. About the last of May or first of June, my guide said he thought he could get me through; so we hitched up and started. The fourth day, after traveling through mud and water, we reached a place called Silver Lake.[1] Our

---

which that of the Little Sioux coincides for a long distance. Hence we can understand the great inundation which he proceeds to describe.

[1] Silver lake is a small, slender body of water, about a mile long, connected with a large horseshoe-shaped slough which was once the bed of the Missouri, as was the similar adjacent Blue lake. The latter is the Coupée à Jacques through which Lewis and Clark navigated the Missouri, camping on it Aug. 9, 1804, and again Sept. 5, 1806: see ed. of 1893 at those dates, p. 71 and p. 1204. Silver lake lies for ¾ of its length in section 2 of Lincoln township, Monona Co., Ia., adjoining the village of Whiting, on the Sioux City and Pacific R. R., and has been artificially connected with Skunk lake.

Larpenteur is traveling approximately along the present line of the Sioux City and Pacific R. R. The reader who would like to see what an inundation Little Sioux river can sometimes make, should look at my friend Mitchell Vincent's blue print of the overflow of 1892, when 143,000 acres were submerged—47,000 in Woodbury Co., 88,000 in Monona Co., and 8,000 in Harrison Co. The flood reached Onawa, where Mr. Vincent resides, but fell a little short of the railroad, except for a few miles near the mouth of the Little Sioux. The waters through which Larpenteur struggled in 1851 appear to have been still deeper and more widespread.

ponies were then nearly broken down, although they had not made over 35 miles during the four days. As this was the best part of the road, my guide said that it would be impossible for us to reach my place with the carts; that we still had 25 miles to make; "and," said he, "you have not seen anything yet; wait till we get near the ferry." He advised making horse travailles, which consist of two long poles, tied about three feet apart and extending eight or ten feet at the far ends, which drag on the ground, with cross-bars fastened to them behind the horse, so as to make a kind of platform on which plunder is loaded.

The travailles being thus prepared, and the children loaded on them, we proceeded on our journey. Having made about 10 miles, we camped at Laidlaw's[*] grove, which was afterward called Ashton's grove, and goes by that name still. We were then 16 miles from my place, which we had to reach next day or camp in the water, as there was no dry place to be found. We could have made that distance easily in a half day had the road been good. We rose early, and having placed the children to the best advantage on this kind of conveyance, got under march, not expecting to stop to lunch, as there was no fit place. On we went, my guide taking the lead; I behind him, leading a pony, and my woman behind me, also leading one. The nearer we came to the ferry, the deeper the water became, and the sun was already approaching the western horizon. Finally it came up to the armpit of my guide, and the children were dragged almost afloat on their travailles, crying and lamenting, saying, " Father, we will drown—we are going to die in this water—turn back." At times the ponies were swimming, but there was no use of turning back; the timber on dry land ahead was the nearest point; there was nothing to be seen behind us but a sheet of water, and the sun was nearly down. So on we pushed—on, in spite of the distressing cries of the children, whom we landed safely on dry ground just at dark.

---

[*] Ashton's grove occupied sect. 32 of present Ashton township, Monona Co.; town laid out by Isaac Ashton in 1854; seat of the county till 1858, when its existence ended by removal to Onawa. The place is a mile or so N. of Onawa, close to the railroad, on the W. of the latter; present Ashton ditch runs through it, parallel with Silver lake ditch—both these ditches being connected with Card lake, another old cut-off from the Missouri. Larpenteur's reckoning of 16 m. to his place on the Little Sioux is about right.

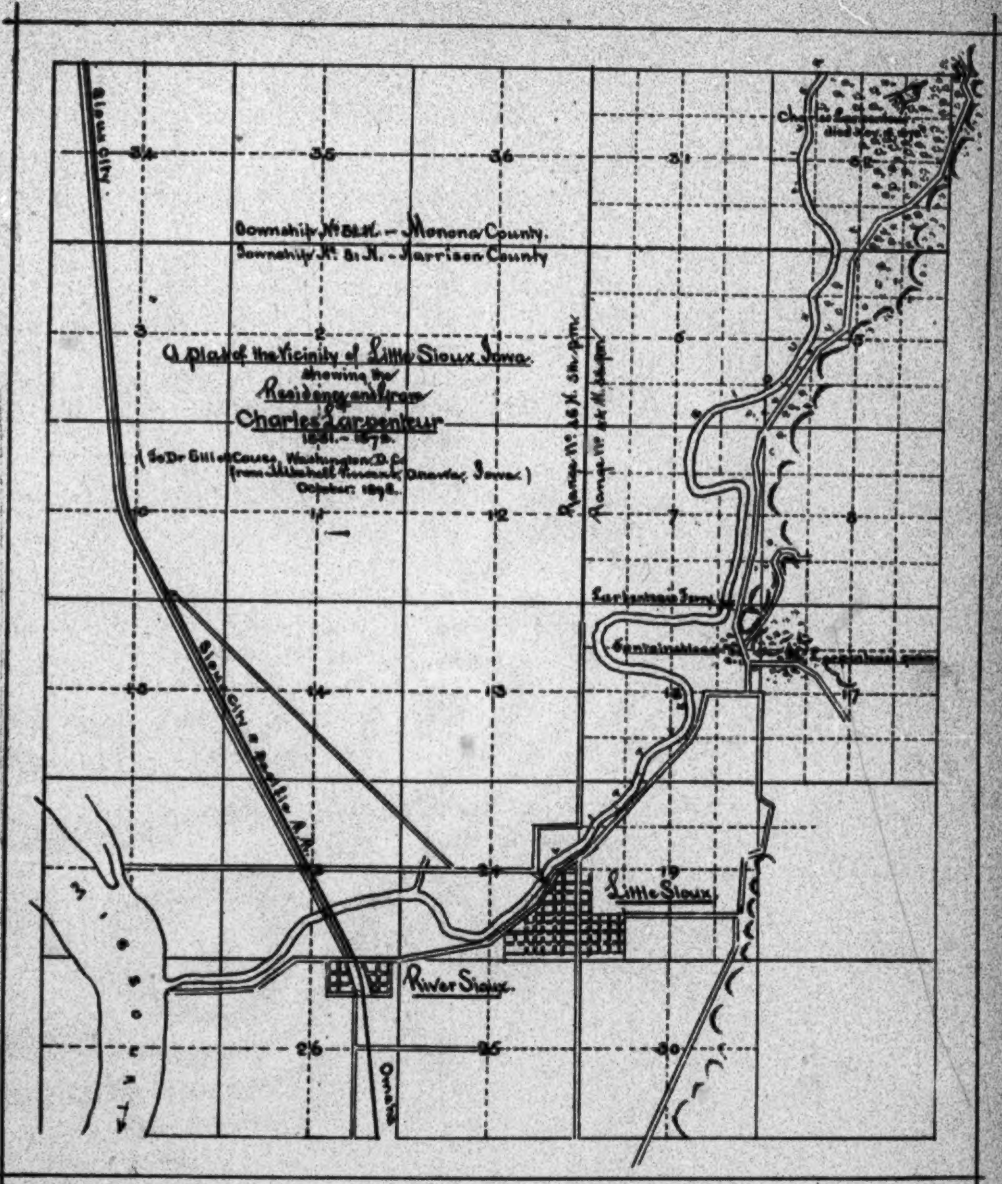
We had not eaten a bite since morning; but the children were so tired, and had been so frightened, that they laid down, and, in spite of the mosquitoes, which were tremendously bad, went to sleep without asking for supper. This was certainly one of the most distressing days I had ever experienced; but we old folks felt like taking a good cup of coffee after such a day's work. A fire was immediately made, the coffee was soon served, and no time was lost in turning in for the night. Next morning we did not rise very early, but took our time, got up a good breakfast, and then called out for the boatman. Mr. Condit and Mr. Chase,* the gentlemen of whom I had purchased the place, came to ferry us over, and in a little while I was in my log cabin, about 15 feet square. As I had left the carts and my effects at Silver Lake, I left the ponies on the other side, intending to return next day; but as it seemed impossible to bring my stuff through that deep water with my ponies and carts, I arranged with Mr. Chase to meet me with a yoke of cattle hitched to a large canoe. With that understanding, I started next morning with my guide; we pushed the march, and reached Silver Lake about ten at night. Then a tremendous dark cloud rose in the west, and just as we were going to take supper—about the hour of eleven—it blew a hurricane, or, rather, a whirlwind [cyclone], which took our lodge clear up in the air, and then blew the fire into the baggage. It was all we could do to save our plunder, and the lodge we did not find till next day. The latter was so suddenly taken up that we felt like two fools for a moment, not knowing what had become of it. Our supper, as you may say, was good as gone; but, fortunately for us, it was all wind. When we got up in the morning we found that a great many things were missing from our baggage, and much time was lost in searching for lost articles which had been blown so far off by the hurricane. Having succeeded in finding them, and made ready for a start, we saw a wagon coming from above with four yoke of cattle, and I found it was my old friend, Théophile Bruguière, an old Indian trader, and the first settler at the mouth of Big Sioux river [Sioux City, Ia.]. On his approach he cried out, "Hello, Larpenteur! what in the devil are you doing here? You're in a pretty fix, aint you?" "Yes," said I, "and I'm mighty glad to see you." "You are, hay? Well, put some of your stuff in my wagon —bet you I see you through." Bruguière was one of those plain, good-hearted sort of men, who would help anyone out of such a scrape. Having thus arranged matters, we got under way, and camped that night at Laidlaw's grove. Early next morning we again got under way, and, being so well fixed, had little difficulty in reaching the ferry. I must not omit to say that we met Mr. Chase, who had been as good as his word, about four miles this side of the ferry, coming to meet me with his oxen and canoe; but we did not need his assistance, and left him to follow us empty. We reached the ferry in time to cross, and, all this trouble being over, I was soon safe in my[19]

---

*Silas Condit and Amos Chase, both Mormons, associates in the first settlement at the mouth of the Little Sioux. Mr. Vincent informs me that Mr. Chase was an enterprising, upright man, who died about 1887.

---

[19] Larpenteur nowhere tells us exactly the location of his cabin, but I am fortunately able to supply the required information through Mr. Vincent. It was in Harrison Co., Ia., 2¼ m. S. of the boundary of Monona Co., in the N. E. ¼-sect. of sect. 18, tp. 81 N., range 44 W. 5th princ. merid., about 2 m. N. N. E. of the town of Little Sioux, and 3¾ m. in an air line N. E. of the mouth of Little Sioux river, near the left bank of this river, opposite Cochran's bridge. In a letter to me dated Onawa, Dec. 22, 1897, Mr. Vincent writes: "In the fall of 1851 Larpenteur built a tavern and established a ferry at the point said. It was a log structure, surrounded with a number of out-buildings and trellises; everything was whitewashed that would hold lime, and according to descriptions which old settlers have given me the collection of buildings presented a picturesque appearance. I have lately visited Fontainebleau, as Larpenteur called his place, in memory of that near which he had been born in France, and found his widow, now nearly 80 years of age—a fine-looking, black-eyed old lady, who must have been a beautiful girl. She is a native of Vermont, and very intelligent, though now of the defective memory of old age. I also visited Larpenteur's grave, in a ravine near the site of his old home. It is under a low, spreading, red cedar, marked by a small marble tombstone on which is the inscription 'Charles Larpenteur. Died Nov. 15, 1872. Aged 69 years, 6 months, 7 days.' He kept a journal until his death. After finishing the entry for any one day it was his custom to set down the date of the day following. He last wrote the date Nov. 15, 1872, and to this a neighbor added 'Charles Larpenteur died to-day.' This explains the local tradition that Larpenteur 'wrote the day of his death.'"

A Plat of the Vicinity of Little Sioux Iowa
showing the
Residence and Grave
of
Charles Larpenteur
1851.-1872.
(To Dr Elliott Coues, Washington D.C.
from Mitchell Vincent, Onawa, Iowa)
October 1898.
Township No 82 N. - Monona County.
Township No. 81 N. - Harrison County
Range No. 45 W. 5th p.m.
Range No 44 W. 5th p.m.
Sioux City
Sioux City & Pacific R.R.
Omaha
Missouri R.
River Sioux
Little Sioux
Larpenteur's Ferry
Fontainebleau
Larpenteur's grave
Charles Larpenteur died
34
35
36
31
32
3
2
6
5
10
11
12
7
8
15
14
13
18
17
22
23
24
19
27
26
25
30

cabin. We had as good a supper as our means could afford, and after much talk over the eight days out from Sergeant's Bluffs we retired for the night.

Although there were a few Mormons scattered in this part of the country, it might still be considered an Indian country. It was occupied, at the time, by Omahas, and frequent parties of Sioux went back and forth to war on the Omahas and Ottos. After I had arranged with Mr. Amos Chase to get me out logs for a house, and provided for my family, I started for St. Louis to raise what funds I had in the Company's hands, and also to procure some groceries. On my return I found most of my family down with the ague. Mr. Chase had gotten all the logs out, and I immediately began to build, but, as there were no mills, I had to hire a sawyer to work with a pit saw.

About November [1851] I got into my house. But a short time afterward a small party of Omahas came to trade, who had the smallpox, unknown to me. In a couple of weeks my smallest child, a beautiful little boy, took the disease and died the third day. His mother fretted so that she never fairly got over it.

During the winter I made arrangements with Mr. Peter H. Sarpy to go up to Running Water, to take charge of his trading post for the Poncas. In the spring [of 1852] I rented my place, left my family on it, and early in April started for the Niobrara, or Running Water. The post, a very poor establishment, was situated immediately on the bank of that river, about a quarter of a mile from the Missouri.[11] I had but three laboring men, and one cook. That summer I had no other pastime but that of fishing, and had to smoke away mosquitoes every evening.

In September [1852] the news came that all my children had died. I did not think this possible—some might have died, but not all. Not long afterward I received a letter from Mr. Sarpy, saying that I had lost two of my children. No end to bad luck for me!

---

[11] There have been several trading posts at and near the mouth of the Niobrara, Rapid river, Running Water, or L'Eau qui Court of the French—the latter a term often rendered Quicurre and in several similar forms: see L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 107. The best known was Fort Mitchell, situated immediately at the mouth of the stream, on the bluff point of the left bank. One Le Clerc, an irregular trader who had done well enough in the A. F. Co. to set up for himself, built a small post just above, on the other side, in 1840 or earlier; this had been abandoned May 21, 1843, when Audubon passed, as he says, Journ., p. 504: "We stopped to wood at a very propitious place, for it was no less than the fort put up some years ago by Monsieur Le Clerc. Finding no one at the spot, we set to work cutting the pickets off his fortifications till we were loaded with the very best of dry wood." We presently learn from Larpenteur the date of disestablishment of Sarpy's post, when he ceases to have it in charge. There is now the new town of Niobrara in the extensive bottom land on the lower side, snug under the bluff; and a pile bridge spans the stream a mile and a half from its mouth. Ponka creek falls into the Missouri the same distance above the mouth of the Niobrara. The position of the latter is 131 m. by the channel of the Missouri above the Big Sioux, in lat. 42° 46′ N., long. 98° 03′ W.

The Poncas were a small tribe, who made but few robes. Having been accustomed to large tribes of Indians, and to big trades, I did not pay much attention to them, and have nothing to relate except one little incident which happened in the early part of the winter [of 1852-53]. After Indians have gone on their usual hunt, more or fewer loafers always remain about a post, instead of following the main camp, and become a great nuisance. Just such a set remained here—about six lodges in all. There were six able-bodied men among them; we were but five, all told, and as the laboring men had to be out, only myself and the cook remained at the post. The Indians became such beggars that I was obliged to refuse them a great many things; and they appeared so regularly at meal times that I became disgusted, and sometimes told the cook not to give them one mouthful to eat. One morning they came into my room, after my men had gone to their work. They took their seat on the floor, and I could perceive that there was some dissatisfaction in the assembly. I called to the cook to come in. This cook was a Frenchman from St. Louis, named Louis Ménard, about six feet three, weighing about 130 pounds; but though he had no belly he looked as though he might swallow the biggest Indian of the lot. He was an old voyageur, who had been with Frémont on his trip to California.[12] Just after he came in an old Indian, who had not appeared with the first ones, entered and bolted the door inside. I observed this, but said nothing. Several of those Poncas could speak Sioux, and one of them got up to make a speech, which, of course, was to find fault with my way of treating them. By the discourse I began to see that they intended to take advantage of there being none but us two in to force me to give them eatables. I had a small squaw ax under my bed, which I took out and handed to Louis. I then drew my pistol from under my pillow and placed my gun near at hand. Surprised to see these maneuvers, without saying another word they immediately rose and left the room, somewhat faster than they had entered it. This put an end to their begging and loafing, and I afterward gave them a cup of coffee only when I thought proper. Some days after this incident they came and made an apology, requesting me not to say anything about it to the chief when he returned from the hunt.

The Poncas, at that time, were divided into two bands, one led by a chief called the Whip, who kept on this side of the Running Water, and the other named the Drum, who remained on Ponca creek. Those two chiefs were jealous of each other, and it was thought that they would become hostile.

---

[12] The name of Louis Ménard appears in the lists of engagés of both of Frémont's expeditions—that to the Rocky mountains in 1842, and that to Oregon and California in 1843-44: Rep., 1845, p. 9 and p. 105.

This winter's trade was small, and we were now so close to settlements that it did not pay to keep up the post; so it was abandoned. I was thus the last person in charge of the Vermilion, and at the Ponca. I had great sport hunting deer at this place. The Indians being out on their winter hunt, I remained the only hunter at this place. We had a great deal of snow, which brought the deer into the wooded points along the river, where they were so plentiful that I killed five in one day with small shot.

Early in the spring [1853] I returned to my farm. The individual to whom I had rented it died in the summer; but he had done well, and I had 40 acres well broken and fenced. During my absence the travel had greatly increased, and settlers were now coming in fast, so I rented my farm and devoted my attention entirely to the traveling community. Notwithstanding the increase of the settlements, the Omahas continued to hunt in their old grounds, and I always kept a few trinkets for their trade. All went on quite smoothly through the summer—good crops, plenty of travel.

About midwinter a party of Sioux, who had gone to war on the Omahas, killed four of them, and stolen some ponies, passed my place on their return. The day they arrived being extremely cold, they concluded to camp on the river bank near my house. While camped there some of the young men went out hunting, and killed a deer in the timber below my field. They brought in a part of it, and one of them told my woman where he had hung the balance in a tree, a short distance from the house, saying that they did not want it, and if she chose to go after it, she was welcome to do so. Early next morning the party left; toward noon the weather moderated, and she remarked that she had a mind to go after that meat. I told her to do as she pleased about it, and she finally concluded to go. Wrapping up warm in her blanket, and taking her daughter along, she started in quest of the meat. As I was building a bridge at the time, I was left alone at home, my men being all out getting out timber. She had been gone but a little while when a party of six Omahas came in. From their daubed appearance I soon found out that they were in pursuit of the Sioux, and became alarmed about my woman; for, although they knew her well, and were aware that she was an Assiniboine, and therefore belonged among the deadly enemies of the Sioux, yet they looked upon her as a Sioux, as she spoke that language. I did the best I could to induce them to stay long enough to give my woman time to return, but they appeared in a great hurry, and soon started. Just as they were stepping off the entry I saw her coming home, about 300 yards from the house. When she saw them approaching she exclaimed to her daughter, "My daughter, we are lost!" She knew who they were, knew their customs, and rightly judged that her time had come. On meeting her they shook hands; but the next thing was the report of a gun, and she fell dead, shot through the heart. One among them then wanted to shoot her daughter, but he was not permitted to do so, being told, "We have killed her mother—that is sufficient." This deed was done as quick as lightning; then, throwing away some of their little effects, they ran off as fast as their legs would carry them. The alarm was given, but to no purpose. My wife never said a word, having been instantly killed. She was also struck across the face with some kind of blunt weapon. Her daughter was about 18 years of age. One year afterward I married again.[11]

---

[11] April 12, 1855, is the date. The lady was the widow of Lucius Bingham, who died at Little Sioux, Harrison Co., Ia., in July, 1852; she had been Miss Rebecca White, of Chester Co. Vt., b. May 3, 1818. She was the second Mrs. Bingham, became the third Mrs. Larpenteur, and is still living, in her 80th year, as we have seen, note [10], p. 298.

CHAPTER XVI.

(1855-61.)

FORT STEWART AND THE POPLAR RIVER POST.

ALL this time[1] the travel increased fast, and as I built considerable, I found myself a little in debt in the crisis of 1857. Seeing no show of getting out of debt without making too great sacrifices, I concluded to engage to the firm of Clark, Primeau, and Co., to go and take charge of Fort Stewart, 35 miles above Fort Union. This fort was built during the time of the firm of Frost, Todd, and Co., who, having been too extravagant, were obliged to give it up.[2]

---

[1] "All this time" should cover the years 1855-58, as we have kept Larpenteur's chronology straight to his marriage in 1855; and now, after a few words regarding 1857, we resume his adventures in 1859—a date written "eighteen fifty nine" in his own hand.

[2] Fort Stewart was established in 1854, and its site can be given with absolute precision, as one of the chimneys is still standing—or was very recently. This relic may now be, or could lately have been, seen ½ m. S. of the G. N. Ry., 3½ m. W. of Blair sta., about 4½ m. E. of Calais sta., and 1 m. N. of the Missouri at the point where the river now rounds into Devil's Bend. The position is in an open plain thus far from the river,

On the 7th of June, 1859, I took passage at Sioux City on Captain Throckmorton's steamer, whose name I have forgotten. On the 24th of the same month I was landed at my post, and again among the Assiniboines. I found this fort in a very bad condition, but in the course of the summer I got it in order, and had very comfortable quarters. I had not seen the Assiniboines during the last six years, and believe I was about as glad to meet them again as they were to see me. As I was now working for the Opposition, against the "big house," I had to use all my knowledge and experience to draw them to my side. In order to effect this I had to dress some of

but was once immediately upon the edge of a former bend, which reached fully up to where the railroad now passes. I find by plotting the courses and distances given by Lewis and Clark for their voyage on Apr. 30, 1805, that they went around such a great bend as I indicate, well up under the bluffs on the N. side; but the river now washes the opposite bluff, on the S., 2½ m. away. All this is made land, in the flood-plain, and now extensively wooded along both banks, with the open ground between the woods and the railroad. The geodetic position of the chimney is lat. 48° 08′ N. very nearly, long. 104° 43′ W. very nearly. More broadly speaking, the site is in Dawson Co., Mont., in the S. E. corner of the Fort Peck Indian Reservation, 4½ m. directly W. by S. of the mouth of Big Muddy creek, and about 57 channel-miles of the Missouri above the mouth of the Yellowstone. I passed the place June 25, 1874, and again Nov. 8, 1893; on the former occasion I made it 38 m. by the wagon road from Fort Buford, and Larpenteur's 35 m. from Fort Union is near enough: See L. and C., ed. 1893, pp. 289, 290.

the big chiefs, and make presents to some of the leading men. On the first arrival of any Assiniboine I would make inquiries about such a one, and about that other one, whom I had known, saying that I had made up my mind to make these individuals some little presents. I knew this would flatter them, and at the same time, they must have the presents they expected or my inquiries would not have the desired effect. So they would come to me, in the best of humor, and, after some conversation, would say, "Is that so? I understood you have made inquiries about me." And I could observe that every Indian was delighted to find that I had asked after him. I proceeded in this way through the whole tribe, and soon had them bound to give me almost all their trade.

This [1859-60] was the pleasantest winter I ever spent with the Assiniboines. We had great dances and talks, which always ended with a treat of a large kettle of mush sweetened with molasses. Although my name was White Man Bear, in their language Mato Washejoe,[8] the buffalo dance was my favorite, and we also sometimes danced the bear dance. What had brought me very high in their estimation was that, buffalo being very plentiful, during summer and

[8] From *mato*, bear, and *washichu*, white man. This was a frequent complimentary title or soubriquet.

winter they made surrounds, in which they killed plenty of meat within 300 yards of the fort. My trade this winter was very good, consisting of 300 robes, beside a great many other skins; but the firm, fearing the American Fur Company, consolidated,[4] and as they needed but few clerks or traders, I was thrown out of employment. I was not very well pleased with Mr. Clark, who had promised to take care that I should have a good place. Those gentlemen, seeing that they had the country to themselves, reduced the number of their clerks, and the wages also; they even cut down on their men and Indians.

On my way down the Missouri I found, at Fort Berthold, Jefferson Smith,[5] an old trader, who, like the balance, was out of employment, and who had about $4000. There I also met a young man by the name of Boller, who said that he could raise $2000 from his father in Philadelphia. I felt sure that I could obtain my share from Mr. Robert Campbell in St. Louis. Under such an understanding we agreed to meet in St. Louis. My plan for taking up our outfit was to go around by the way of St. Paul, thence on to Pembina, and through part of the British possessions, with

---

[4] This statement is corroborated by Boller, who also enables us to check Larpenteur's date of 1860. At p. 20 of his Among the Indians, he says: "The American Fur Company (Upper Missouri Outfit) had their sway for many years. During most of the time they had more or less opposition, principally from traders who had been at sometime or other in their employ. These traders were generally well sustained by the Indians, who fully appreciated the advantages to be gained from competition. In 1860 this competing interest was bought out by the American Fur Company, with the expectation of monopolising the entire trade of the Missouri, as in early days. In 1866 they retired from the field they had so long occupied, under which such striking changes were going on."

[5] This worthy is pictured in Boller in the following terms, p. 205: "A hunting party was soon made up, headed by Jeff Smith, a veteran of over thirty years experience. He wore a

---

close fitting, white blanket skullcap, coming low down over the forehead, beneath which peered the deep-set gray eyes and sharp countenance of the old 'Kee-re-pe-tee-ah,' or Big Bull, as the Gros Ventres called him. A well-worn blanket capote, once white, but by exposure to the weather and the smoke of the lodges turned to a sickly yellow, with leggings and moccasins of elk-skin, completed his dress. An excellent rifle, in a plain skin cover, lay across the pommel of his saddle, and the handle of a long butcher-knife projected beyond the parfleche scabbard in his belt."

Jefferson Smith was living at Fort Berthold in 1866, when Boller came by, and is again mentioned, p. 416: "During the short time we remained here I had the pleasure of greeting many of my former acquaintances. Pierre Garreau, Malnouri, and old Jeff Smith were still living where they had passed so many years." Dr. Matthews, who knew him well, tells me that Smith's descendants still (1898) live on the Berthold reservation, and that Malnouri's first name was Charles. He is no doubt the person who has given name to Manoury Bend of the Missouri, as I find it spelled on my charts, which also mark the site of a Fort Manoury there. This place was in the bend said, about 25 m. above the Little Missouri and 153 m. below the Yellowstone by water. Mr. Malnouri is still or was lately living at Berthold.

the view to avoid the Sioux. This was a road which no one of us had traveled. As those men had to wait for the return of Mr. Chouteau, who had gone up to Fort Benton, it was not till the last of July [1860] that we met in St. Louis. I had arrived a few days before, and had informed Mr. Campbell of our project, of which he approved, and readily advanced me my portion of the outfit. I also informed Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, who knew something of that country; he said that my plan was a good one, and wished me success, adding that he was sure I would do well. One of Mr. Campbell's clerks by the name of Robert Lemon joined the company. A few days after the arrival of the other two partners we went into operation, Mr. Boller having obtained by telegraph the amount required. Our opposition move was soon reported to Mr. Chouteau, who said that it would prove an abortion; that we would never reach our intended points. I was to go to the Assiniboines, at the same place as last winter [1859-60]. Smith and Boller were to winter at Berthold. Our equipments were soon ready and shipped to St. Paul, where we were to purchase our cattle.

On the 5th of September [1860] we left St. Paul with eight wagons and eleven men. Our train, at this early time, attracted the attention of many as we went along; we were often asked where we were bound, and on telling our destination, the answer would be, "Why! you are going a roundabout way to the Yellowstone! You will not get there this winter." We could have taken Governor Stevens'[*] route, which would have been somewhat shorter, but this would have taken us among the Sioux, whom I wanted to avoid, as well as all other Indians, hostile or friendly, as I knew such meetings were always expensive and bothersome. We had some little trouble at the start, as our cattle were not well broken; but it did not last long. The weather being fine, we traveled well. We crossed the Red River of the North at Georgetown,[7] and thence struck for Pembina. This part of the road was quite level, well watered, and sufficiently wooded. About the middle of October [1860] we reached Pembina. There we crossed on a very poor bridge near the mouth of Pembina river. Next day we proceeded 30 miles up this river to a small village called St. Joseph, at the base of Pembina mountain, inhabited by Canadian French half-breeds. Many of my acquaintances who had been on the Missouri had settled at this place, where I almost felt myself at home and had no trouble in procuring such a guide as I wanted. I told him that I wished to avoid all Indians, if possible—my friends, the Assiniboines, as well as all others; and to find a good practicable route for my wagons, even if it took us out of the most direct road. Upon which he replied that he could take me exactly as I required, and that he knew all the camps we had to make from the start, for he had the map in his head. Being asked what his charge would be, he said that he should want two buffalo horses, meaning runners which can overtake buffalo. This price agreed upon, we left next day.

---

[*] Isaac Ingalls Stevens, whose well-known Report of Explorations of 1853–55 occupies vol. xii. of the Pacific Railroad Reports, pub. 1860. General Stevens was an officer of the regular army, who graduated from West Point at the head of his class in July, 1839, served with distinction in the Mexican war, and resigned March 16, 1853. Having conducted with signal ability the survey just indicated, he became Governor of Washington Territory. At the breaking out of our Civil War he became Colonel of the 79th N. Y. Infantry, rose to be Major General the following year, and was killed at the battle of Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862. I well remember him when he was living on 12th Street near E, in this city, just before the war; his son Hazard Stevens was with him—a young fellow about my own age. He and my father were great friends; my father's astronomical work entitled Studies of the Earth, 4to, Washington, D. C., 1860, was dedicated to "Honorable Isaac I. Stevens, of Washington Territory, as a tribute of respect for his talents and high attainments in science; and in acknowledgment of his generous friendship."

---

[7] A village of Clay Co., Minn., opposite Tryall, Cass Co., N. Dak., on Red river at the mouth of Buffalo river, 15 m. N. of Moorhead: see my Henry and Thompson Journa., 1897, p. 147. The reader who may be interested in Pembina will find a great deal to the point about it in the same work.

The weather was fine, the roads were good, and we traveled well till our cattle began to get tender-footed, when we had to go slow. When we reached Mouse [or Souris] river they got so lame that we had to shoe them in some manner or other; so we thought of the iron bands of our trunks, examined the thickest, and with these made shoes which helped us considerably, though they wore out fast, and detained us much on our march. When we arrived on a little river called the Elk Head,[*] Smith and Boller, with their four wagons, left for Berthold.

I kept on with my old guide and Mr. Lemon, with our four wagons, for the Missouri or Fort Stewart. At the last crossing of Mouse river[*] our guide re-

---

[*] Tête à la Biche of the French is a considerable elevation, now called Moose mountain, off to the N. W. of Larpenteur's present position, giving rise to several tributaries of Mouse river. Two of these were called Tête à la Biche creeks, now known as North Antler and South Antler creeks; they fall into Mouse river close together, at and near Sourisford, Manitoba, a few miles N. of the U. S. and Canadian boundary. Larpenteur's Elk Head river is one of these—most likely South Antler creek, at Sourisford. If the reader would like to follow Larpenteur in greater detail, he may turn to my Henry and Thompson book, p. 285 and following of chap. ix. As to the place now in mention by Larpenteur, Henry says on p. 308, "we came to the little river of Tête à la Biche," July 15, 1806. He was then on his way to the Mandans. Smith and Boller, who here leave for Fort Berthold, take a route approximately the same as Henry's, but Larpenteur keeps on westward, to strike the Missouri much higher up.

[*] His first crossing having been at or near Sourisford, as said

OLD FORT PEMBINA, 1840-84. NORMAN KITTSON'S TRADING POST.

marked that we had better take on all the dry firewood we could find, as we would not have any more till we should come near the Bad Lands [Mauvaises Terres] of the Missouri. Having acted upon his advice, and done some more shoeing, we again got under way, driving at the rate of about ten miles a day. On leaving this point our spirits rose, and though we traveled slowly we still hoped to reach our destination in good time. According to the camps which our guide could count up, we should not be much over eight days. Although our guide knew the way well, he missed one camp. When we neared the Missouri one evening, the old man, who had gone ahead, returned to camp saying, "Good news! You need not spare your firewood; I have seen the Missouri." At this news a cry of joy burst through our little squad, who threw up their hats and jumped about like crazy men. Good fires were made, and in the morning the last stick was burned; we were glad of it, and left camp fully expecting to reach the Missouri early. But we were disappointed in that; we traveled the whole day without wood or water, and it was dark when we reached a small stream,[18]

---

in the preceding note, he now strikes Mouse river again, about Minot, N. Dak., where the G. N. Ry. now crosses it.

[18] Big Muddy creek, already sufficiently indicated in previous notes. Here Larpenteur is 4½ m. from Fort Stewart.

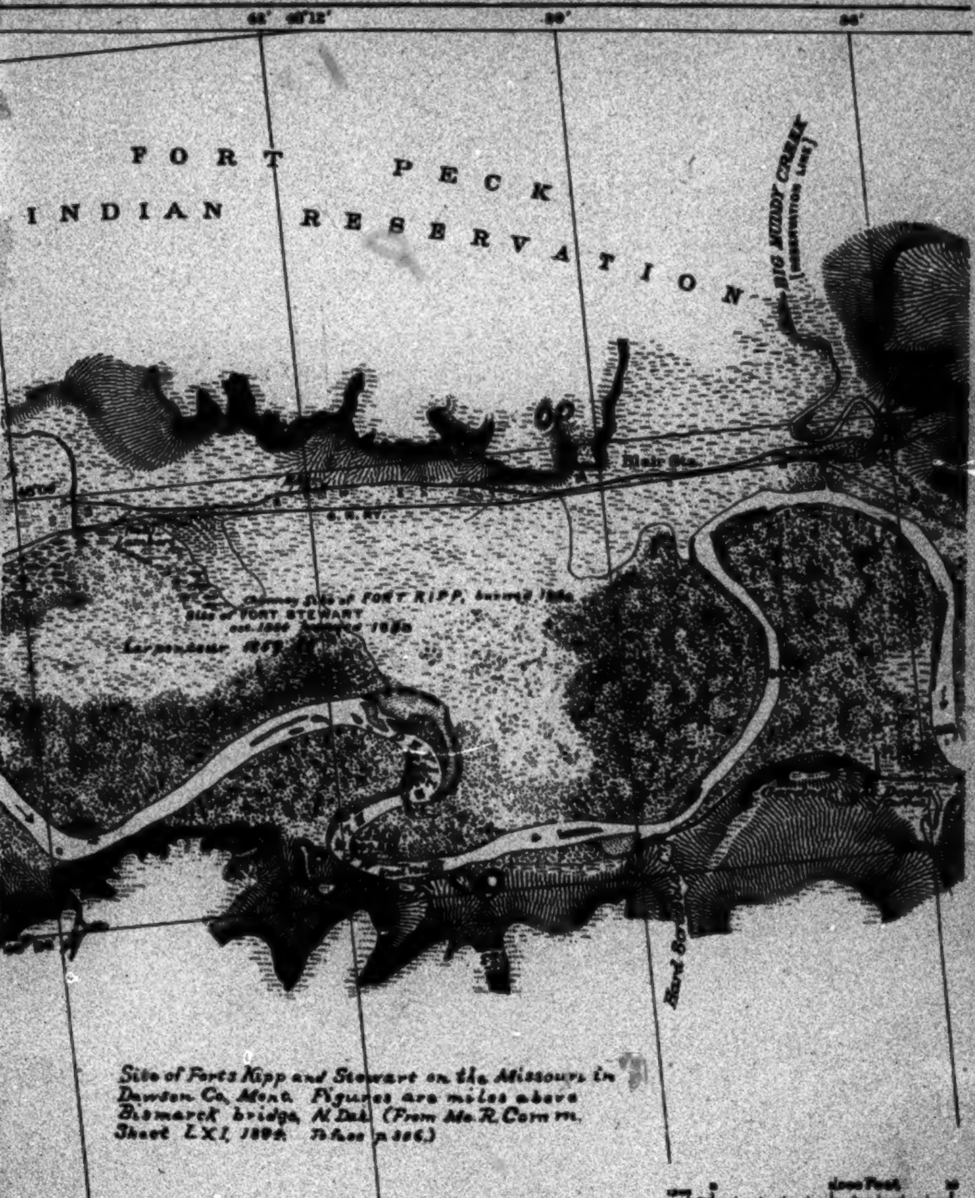
7

nearly dry, and without wood, and we had to gather buffalo chips to make fire. No Missouri having been seen, there was great discontentment in camp that night, for we knew not exactly where we were. The old guide was much put out; but, knowing that he had not been much mistaken, got up early, mounted his horse, and very soon returned, saying, "Those who believe that I have not seen the river can come with me, and I will make them see it." Thinking we were lost we had camped within ten miles of Fort Stewart, which we reached little before sundown on the 9th of November, 1860, all safe and sound, having lost on the whole journey nothing but one ax, which we forgot in our camp on Mouse river.

Thus this great journey was performed, being the first ever made with such wagons. I had been informed that Fort Kipp,[11] which was within 200 yards of Fort Stewart, had been burned down by the Indians, but was in hopes to find Fort Stewart still standing. In this I was disappointed; it had also been burned, and I found myself obliged to build. As all the chimneys of Fort Kipp were still standing, and this was a great item, I concluded to build on the same spot, and next day commenced operations.

---

[11] Little seems to be known of this post, Larpenteur's item concerning which is notable. It was no doubt named for the James Kipp already repeatedly mentioned in this work, but no data regarding its establishment have reached me.

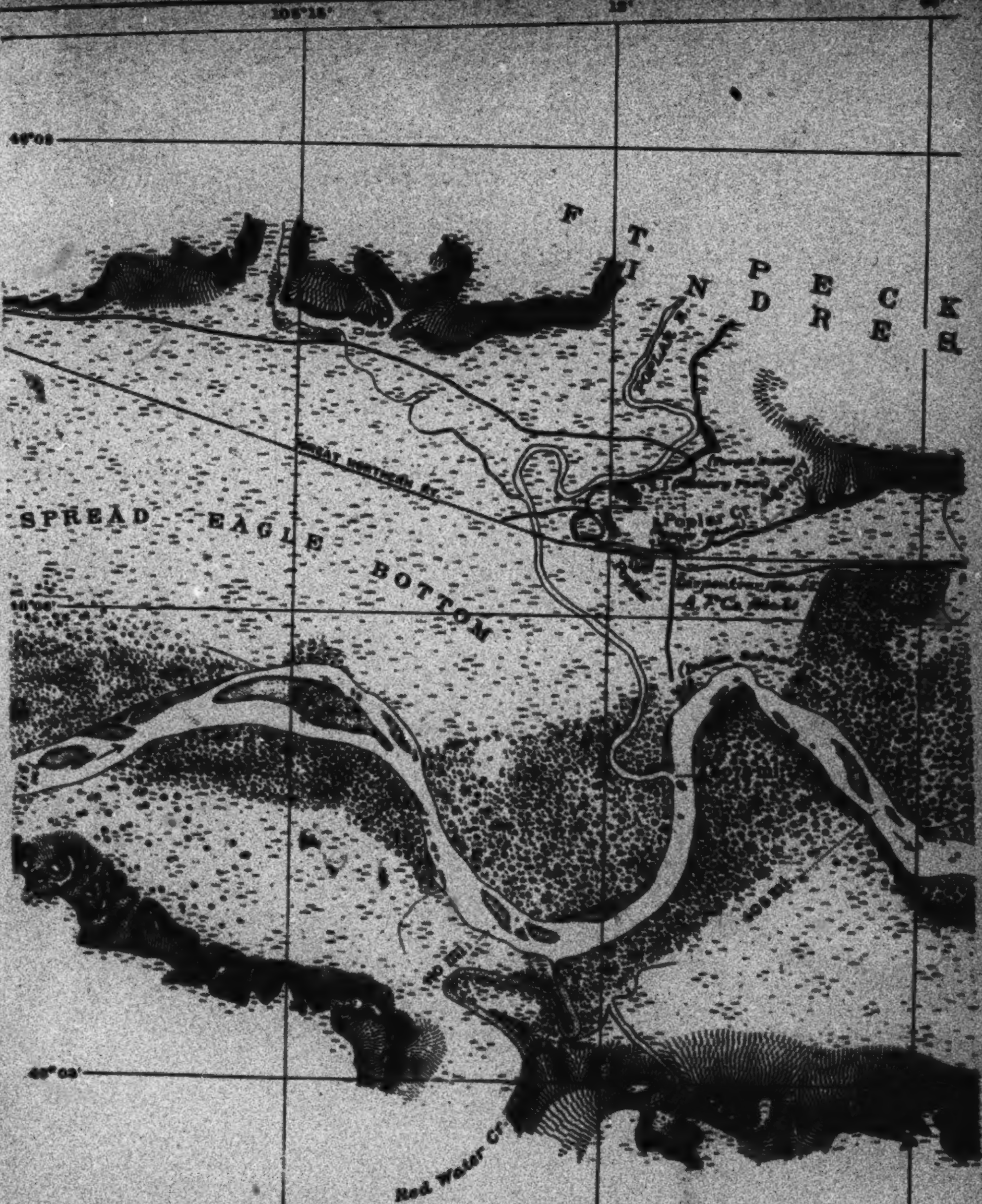


Site of Forts Kipp and Stewart on the Missouri in Dawson Co., Mont. Figures are miles above Bismarck bridge, N. Dak. (From Mo. R. Comm. Sheet LXI, 1894. To face p. 386.)

On the following day two men and one Indian came up from Fort Union. They were much surprised to find me there, and said that Mr. Clark and the Indian agent were on their way up to Poplar river to invite the Crows, who were camped there, to trade at the fort; and that there would be no going out to camps this winter. From this man I learned some particulars of Fort Union. He observed that Clark thought himself a king, being a member of the American Fur Company, in charge of Union, with no opposition, and that he had made himself quite comfortable, but had reduced the men's rations, particularly their biscuits, which had become very small. For his part, he said he was mighty glad I had come, and added, "How glad they will be when they hear that at the fort!"

Clark and the agent, who had taken the ridge road, about two miles back of the fort, came on to our tracks. On examining them, finding that the wheels were iron-bound, they thought that the party could not have been half-breeds, but might have been whiskey peddlers; but as such would have been contrabands, they put spurs to their horses after us. On learning that the agent of the United States was Major Schoonover, whom I knew well, I hoisted a small American flag. On discovering this, they could not make out who we were, but very soon found out. Clark, on approaching me, turned as pale as a corpse, saying, "Larpenteur, I'm glad to see you, in one sense, but, in another, I'm d——d sorry." Thinking that we might not be acting according to law, he then remarked, "I presume you are well prepared to carry on trade?" I observed, "The major already possesses the necessary documents." "All right, all right!" was his answer. After which he asked in a light manner, "Would you not like to sell out?" I replied that I had come to sell to the Indians, not to the Company, and that I thought I could sell to them to as good advantage as I could to Mr. Chouteau. Finding that there was no chance to make a purchase, he observed that he would turn back immediately, and send men to build at Poplar river. Knowing that this river was a good place for Indians to winter, and that it would suit them better than if I stayed at Fort Kipp, I concluded to abandon this point, where I had not done much in the way of building.

My wagons being still loaded, we were under way again next morning. We had about 25 miles to make, which we accomplished early next day; and I don't believe that Lafayette was more cheerfully received in the United States than I was in that camp. Next day I selected a place for building, and began operations at once. I was favored by good weather,



Missouri River at mouth of Poplar River, Dawson Co., Mont. Site of Larpenteur's Poplar River Post. Figures are channel-miles above Bismarck bridge, N. Dak. (From Mo. R. Com'n, Sheet LXII, 1894 [illegible] p. 218.)

and succeeded in building quite a neat little establishment.[19] In a short time Mr. Clark came here to build, intending to oppose me himself the coming winter [of 1860-61]. I was not sorry for this, for I knew him to be very unpopular with both whites and Indians.

My equipment was not large, but well selected for the Indian trade. I made a small reduction in prices which satisfied the Indians, and I knew that if I sold out, even at this reduction, I would do well. This gave me the first run of the trade. Clark, in the meantime, had made great calculations on the number of robes the Indians already had in camp, besides the many more they would acquire before the season should be over. He did not think it worth while to make much effort, as he thought also that my four wagon loads could not last long. But he happened to be mistaken in his calculations. Out of my four wagon loads I traded upward of 2,000 robes, besides a great many other skins and hides, and the consequence was that he found himself badly beaten in the spring.

---

[19] On left bank of Poplar river near its mouth, no doubt close to where the railroad now crosses, at the eligible site of Poplar sta., Poplar River agency, and the military post of the same name. These situations are practically one, on the high open ground past which the river winds on the N. W. and W. to meander the bottom for 2 or 3 m. to the piece of woodland where it reaches the Missouri. The very extensive lowland on that side of the Missouri is known as Spread Eagle bottom—all made land in the flood-plain, which was once baked mud before it became solid ground. The actual position of the mouth of Poplar river has altered by an uncertain number of miles since May 3, 1805, when Lewis and Clark discovered the stream and called it Porcupine river, sailing next day over a part of Spread Eagle bottom. At that date their Two Thousand Mile creek, now called Redwater, fell into the opposite side of the Missouri only ¼ m. above Poplar or Porcupine river; but the mouths of the two streams are now about 2 m. apart by the channel of the Missouri. The mouth of Poplar river is now 97½ m. by water above that of the Yellowstone; distance by land from Fort Stewart just the 25 m. Larpenteur gives to the place where he builds; and this is practically identical with the spot where he had his troubles of 1845 at the Indian camp, as narrated in chap. xii.

This winter was mild, and it would have been a very pleasant one to me, had it not been for Jeff Smith, who proved to be a sharp trader, and Boller a young blatherskite. They wrote letters to Mr. Lemon against me, even requesting him to keep an eye on me, saying that they believed it was my intention to take my robes around by St. Paul, and cheat them out of that trade, and much more to that effect. As Mr. Lemon was a new hand in the country, he did not know how to take such stuff, which made him look and act quite cross at times. I also received letters from the same parties, in which they used up Lemon about as badly as they did me. Thus matters stood until near spring [1861] when, one day, after a few sharp words, the secret cause of our ill feelings toward each other came out. We then compared letters, upon which everything was explained, the doings of my two partners found out, and harmony re-established between Lemon and myself. I thus found out that Smith had sent two men up to bring down the cattle, to prevent me from taking away the robes. The letter which those men had brought made that request, but I did not wish to risk cattle on that trip, to be stolen or killed by the Sioux, nor did I want to part with them.

Besides putting up my little fort I got all the saw logs I needed to make a large Mackinaw boat, to take down the returns, and also a skiff for Mr. Lemon and Boller to go down as soon as navigation opened. They being the financiers, and myself and Smith the traders, we were to remain at our respective posts till the returns went down. Boller, who was not over 23, and had been but two years in the country,[12] took it upon himself to write long letters from Berthold about what I was to do and not to do, and, above all, warned me not to be extravagant in building—as though I had just come into the country!

---

[12] Larpenteur is right. It appears from Boller's book, p. 24, that he left St. Louis on the Twilight, Captain John Shaw, May 23, 1858. Larpenteur's name nowhere appears in Boller, and I have failed to find any passages referring to the visit of which Larpenteur speaks. Boller was up the river once, but gives the date as 1863. It is obvious from Boller's silence and Larpenteur's compliments that the two men fell out; but with their quarrel the editor has no concern, though he has taken the liberty to mitigate his author's severity. Mr. Boller's present address is 110 Sherman Avenue, Denver, Col. According to Chittenden, Rep. 1897, p. 3890, the Twilight was a side-wheeler, 180 x 32 feet,

As I had not sent the cattle down, Smith concluded to send Boller up to see how matters stood. About the middle of March [1861] Boller arrived, and, as it was at night, he had to knock at the door of my extravagant improvements. His supper for himself and man was gotten up, and then it was so late that little was said. In the morning I showed him my store and warehouse, both full of robes, all my fine logs, timber to make the skiff, about which he had written to me so often, and also the cattle, which were in first-rate order for the time of the year, remarking at the same time, "They will do first-rate to take a trip to St. Paul." After I had showed him the establishment inside and out, at which I saw he was astonished and pleased, particularly at the sight of the pile of robes, I remarked, "Do you think I have been extravagant? I have scarcely room enough." To which he replied, "I am really surprised. You are well fixed here. We live more like hogs than like people with old Jeff Smith, and I have had a mighty

---

in the mountain trade, snagged Sept., 1865, opp. mouth of Fire creek, in the bend of that name, ½ m. above Napoleon, Lafayette Co., Mo.

HENRY A. BOLLER IN INDIAN DRESS, 1862–63.

disagreeable winter of it." I then asked, "What were all those letters written for—that one, in particular, about my taking the robes and peltries to St. Paul, to cheat you two gentlemen out of them? All you see here belong to Robert Campbell till we have a settlement with him; after which, if there is anything to divide among ourselves, each will get his share. Every hair of this goes to St. Louis, not to St. Paul." All his reply was "Let us bury the hatchet."

The river was ready for navigation on the 3d of April [1861], and on the 5th the two great financiers departed for St. Louis. On their arrival at Berthold Mr. Smith, instead of remaining at his post like myself, got in the skiff and went to St. Louis. Mr. Campbell, astonished to see him, asked what brought him down. Not liking the reception he was given by Mr. Campbell, or from some other cause, he went to Mr. Chouteau. Mr. Lemon, who could not get a steamer with an outfit, as he had expected, was obliged to go up again, to assist in bringing down our returns. Not knowing that Smith had hired to Chouteau, Lemon looked for him in all such places as those where he generally kept himself, but Smith could not be found. He had gone up to some place on the river with the intention of returning to Berthold with Mr. Chouteau. Mr. Lemon made arrangements with Mr. Chouteau to take passage with him, and also to bring down our returns.

On the 19th of June, 1861, we learned by an Indian who came from Union that Mr. Chouteau had arrived there with two steamers, and, on making further inquiries, found that Mr. Lemon was on board one of them. The second day after that an individual by the name of Louis Dauphin—a renowned hunter—made his appearance, and from him I learned that Mr. Lemon was coming up on the Chippewa, that the other steamer, the Spread Eagle, had turned back from Union, and that the Chippewa would be up this far to-morrow or next day. On reaching Dauphin houses,[14] about six miles below my place by land, but double that distance by water, Mr. Lemon got off to come ahead of the boat to give me the news. After the greetings usual on such arrivals were passed, he remarked: " Larpenteur, I have bad news to give you.

---

[14] Of Dauphin's post I know nothing further than that 6 m. by land below Larpenteur's place on Poplar river is the distance thence to the Indian village of Deer Tail, on the N. bank of the Missouri, where the river washes a low bluff 1 m. S. of the railroad, 3 m. from Brockton sta. The Spread Eagle above said is no doubt the boat for which the bottom described in note [11] was named. She met the usual fate of Missouri boats in being snagged. This happened in Pinckney bend, a place at the foot of Berger or Shepherd bottom, opp. Pinckney, Warren Co., Mo., a year or two after the date in the text. For the Chippewa, see next note.

In the first place, I came up with Mr. Chouteau, having made arrangements with him to take down our returns, but the boat is burned up. I had been off her but little while when I saw her all on fire, and immediately heard the report of the explosion. In the second place, war is declared; the United States are in a great revolution, and there is no sale for anything. In the third place, old Smith has deserted us, and won't let us have his robes. I have other news, but I hate to tell it to you." On my insisting, he said, "All your improvements are burned down. Your house caught fire in the middle of the night, and not even a stitch of clothing was saved." On saying this he paused, and I exclaimed, "Is there any more?" "Is that not enough?" said he. "Yes," I replied, "it is more than enough to lose my home at Little Sioux. But it is no use to cry over spilt milk, and it is under such circumstances that a man is tried."

It was a little before sunset when Lemon arrived, and just at dark we learned the particulars of the accident. The boat was set on fire by one of the hands, who had gone down into the hold to steal liquor. Some of it having run upon his clothes while he was drawing it the candle came in contact with the wet parts and ignited them. He was burned badly, and then the boat took fire. Immediately upon the alarm being given the boat was landed, and she was abandoned as soon as all passengers and hands were ashore. Nothing could be saved for fear of an explosion of the magazine, in which there was a great quantity of powder. After being abandoned she drifted about two miles, and then exploded on the south side of the river.[18] Owing to this accident we sold our cattle and wagons to very good advantage to some gentlemen who resided in Bitterroot Valley, one of them a merchant named Warren, and others going to the Columbia.

Not expecting any steamer to take down our returns I had pushed work on the boat so well that, six days after Lemon's arrival, it was completed; she was 65 feet in length and 11 feet in breadth of beam, being thus large enough to take my returns and those of Smith. The bursting of the Chippewa set my men almost crazy, thinking they would get a fortune out of the wreckage. They did not like the idea of rowing my boat down, although they were engaged to do so; and besides, they feared the draft, on account of the rebellion in the United States. I was therefore forced to give $100 for the trip. I had engaged a pilot for $300, but he at last refused to go. At last I succeeded in getting a crew, consisting of four to row and one pilot, and on the 2d of July, 1861, we left Poplar river. On the fourth day after our departure we reached Union. At the same time Mr. Rider came from Berthold with two of our wagons and four yoke of our cattle, Jeff Smith having made some arrangement with the company. This accounted for his having sent for the cattle I had; for he wanted to dispose of them to his own private interest. Mr. Lemon having demanded pay for the cattle, a check on Mr. Chouteau for the amount agreed upon was given, which was so much saved. Smith had no idea that we would fall in with the cattle where we did.

---

[18] "At 8 A. M. passed the place where the Chippewa was burned. At 10 A. M. opposite Poplar River," Harkness, Diary, Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. ii, 1896, p. 347, at date of Monday, June 9, 1862. The Chippewa was the first boat that ever passed above the mouth of Maria's river to Fort Brulé (McKenzie or Piegan: note [4], p. 111), which she reached in 1859 (July 17), and shared with the Key West in 1860 (July 2) the honor of first reaching Benton itself. She was a stern-wheeler of 160 x 32 feet, owned by the A. F. Co., W. H. Humphreys, master, at the time of the disaster which Larpenteur relates. This occurred on the evening of Sunday, June 23, 1861—not in "May," as given by Chittenden, Rep., p. 3876. The place where she burned, about 15 m. by water below Poplar river, became locally known as Disaster Bend. The liquor on board was being smuggled; the lawful freight included other goods for the A. F. Co., Indian annuities, and about 25 kegs of powder. No lives were lost.

We remained at Union about two hours, and pushed off again. On the fourth day out from this place we landed at Berthold. We called on Smith for the robes, but failed, after all our efforts, having been able to get nothing more than the buffalo tongues. Without any accident we went on well, and a little below Nebraska City met the steamer Emilie,[16] Captain Nicholas Wall, bound for Omaha. We made arrangements with him to take down our robes, and waited for his return. It was still considered dangerous to travel down the river, though not nearly so much so as it had been, and when the boat returned there was a company of soldiers on board from Omaha, bound for St. Louis; but no bushwhackers were seen, and on the 4th of August we reached the port of St. Louis, all safe.

[16] I have no means of identifying this Emilie, the name having been borne by three or four different boats. One of them gave name to Emilie Bend of the Missouri, where she was snagged in 1842, about halfway between Pinckney and Washington, Mo. She was a packet owned in part by P. Chouteau and Co. Emilie No. 2, owned by the Hannibal and St. Jo. R. R., wrecked at St. Joseph, Mo., in 1865, is said to have been the first side-wheeler that ever reached Benton, and is very likely the boat Larpenteur means. Capt. Nicholas Wall is the person for whom Nick Wall bar and point are named. The bar is situated in a bend at the upper part of Spread Eagle bottom, 10 m. by water above the mouth of Poplar river. If the reader will turn to Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, p. 295, he will find that on May 4, 1805, the explorers "passed a small creek in a deep bend on the south, with a sand-island opposite it." This sand-island is Nick Wall bar; the creek is now called Antelope creek—the same that Clark's map of 1814 marks an Indian fort at the mouth of. Nick Wall point is the great tongue of land that makes Marion bend, near Chelsea sta. This bend has grown immensely since 1805, for L. and C. sailed right across Nick Wall point from the little creek just said, on a course of 3 m. N. 10° W.

50

CHAPTER XVII.

(1861-63.)

FORT STEWART AGAIN: FORT GALPIN.

As Mr. Lemon had reported, there was no sale for robes. The best part of our robes had been stolen. No longer had I a house to live in. Now what to do? Mr. Campbell, who saw what a plight we were in, said, "Gentlemen, I cannot sell your robes, except at a great sacrifice, which I see no necessity to make. If you wish to return I will furnish your outfit. Now make up your minds and let me know." Having consulted upon what to do we made up our minds to return. Smith, of course, was out; we allowed Bolles a small share, but he was to remain out of the country.

Our outfit was soon ready and shipped again by St. Paul, where we bought our cattle. This time we adopted Burbank's way of freighting. We bought light wagons and put but one yoke to each. In this way one man can drive two wagons, and it is no trouble to get through swampy places, as each wagon takes only from 18 to 20 hundredweight.

We left St. Paul on the 14th of September [1861], with seven wagons and eight men, bound for Poplar river. We traveled well, but I was so sick most of the way that it was feared at one time I was going to leave my bones in the prairie. The weather was also very disagreeable. The previous trip I walked the whole way, nearly 900 miles, except two days; but this time I rode more than half the time. We went pretty nearly the same route; the only difference was that we struck direct for St. Joseph instead of Pembina. We had provided ourselves with ox shoes, and got our cattle shod on arriving there. I got another first-rate guide, by the name of Louison Vallée. This guide was one of the best hunters I ever saw for buffalo, as well as for small game; he was near fifty, about six feet three, built in proportion, a very powerful man, and a tremendous walker. He made us live on ducks and geese at the start, and, when we got in among buffalo, on the fat of the land. His killing so many fine fat ducks I believe saved my life. In coming in with a load of ducks he would exclaim: "Monsieur Larpenteur, c'est bon pour la moustache," for he could not speak English. He was as good a guide as my first one; he took us farther north, but managed to get us through without seeing Indians, except the day previous to our arrival.

When we came near the Missouri he observed that he had never been up to Poplar river; he could put us on the Missouri, but not take us direct to the spot. That did not make much difference with us, as we had a man by the name of Joseph Ramsay,[1] who had been the hunter for Fort Union for 20 years, and said he knew the country well. So the remainder of the journey was left to Ramsay. We did not, at the time, consider ourselves more than two days' travel from our destination. In the morning Ramsay took the lead, and the guide went ahead of the teams, in his own direction toward the Missouri, expecting to fall in with us from time to time. I remained with Ramsey, going ahead of the teams. After traveling about an hour I observed that I thought he was going too far north. "No," said he, "I am on the direct way. You see that big hill yonder, with that pile of rocks on it? From there you can see the Missouri." When we came near the hill, being anxious to see the Missouri, and, at the same time, thinking that my man was lost, I started ahead of him. But, when I reached the top of the hill, the Missouri was not to be seen, nor any sign of it. As Ramsay came up I asked him to show me the Missouri. He looked around, very much surprised, not knowing what to say, and I saw plainly that he was lost. I then pointed out a direction, went back to the wagons, and changed our course. We had gone but a little way when we saw an Indian coming after us at full gallop. On approaching us he asked: "Are you going to Woody Mountain?" Ramsay had taken quite a northerly direction.

---

[1] Corruption of his Spanish name, which I suppose would be correctly written José Ramusio. He figures in Boller, p. 373: "John Wallace was the principal hunter since old *José Ramusio* had lost one of his hands by the bursting of his gun. Previous to that accident José was one of the very best 'runners' in that part of the country. Wallace was brave even to foolhardiness, and the following spring paid the penalty of his rashness with his life." Dr. Matthews supplies the following note:

"Ramsay was a corruption of his true name, which I never learned. I saw him once in the spring of 1871, in very cold, unpleasant weather, when I was on a scout from Fort Buford to Fort Peck. One day near the mouth of Poplar river, as we were passing a small cluster of Assiniboine teepees, which stood 100 or 200 yards off our trail, a number of the Indians turned out to look at our party. Some old pioneer among us cried out, 'There's Joe Ramsay. I must go and see him.' As I had often heard of Ramsay, and was curious to see him, I turned aside from the trail also. I found him a tall, good-looking old man of Spanish type. He spoke English very imperfectly. He was dressed like an Indian, wrapped in a blanket, and wore no hat. He had lost his right arm. I learned afterward that his case was something like that of John Brasseau, of which I have already told you. When he lost his arm, and could no longer earn a living in the Fur Company, he was turned out or at least made so unwelcome that he left. Then he found refuge among the Indians, who fed him till he died. At the time I met him, he was living on the charity of the Assiniboines, although they were themselves in a half-starving condition."

This Indian was Broken Arm, the chief of the

Canoe band of Assiniboines; he said that they had come across our tracks, and made sure whose they were. Many of his people wanted to follow him, but he did not allow them to do so, as he knew I would not like it. He then asked me where I was going to winter. I told him at my former place. He remarked that it was not so suitable as Fort Stewart, where all his band intended to winter; that I had better change my plans; that there were no Indians as yet on the Missouri, but they would all come to my place as soon as they should learn that I had arrived. This was all a lie, for I found out afterward that most of the Assiniboines were at Fort Charles,[1] about 50 miles by land above Fort Stewart.

---

[1] Fort Charles stood on the N. bank of the Missouri, in the vicinity of Macon and Wolf Point stations of the G. N. Ry., below Wolf creek from the N. and Elk Prairie creek from the S. The latter is Lackwater or Little Dry creek of Lewis and Clark, the next one below their Big Dry creek, which latter is the one wrongly marked Elk Prairie creek on various maps: see L. and C., ed. of 1893, p. 299, where the G. L. O. map misled me. Fort Charles was built on the first point from the N. below this Little Dry or Elk Prairie creek, about 3 m. S. S. W. of Macon sta., at about 124 channel-miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone, and about 26½ of the same above present mouth of Poplar river. The point is now 4 m. below the mouth of the creek; but the position of the latter is altogether different from what it used to be, in consequence of the remarkable Fort Charles cut-off. On May 5, 1805, Lewis and Clark sailed 5 m. due S. into this cut-off from the bluffs on the N. side where Calf creek comes into the

Owing to his report I consented to go to Fort Stewart; the Indian guided us, saying we would get there the next day. It was late at night when our guide Vallée came to the camp, quite angry with Ramsay. It snowed that night about four inches, and kept quite cold all the next forenoon, but moderated in the afternoon. A little before sunset we were at Fort Stewart, strange to say, again on the same date as last year—the 9th of November, 1861.

It was a glad set of men who put up the lodge, not to be taken down till comfortable quarters were made; and, after a bouncing supper, we turned in, with the pleasant idea that there would be no hitching up in the morning. Had Ramsay taken us in the right direction, we should have reached Poplar river the day the Indian overtook us, and found good quarters already built. My own had been burned down, but

---

bottom. They thus went at a right angle across the present channel of the Missouri, which is flowing from W. to E., and camped under the bluffs on the S. side. Next morning they went S. 30° W. 1½ m. to the mouth of their Little Dry creek, issuing from a gorge between two bluffs directly into the Missouri, which then washed those bluffs. This old channel is the Fort Charles cut-off, the upper arm of which is now closed up, while the open lower arm carries Elk Prairie creek some 3 m. N. through the bottom to the point where it now strikes the channel of the Missouri almost opp. Wolf Point sta., 2 m. below Wolf creek, and 1½ m. above the Calf creek just mentioned. The whole formation is a typical case of its kind.

those of Clark were still up, and would have saved us a great deal of disagreeable labor.

On rising in the morning we found about five inches of snow on the ground, and it was still snowing; but the wind soon changed and a cold northwester made it impossible to work. From this time until March [1862] extremely cold weather continued. Through the assistance of squaws whom I employed to heat water and daub the houses, we succeeded in getting ourselves comfortable quarters, but no stockade. I made use of the places we prepared the previous fall. Buffalo were so plentiful here last summer that they ate up all the grass; it looked as though fire had burned the prairies. In consequence of this and the hard winter [of 1861-62] I lost all my cattle—20 head. Owing to the severity of this winter my trade was light, after that of the Assiniboines was over. I had but 1,000 robes, a great many goods left on hand, and more trade must be made. I knew the Gros Ventres of the Prairie* were at war with the Blackfeet—that is, with the Piegans; that they dared not go to Benton; that few traders had been in their camp; and, consequently, that they must have yet a great many robes.

---

* Not the Grosventres of the Missouri, who lived with the Mandans, but the Atsinas or Fall Indians, a tribe of Algonquian stock, usually confederated with the Blackfeet or Siksikas. See a previous note.

Matters standing thus, I proposed to Lemon to go after the Gros Ventres. I had a man in view for this trip who knew the country, and intended to send him with Lemon. After a great deal of persuasion Lemon agreed to go. My man, whose name was Louis El,[4] was ready. My instructions to Lemon were, in the first place, to do all he could to bring the Indians down with their robes; and, secondly, if he could not succeed in that, to get enough of them to come with what number of horses would be required to take all my goods up to Milk river at Dauphin's[5] old fort, where I intended to remain during the summer, and where I would have a boat ready for him to go down with what returns I should have; but by all means to do his best to bring them down with robes.

---

[4] So Larpenteur spells the name, which is Louis Elle in Boller, p. 366, etc.

[5] "Stopped at Dauphan's cabin, eight miles [by river] below Milk River. Traded for robes, etc., and took him to Milk River," Diary of James Harkness, June 10, 1862, aboard the Emilie, in Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. ii, 1896, p. 348. The cabin was in the vicinity of Little Porcupine creek, 1 m. E. of which, 3 m. from its mouth, is Lenox sta. of the G. N. Ry. This is near where Larpenteur intended to summer, if not the same spot, and 8 m. below Milk river is exactly the situation of Lewis and Clark's "Gulf in the Island Bend," no trace of which remains. But it here appears, and beyond, p. 342, that Dauphin's "old fort," of which Larpenteur speaks, was *at* the mouth of Mill river. I am uncertain whether this Dauphin was Louis, the famous hunter mentioned on p. 324. No doubt there were more than one person of the name, which varies to Dauphine, Dauphiné, Dauphiny, etc.; but this individual is most probably the one for whom Dauphin rapids were named—the first bad ones below Judith river. "We passed several rapids, one of which was called Dauphin Rapid, after one of our engagés, who had fallen

Under those instructions and conditions they started afoot, with their rifles on their shoulders and a dog to carry or drag their sugar and coffee, about the 10th of May [1862].

In the meantime I set to work on my boat, which went very slowly, as I was out of provisions and had neither horse nor mule to send after meat. I had traded a horse and a mule, but one Mr. Assiniboine had relieved me of both; and I had to send my men with the cart after meat, when it was not killed too far from the establishment, or to pack it on their backs.

Twelve days after Lemon's departure he returned with a trading party of Gros Ventres, having 450 robes. After this trade was over, I proposed to put my plan into execution; but Lemon objected, saying that the Indians would rob me of all my goods, and that we had better go down together. As he had been quite contrary all winter, and fretful at every

---

into the river at this place." Maxim., Trav. of 1833, ed. of 1843, p. 230. I shot those rapids in 1874, and felt much better after than before taking them, in a small open boat. See Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, pp. 329, 330.

little disappointment, I became dissatisfied with him, and determined to have nothing more to do with him. So I went on preparing to go down stream. On the 4th of June [1862], we were ready to start, with oars all shipped, when a steamer hove in sight. We awaited her arrival, and found she was the Shreveport, Captain John La Barge,[6] who informed us that his brother Joseph was not far behind, coming up with the Emilie, and that he had letters for us from Robert Campbell, also some provisions. When we were ready to push off, he asked us if we had any ice. I told him that he would find some in a barrel. The ice had been so thick that a large cake of it, which we had covered in the sand, had kept until this time. The steamer resumed its way up, and we made our oars play down stream. We learned by John La Barge that they had formed a company to oppose the American Fur Company, the firm being La Barge, Harkness, and Co.[7] We met the Emilie about 20 miles below Big Muddy river.[6] By the letter from Mr. Campbell we learned that robes and all furs and peltries had risen in price, and also that he had sent us groceries of all kinds, as Captain John La Barge had already informed us. I was sorry that Lemon had not consented to let me take my goods up to Milk river; had he done so, I should have found myself well supplied, and we would have done well in that country. But, as a large company was now organized to oppose the American Fur Company, I did

---

[6] There were several others of this name, one of them Robert La Barge. Captain Joseph La Barge still (1898) lives in St. Louis, at a very advanced age. In 1843 he was pilot of the Omega, on which Audubon's party went from St. Louis to Fort Union: see my note in Aud. and his Journs., i, 1897, p. 492. The Emilie was his property. Captain John La Barge had just rung the bell of the Helena to make a landing opposite Bismarck, N. Dak., when he dropped dead at the wheel, May 1, 1885.

[7] The firm of La Barge, Harkness, and Co. was formed at St. Louis in the spring of 1862. The partners were Eugene Jaccard,

---

James Harkness, Joseph La Barge, John La Barge, and William (?) Galpin. Each partner is said to have put in $10,000; the steamers Shreveport and Emilie were purchased; the former left St. Louis April 30, and the latter May 10, 1862, in charge of the two Captains La Barge, respectively. On the Emilie was Mr. Harkness, whose Diary of the trip occupies Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. ii, 1896, pp. 343–361. They landed at Fort Benton at noon of Tuesday, June 17: "had a business meeting of all the partners and decided to build our post a mile and a half above Fort Benton naming it Fort La Barge," *ibid.*, p. 349. Again, p. 350, date of June 28: "Laid out Fort La Barge, three hundred by two hundred feet. Madam La Barge drove the first stake and my daughter, Margaret, the second." They also made a post near Fort Pierre on this trip; for we read, at date of Sept. 20, "found ourselves within one-half mile of our new post, just above Fort Pierre. Staid two hours with Lapambois [La Framboise]. . . his house is the best and goods in better order than any," *ibid.*, p. 359.

[6] On Saturday, June 7, 1862. "Met R. Lemon and Larpenter two days out, and took the latter back with us," says Harkness, Diary, p. 347.

not think it advisable to return with the boat, though I could have done so at but little expense, and most likely would have done so, if Lemon had been the right kind of a man. Taking everything into consideration, I thought best sell out.

So we sold out to Joseph La Barge. Mr. Lemon went on down to Berthold with the boat to deliver the goods, and await the return of the Emilie. I turned back with Captain La Barge, under a provisional understanding, to examine and select a point to build near the mouth of Milk river. Having examined that vicinity, I chose a situation at the head of Moose Point,* about 10 miles above Milk river by land and 15 by the Missouri.

---

* We hear of Larpenteur at this place in Harkness' Diary, p. 356. While at Fort La Barge Harkness built a boat 40 feet long, 7½ beam, christened her the Maggie, no doubt for his daughter Margaret, launched her on Aug. 26, 1862, and started down river next day. On Friday, Sept. 5, he says: "Off at 3.30, passed Dry Creek at 5.30, and arrived at Dauphan's at 11.30. . . Chambers, Larpenter, Lemon and the men all well." I believe that Larpenteur's Moose point is the same as El Paso point of Stevens' map—the very bold headland on the E. and S. around which the Missouri makes such a sweep for a few miles above Milk river. A part of this sweep, where the river is flowing N. for about 5 m. before it rounds to the E., is El Paso—a Spanish name, reminding us of the far away Rio Grande. There the bluffs on each hand are not over a mile apart. This straitened place is The Pass, from the exit of which the flood plain speedily widens to 2-2½ m. as it approaches Milk river, where the joint bottom of the two streams is fully 4 m. wide. At the head

I remained there until the return of the Emilie from Benton, when I again got on board, bound for St. Louis. At Berthold we took on our robes and proceeded. At Fort Pierre we learned that Smith, who had gone down with his robes in a small Mackinaw, had returned with Mr. Chouteau, whom he had met a little below, and had left his robes at Fort Pierre, in charge of Mr. Charles Primeau. Mr. Lemon demanded them as our property. Mr. Primeau consented to give them up on our paying him $50 for storage. We gave the required amount, and took them on board the Emilie. So we got out our robes at last, though, from what we learned afterward, we supposed Smith had sold them to Mr. Chouteau. They both felt very much surprised, on their return to Fort Pierre, to find the robes gone.

---

of the pass the Big Dry river of Lewis and Clark falls into the bight of a deep bend on the S., 2½ m. below Fort Peck; it still bears the name it originally received on May 9, 1805. At the foot of the pass Larpenteur founded the post he calls Fort Galpin, on the left bank, N. side, of the Missouri, directly opposite Moose or El Paso point. The situation is now only 12½ m. by the channel above Milk river, instead of the 15 m. Larpenteur gives. The bends seem to have contracted of late years, and are certainly much shorter than they were when Lewis and Clark went through. Fort Peck was flourishing in 1874, when I was there, but has since been abandoned. Galpin continues to be the place of a small settlement which goes by the original name. From Galpin up to the site of Peck, on the same side of the river, is less than 4 m. by land, but by water about 8½ m.

Early in July [1862] we reached St. Louis, where, after a final settlement, I found myself with $1,400, from our dividends. This was my all, after two years of hard work, trouble, and exposure. Having made arrangements with the firm of La Barge and Co., which was to give me one-fourth of the net proceeds of the Assiniboine and Gros Ventres of the Prairie trade, I left for my place at Little Sioux.

On arrival I found my family all well, but living in a very poor log house, which was standing about 40 steps from my main buildings, and had escaped the fire. All I could see of my improvements, which had cost me upward of $3,000, was a pile of ashes; and I had no insurance.

I went the rounds at once, settled all my debts, big and small, and eight days afterward was again under way for the upper country, having shipped at Sioux City, on the Shreveport, bound for Benton, with goods for the Indian trade.

Late in August [1862] we reached Milk river, when the Missouri became so low that the steamer could proceed no further. The next day, while we were taking the goods into Dauphin fort, a large war party of Sioux gave us a few shots, and stole several head of horses from the Crows. The Shreveport left, and I remained in Dauphin until teams came from Benton to take up what goods the company had for that place, and also to move me up to the fort, which I called Galpin.[10] On our way up we left Owen McKenzie about 150 miles below this point, to build a trading post for the Assiniboines.

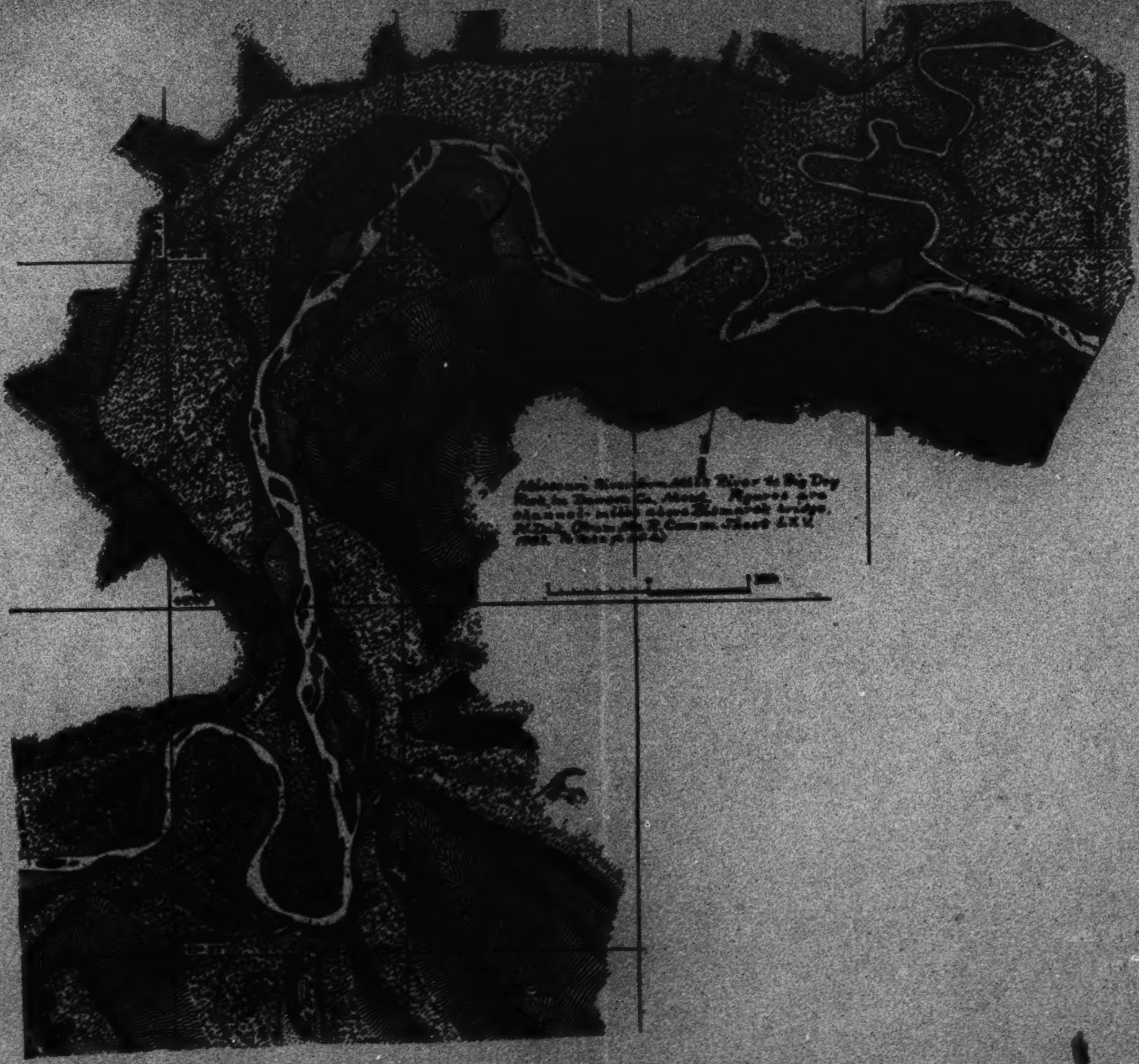
Here I erected a handsome, good little fort, and might have had a pleasant time. But in consequence of the very mild winter we had no buffalo, and the Indians, who were starving as well as ourselves, became very unruly. At one time they threatened to pillage my stores, and for a while our case looked rather dark; but they contented themselves with stealing a few articles. I tried my men, but they refused to fight, saying they would rather let the Indians take all the goods than expose their own lives. I had a mean, cowardly set of men, many of whom had been hired by Captain John La Barge on his return from Benton, during his first trip. I knew them of old, and had I had my own way about this, they should never have been in my employment.

---

[10] In honor of Charles E. Galpin, of whom Dr. Matthews writes to me as follows: "He was called 'Major' Galpin, but I never knew why. Perhaps he was once an Indian agent—all Indian agents were dubbed Major in those days; perhaps he had belonged to a militia regiment: but most likely the title was a sort of 'Kentucky brevet.' I have heard that when he was well on in his cups, he used to introduce himself to the whole world as 'Major Galpin of Dakota, a gentleman of the old school.' He must have been a long time in the country. I met him twice; once at Fort Berthold, in 1865, when he was in the Indian trade, and once at Fort Rice, in 1868, when he kept a sutler store and did some Indian trade. From Fort Rice he went to one of the then newly established agencies—Grand River, I think—where he died about 1870. He was a tall, fine-looking man of good presence and had evidently had good early advantages. He was married to a Sioux woman of unusually fine character, and by her had several children, all of whom I think are dead. In Dr. F. V. Hayden's Indian Tribes of the Missouri Valley, in Trans. Amer. Philos. Soc., there is a picture of her (fig. 4), with one of her children on her knee, and a flattering notice of her on p. 457."

In spite of all this my trade was tolerably fair this winter [1862-63]. McKenzie did little. Early in the fall he had a fight with the Sioux, in which one man was killed, besides one Assiniboine and several horses. This was a party of about 200 warriors, who attacked our men in their house. The latter immediately cut portholes, and defended themselves through them. Our man was killed in the house by a ball which penetrated the door. The Indians were bold enough to come and shoot through the portholes; but one of them remained there. The fight lasted all day; there were but four white men and six Assiniboines on our side. The next day three Sioux were found dead, and there were signs of several wounded ones, who had been taken away. This fight frightened the Assiniboines away from the post, and was the cause why McKenzie did but little trade—only 350 robes.

Toward spring [1863] we were in a starving condition, game of all kinds extremely scarce, and men



Missouri River from Milk River to Big Dry Fork, in Dawson Co., Mont. Figures are channel-miles above Bismarck bridge, N. Dak. (From Mo. R. Comm. Sheet LXV. 1893. [illegible])

afraid to go out for a hunt. For about six weeks I lived on nothing but jerked elk meat, having some salt but being entirely out of other groceries. There is little substance in elk meat. I became so weak that I could scarcely get up the river bank with a bucket of water; my knees felt like giving way. It was only by seeking for coffee in the warehouse, picking it up grain by grain out of the dirt, that I now and then got a cup of coffee, without sugar; but it was a great treat notwithstanding.

On the 11th of June, 1863, Capain John La Barge landed at this place, bound again for Benton, or, rather, for Fort La Barge,[11] which the firm had built in opposition to Benton. Having heard some great stories, all of which he or they believed, previous to seeing me, the firm had made up their minds to discharge me. In consequence of this they abandoned Owen McKenzie's post and brought him up to take charge of Fort Galpin. McKenzie was a great drunkard, not at all fit to be in charge of such an establishment; but, without any inquiries, my charge was made over to him. Captain La Barge, not satisfied with this, and being the meanest man I ever worked for, except his brother, told some of the men that I had given him a very bad account of their behavior. This set them against me; and now that I was no longer in charge, one gentleman among them—a bully nearly six feet six inches tall—took it into his head one fine day to give me a pounding. He would have done so had it not been for my son, who was about 20 years of age,[12] and much of a man. He saw me in a quarrel, and, thinking that there would be a fight, went into the house, and got his rifle. By that time we were engaged in the fight. I received a severe blow, which stunned me; and when I recovered I saw my antagonist lying as if dead at my feet. I made sure it was none of my doing, and next saw my son in the act of giving him another blow, saying, "Let me kill the son of a b——h." McKenzie, who had come up, said, "Don't strike him again, Charles; you have killed him." During all this time the men were standing outside near their houses, not daring to approach, and when we left him they came and took him in for dead; but he recovered.

---

[11] As we have already seen note [9], p. 339. As in the instance of Mr. Boller, Larpenteur proceeds to severe strictures upon the Captains La Barge. I am sorry for this, as I believe him to be too harsh. But he is entitled to the expression of his opinions, which it is not my part to confirm or confute.

McKenzie now being in charge, my presence was no longer needed at this place. I got a canoe, and, taking my son and a young freeman named Keiser, went down to meet Captain Joseph La Barge, who was coming up with the steamer Robert Campbell, loaded mostly with the Blackfoot annuities. Instead of meeting the Robert Campbell, which we thought would be the first boat up, we met Mr. Chouteau, on the steamer Nellie Rogers, bound for Fort Benton. This was at Fort Kipp, where we got on board to return to Fort Galpin, as we had learned that the Robert Campbell was yet far below. About 50 miles below Fort Galpin we met the Shreveport, on her return from Benton. We boarded her and proceeded on our way down; but she was to turn back to assist the Robert Campbell up with the annuities. At Heart river we met the Robert Campbell, and, as agreed upon, we turned back in her company.

---

[12] Having been born Aug. 9, 1842: see that date, p. 175.

The third day afterward we were fired upon by a party of Sioux, while wooding, but no one was hurt. We went on again to a place called the Tobacco[18] Garden, about 100 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, where we saw a large war party of Sioux on the south side of the river. The two boats came within 100 yards of each other, and anchored in the middle of the river to see what those Indians were going to do. After the Sioux had all gathered up, they cried out for the boat, saying they wanted to have a talk, and were out of tobacco. There were two Indian agents on board, Major Latta for the Gros Ventres, Mandans, and Assiniboines, and Major Reed[14] for the Blackfeet. I was at the time on the Shreveport. The captain and those gentlemen, not knowing much about Indians, thought best to send for the head men of the party, and in spite of all that could be done from our boat to make them abandon the idea, Captain Joseph La Barge would send out the yawl. The first crew ordered refused to go; the mate, not wishing to insist on sending another crew, without further orders, reported to the captain that the men had refused, and was sent back very roughly with orders to send another crew. So seven men were ordered out. One young man of this crew, already in the yawl, caught hold of the steamboat, saying, "I don't want to go—we'll all be killed." The mate threatened to break his fingers if he did not loosen his hold, and he was obliged to go with the crew—never to return. As soon as they started I took my double-barreled gun and ran up on the hurricane deck. When the Indians saw the yawl coming they jumped down the bank, and the moment the yawl landed, discharged a volley, killing three men and wounding another, who, it was thought, would not recover. From the steamboat we fired several volleys, but to no effect. A few shots were afterward fired from the willows by the Indians, also without effect, and about three o'clock in the afternoon we got under way.[18]

---

[18] For this place, where the bloody affair about to be narrated comes off, see note [18], p. 126. The distance I there give, 75 m. below the Yellowstone by the channel of the Missouri, is a misprint for 95.

---

[14] Henry W. Reed of Iowa, a nondescript. He was Elder Reed at home, Major Reed abroad, and figures beyond as member of a certain Peace Commission for which Larpenteur was interpreter.

---

[18] Boller, who was on the Robert Campbell, devotes his chap. xxxv, pp. 363–369, to a more circumstantial account of this affair, which I will give in substance. The Campbell, Capt. Joseph La Barge, had on board Jerry Millington, the clerk; one McKinney, pilot; the two Indian agents, Latta and Reed, whom Larpenteur names; Alexander Culbertson and his Blackfoot wife; and a number of mountaineers and adventurers, the latter bound for the newly discovered gold fields of Montana. At Fort Pierre Mr. Charles reported the Indians to be very bad above. The agents had a talk, through the interpreter, François La Framboise, with some Sioux who were camped at Pierre, complaining of the killing of eight Indians at Fort Randall a short time before. At Heart River island the Campbell's rudder broke, and while she was repairing, the Shreveport, which had discharged at Cow island and hurried down to meet her, hove in sight. Cargoes being rearranged, the two boats went up in convoy. When at the mouth of L'Eau qui Mont, or Rising Water creek, the Shreveport, in advance, stopped at a sandbar to take on driftwood. While she was thus occupied, several Indians appeared on the opposite bank, and called out in Grosventre language for a boat; they were returning from a hunt, had made plenty of meat, and wished to trade for coffee and sugar. After this their horses were turned out on the prairie to feed, the squaws were crossing with the plunder in a bull boat, and the Campbell had just tapped the signal-bell to start, when the Indian women gave a piercing shriek. A Sioux on a white horse dashed out of a ravine, making for the horses, and was followed by 15 or 20 others, who

The next day, at 10 a. m., we buried the three poor fellows in one grave; the young man Martin was one of them. Two days afterward we reached the mouth

drove off the herd and disappeared. The Grosventres, who had thus lost nearly all they possessed at one fell swoop, were taken aboard the Campbell, provided for, and landed on the opposite side, to make their way to the village.

The Campbell continued, and on rounding the point below Shell creek sighted the Shreveport wooding. There was a commotion on the latter boat, which backed out into the channel and made for the other shore. The Campbell followed, and the two boats made fast together at a sand bar, as Larpenteur relates. It was then learned on the Campbell that when the Shreveport had stopped to wood, the hunter Dauphin went out as usual to look for game, but discovered instead a large party of Sioux making for the boat. He hurried back to give the alarm, the hawser was cut, and the boat backed into the stream, as just said. That afternoon was occupied in making a breastwork of flour sacks on the boiler decks of both boats, in expectation of attack at any point they might stop for wood. Soon after sunrise next morning a shot was fired while the boats were running close into shore; the ball passed through the pilot-house, narrowly missing one Atkins, who was at the wheel of the Campbell. Mrs. Culbertson's sharp eye soon afterward descried some distant objects, which proved to be a party of Sioux, about 200 in number, moving in a direction to intercept the boats. The Shreveport, which was ahead, dropped down, and both boats were made fast to a sand bar not far from Tobacco Garden creek, while the Indians gathered on the bank, protected and partly concealed in the woods. There was no discipline on the Campbell, and no one seemed to know what to do. The Indians yelled to the whites to come ashore and be killed; that they wanted arms, ammunition, and provisions; that the whites were dogs, only fit to be killed—with other demands, taunts, and threats to like effect. Several per-of the Yellowstone, where both boats stopped, it being impossible for them to proceed farther.

Although they were on bad terms with the Ameri-

sons on board besides Mrs. Culbertson understood Sioux, and there was no possible doubt of the Indians' meaning. Somebody suggested to send a boat ashore to bring some of the leading men aboard for a talk; and as neither of the Indian agents, Latta and Reed, seemed to have any ideas of their own to advance, this senseless suggestion was acted on. The Indians were meanwhile gathered on the bank, insulting and defying the whites continually. The passengers were behind their breastworks of flour sacks; among them were Jerry Millington, who had been a trader on the Platte; Louis Ello, Boller himself, and several others, close together; Culbertson and his wife stood near by. To their unspeakable surprise a boat put off from the steamer and headed for the shore. The agent, who might have embraced this opportunity to edify his red children in a talk, did not go. As the boat left, Mrs. Culbertson called out to the crew, "Come back! Come back! You'll all be killed!" But the men bent to their oars, and neared the fatal shore. As the boat landed, Indians crowded ominously upon her, and Millington remarked, "There'll be hell raised now." The Sioux chief sprang into the yawl, and shook hands with each of the crew; a score of dusky warriors were at his heels. Presently those on the steamer saw weapons gleaming, white smoke puffing, and heard sharp reports that told of slaughtered men. The fire was answered from both boats, not without effect, as was seen by the hurried movements of the Indians. The yawl with its load of dead and wounded was soon floating down stream; one man was seen clinging to her stern. Another boat was sent for her, and the victims of this senseless affair were brought aboard. Two only of the crew escaped; one of these, who had been wounded, feigned death; the other was the steersman, who had the presence of mind to throw himself overboard, and cling to the boat can Fur Company they concluded to ask Mr. Hodgkiss,[16] who was in charge, to let them store their goods in Fort Union. Knowing that Mr. Hodgkiss was very fond of liquor, they made sure of success, and certainly succeeded.

When we came to the fort we learned that Malcolm Clark had shot Owen McKenzie. Mr. Chouteau had not been able to ascend the Missouri farther than Milk river, where he had to put out all his freight, to

---

till he was rescued. So reluctant had these men been to start that the mate [named Miller], drove them into the yawl with an ax; he was afterward killed in a street brawl in Cincinnati. The wounded man recovered. Next day the dead were decently buried on the river bank, and stones piled over their graves to keep the wolves from digging them up. Thus was avenged the massacre of eight Indians at Fort Randall.

I have offered in writing to Captain Joseph La Barge to print in this connection any statement concerning the affair that he might wish to make and would be willing to sign; but up to date of going to press have not heard from him. Where the blame, if any, should rest, is to me a matter of entire indifference.

[16] "Mr. Hodgkiss of the American Fur Company entertained me with interesting reminiscences of his life," says Boller, p. 263, when he was at the Arickaras; "he being one of the veteran mountaineers, having come up in 1832 as clerk for Captain Bonneville." Again, p. 369, on the occasion when Boller was still with Larpenteur: "Mr. Hodgkiss (formerly in charge of Fort Clark) was now in command of this Post [Union], and in the kindest manner tendered all the hospitality and assistance in his power to those passengers who were disappointed in getting to Fort Benton by steamer." This was in 1863. His death is given beyond. Larpenteur copy spells his name Hudykits.

be hauled up to Benton with wagons. While he was there McKenzie came down to the boat. McKenzie had disputed with Clark in regard to some settlements of the time of Frost, Todd, and Co. Clark had been in charge for that company, and McKenzie was not on good terms with him. So McKenzie got very drunk and commenced to quarrel with Clark, who, knowing him to be a dangerous man, took out his pistol and shot three balls through McKenzie, killing him instantly.[17] This one of Captain La Barge's best kind of men gone, there was no one in charge of Fort Galpin. They put in charge Louis Dauphin, whom I knew to be a regular thief, and who did not know his a b c of the business. Finding themselves in a bad fix about Galpin, they had the brass to ask me how I would like to go there again; but I bade them to be so kind as to excuse me, as they could find plenty of better men than myself. Shortly after this Dauphin was killed by the Sioux. A young man named Antoine Primeau was shot by Jerry Potts, a half-breed. My cook, a nice young man, who wanted to display his bravery, was killed by some Sioux near the fort. James Windle [Wendall?] was killed by a bull-driver who came down from Benton. All this happened at Fort Galpin shortly after I left, and the goods which the La Barges had brought up were nearly all lost.

---

[17] Miss Helen P. Clarke's version of her father's part in this tragedy is as follows, Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. ii, 1896, pp. 257–58: "It would be somewhat singular if a man with as strong characteristics as Malcolm Clarke should pass through life without making enemies. To one it proved fatally disastrous—a man named [Owen] McKenzie. Perhaps the less said of him the better. The origin of the quarrel, a mere nothing. Both were probably to blame. Matters might have been amicably settled, but poor McKenzie's anger was fed and encouraged by his friends, and whiskey only added fuel to the flame. At any rate, one summer in 1862 or 1863, at Fort Union, or near there, on the American Fur Company's boat, McKenzie, blinded with anger and drink, entered the cabin where my father was, and when within two feet of him levelled his pistol. It is needless to say that the fatal charge was quickly turned, and McKenzie fell its victim. And there he lay pulseless and cold with a bullet in his heart, calmer by far than the man that shot him, although the latter knew it was done in self defense, and was afterwards fully exonerated."

The annuities being all stored, we started for the States. A few miles below Sioux City the mate had a quarrel with his hands, in which he stabbed one of them, who died in fifteen minutes. The gentlemanly La Barges, having treated all their clerks about the same as they did me, drew out of the Indian trade. This was in 1863.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1864-66.)

FORT UNION ONCE MORE: HOME AGAIN.

In the spring of 1864 I made arrangements with Mr. Charles Chouteau to take charge of Fort Union. As he was not ready to leave St. Louis, I started ahead of him on the steamer Benton, in charge of 50 tons of commissary freight, having been appointed as commissary by General Alfred Sully of the U. S. army. I was to be relieved on the arrival of his fleet, which was to be up during the summer. The main reason of my appointment was that we had 17 barrels of whiskey in this freight.

We left St. Louis on the 26th of March. On arriving at Fort Randall,[1] we learned that 1,500 lodges of Sioux were camped near Fort Berthold, determined to stop all navigation, and so placed that they could sink boats by rolling rocks down the bank. Those who knew neither the country nor the Indians believed all this rubbish, and some of the ladies who were on board, bound for Montana, expressed a desire to turn back. We kept on our voyage, which was very tedious, on account of low water.

---

[1] This military post was established by General Wm. S. Harney in 1856, and named for Surgeon B. Randall, U. S. A. A part of the material was brought from Fort Lookout in 1857. Randall stood on the right bank of the Missouri, ¼-½ m. from the water, and 50 feet above it, lat. 98° 34′ N., long. 34° 12′ W. The landing was at the 978½-mile point of some charts. A little creek which made down alongside the fort became known as Garden creek, first

noticed by Lewis and Clark as they passed by Sept. 8, 1804: see L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 112. Across the river is a place called Swan, or White Swan, Charles Mix Co., S. Dak. The situation is 55 m. in an air-line above Yankton—further by road, 26 m. further by river. Randall was not a bad sort of a place, for a military post. I have pleasant memories of wintering there, 1872–73, though I was not very well housed, did not fare sumptuously at table, and sometimes had to go to bed to keep warm. The post was almost buried under the snow after a blizzard we had in April, when some of the drifts were level with the roofs. I made large collections in natural history that season, and wrote my Field Ornithology, which appeared in 1874. The best poker-player I ever faced—for I never happened to play with General Custer—was Capt. John Hartley of the 22d Infantry—a good soldier who got into trouble, resigned Sept. 7, 1882, and blew out his brains in a shooting gallery in New York City, Mar. 10, 1883, because he had not money enough to buy any means of self-destruction, and could get a shot at himself without paying for it first. He was a nervy fellow, of very ready wit, whom I always liked. The Benton, on which Larpenteur reached Randall, was a stern-wheeler of 246 tons, owned by Durfee and Peck; Capt. Frank Dozier, master, May 19, 1869, when she was snagged 8 m. above De Soto, Washington Co., Neb., giving name to Benton Bend of the Missouri.

On the 6th of May we reached Fort Sully[1] with a part of our load, having been obliged to make a double trip. On our arrival Colonel Bartlett, in command of Sully, informed us that, owing to reports of hostile Indians being strongly forted near Berthold, he had just received a dispatch from headquarters, ordering him to prevent any steamers from going farther up till a sufficient number arrived to justify him in sending an escort with them, which was left, in a great measure, to his own judgment. He said that he would let us know shortly what he would determine upon, and requested the captain to call again the next day. Being anxious to move on, and not putting much faith in any such stories as we had learned, we called on the commander. As I was a commissary, and had been for many years with the Indians, he would have me let him know what I thought about the matter. To which I replied that I thought all those reports, like many others, much exaggerated, and should not be at all surprised if we did not see a single Indian on our journey. For one thing there was no game on the river, and it was impossible for 1,500 lodges to remain long in camp together; and as to any place where they could roll rocks down the bank and sink the boat, I knew of none such—at which he smiled. As to danger, I could not say there was none; we might be fired on and some persons might be killed, but as there were nearly 150 men on board, all well armed, I did not apprehend much danger. The greatest danger would be at night, but good care would be taken to always anchor on a sand bar in the middle of the river. Colonel Bartlett then asked the captain when he thought he would be ready to leave; the answer was, "In a couple of days." "Well," said he, "when you are ready, let me know; something more favorable may turn up in that time."

---

[1] *Old* Fort Sully, below Fort Pierre—not the other one of the same name, which was later built above Pierre: see Lewis and Clark, pp. 131 and 146. The old fort stood on the left (N.) bank of the Missouri, opposite the head of Farm island, above the Padani Ṭiyohe or Pawnees Deserted river, and 4½ m. below Pierre, S. Dak., by the C. and N. W. R. R., which now runs through the site. This post was built by order of General Sully in the fall of 1863, but abandoned because the situation proved insalubrious. Larpenteur notes, in his Orig. Journ. at date of Aug. 1, 1866, that the Fort had been abandoned and the soldiers had gone up river to build another. New Fort Sully was begun July 25, 1866, 30 m. higher up river on the same side, 18 or 20 m. below Cheyenne river, lat. 44° 35′ N., long. 100° 36′ W., alt. 2,000 feet; completed in 1868. It stood on the third rise from the river, about 160 feet above the water, and about the same below the highest ground in the rear. The reservation in which it was situated included 27,000 acres. A detailed description, by Surgeons Gray and Wright, U. S. A., occupies pp. 388–390 of Circular No. 4, Surgeon General's Office, Washington, 1870.

With the consent of the commander we resumed our journey on the 9th of May. The river being still very low, we made but slow progress.[3] No Indians were seen until we came to the mouth of Heart river, where, on the 24th, about 9 a. m. we discovered a few Indians in the broken banks of the Missouri, awaiting our arrival with the American flag hoisted. Being well prepared, we landed, and gave them some few provisions and a little tobacco. They were but 12 in all—a half-starved looking set. After proceeding about 10 miles, we saw three Indians, who desired us to land; we did so, and found that one of them was Black Catfish, chief of the Yanctonais, who showed his papers from General William S. Harney. Having given them a good cup of coffee on board, and a few presents, we again got under way; and those were the last Indians we saw.

We landed safe and sound at Union on the last day of May, being the first boat up this season. We arrived early in the morning and came in sight of the fort unobserved. The doors were all closed, and not a living object was stirring except some buffalo, pasturing about 300 yards from the fort. But the door was soon opened, the flag hoisted, and the artillery fired; to which salute the boat responded. We were informed that the Sioux had been, and were still, so bad that the men dared not keep the doors open. The Indians had at one time made a rush, and shot a squaw through the thigh just as she was entering the fort. The Benton left about 3 p. m., having discharged 50 tons of freight, which pleased the passengers very much.

---

[3] During which occurred an incident which the Autobiog. does not give. I find in an Orig. Journ., p. 13, at date of Sunday, May 8, 1864, the following: "The weather very fine but the times rather boisterous on board the mate having quite a row with one of his hands by whom the mate went near loosing his nose by a bite. It was all stoped without much farther injury, the biting individual and his comrade were discharged and left at this place."

Larpenteur's Orig. Journ. of this trip, and other diaries, incomplete, 1864–72, are now in my hands, having lately been sent to me by his widow, at the instance of my friend Mr. Mitchell Vincent. They are thus available for checking the main text of the rest of his narrative, as well as for furnishing some additional notes.

I have omitted to say that, while at Berthold, I was informed of Mr. Hodgkiss' death; this news had not reached St. Louis when I left. Mr. I. C. Rolette was then in charge.

I was not to take charge of Union until the return of Mr. Chouteau from Benton. On the 13th of June Mr. Chouteau arrived with his steamer, the Yellowstone, bringing a company of soldiers for the protection of the fort, and of the Assiniboines; it was Company I, Wisconsin Volunteers, commanded by Captain Greer, and Major Wilkinson, the Indian agent, also arrived. The Yellowstone left for Benton the same day.

On the 2d day of July the Yellowstone returned from Benton, and, after all arrangements had been made, I took charge of Fort Union for the last year of the American Fur Company; but I still retained my position as commissary until the arrival of General Sully's fleet.

Now a few words[4] in regard to that expedition. Previous to my leaving St. Louis General Sully, one day, while at Mr. Chouteau's office, took pains to tell me the route he was going to take to the mouth of the Bighorn. He showed me the map, observing that the route from Heart river, at which point he intended to leave the Missouri and strike for the Horn, was the shortest, and could be accomplished in little time. I had been on the Horn, and had also traveled some on the Little Missouri. I knew the latter to be very rough country, which, further up than I had been, was almost all Bad Lands. This made me observe that I thought he would have a great deal of trouble in getting through with his command; but with a map and some good brandy, in Chouteau's office, one can get through anywhere. I found him convinced that he would meet with little difficulty; but I was satisfied to the contrary. After this he went on with his talk, saying, "I have a fleet of five steamers, which are going up as far as Union. Among them I have two light ones, intended to bring up all the goods and implements to the mouth of the Horn, where I expect to meet them. This notion I knew would never be realized; he might get to the Horn with his command, but for a steamboat to ascend the Yellowstone that distance I knew to be impossible,[*] and was much surprised at the idea.

---

[4] "A few words" more than Larpenteur gives on the subject may be read in two papers in the Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, vol. ii, 1896. One of these, entitled General Alfred Sully's Expedition of 1864 . . . from the diary of Judge Nicholas Hilger, pp. 314-328, is subtitled Battle with the Combined Tribes of Sioux Indians among the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. The other, headed General Sully's Expedition of 1864 Against the Sioux, by Nathaniel Pope, occupies pp. 329, 330. Both are of course aside from the official military report.

Now we will return to Fort Union, and relate what took place until the arrival of the fleet.[*] Captain

---

[*] It is said that the improbable always happens, and it is quite true that what is supposed to be the impossible sometimes does. During the Sioux war of 1876, which culminated on June 25 in the Custer massacre, a steamer was not only up the Yellowstone to the Bighorn, but up the latter to the Little Bighorn, June 29. "The Far West was waiting for us at the mouth of the Little Big Horn. . . The Far West left that day for the mouth of the Big Horn," says General Gibbon, Rep. Secy. of War, i, 1876, p. 474. Larpenteur never heard of such light-draft boats as were built after his time, and perhaps lacked the sagacity attributed to a celebrated scientist who is reported to have said that no one should use the word "impossible" outside of mathematics.

[*] Tues., July 19, 1864. "Pierre Chêne, Bellehumeur, and young Van Court arrived on horseback from Ft. Benton reported that

Greer had not been long stationed in the fort when a war party of Sioux, early one morning, stole all the horses, not more than 40 steps from one of the bastions. He started a detail of 20 men in pursuit on foot; had the Indians been so disposed, they could have destroyed those men with all ease. Two weeks later another party made an attack.[7] It happened that there were a few Gros Ventres of the Missouri at the fort, who, with some soldiers, succeeded in overtaking one of the Sioux; they pretty soon returned with his scalp, ears, and nose, and a great scalp dance followed. After this everything went

---

the Sioux had killed three men at Fort Galpin and wounded another and many cattle. The fort is now abandoned." Orig. Journ., p. 46.

[7] The exact date is Friday, July 29, 1864. "Early this morning at about 5 o'clock an alarm of Indians was cried, very shortly a discharge of guns was heard, and the Sioux were seen going off with two horses taken from an Assiniboine party which arrived last night—Redstone, chief of sixty lodges of the band of Canoes. These Indians, some Grosventres, who came from below in the expedition boats, and some soldiers started in pursuit and overtook the enemy; killed one and brought in his scalp, one hand and one foot, saying that they had killed more, but could not get them. Two Assiniboines were wounded, one through the thigh and left arm, breaking no bones, the other with an arrow in his stern. None of the soldiers was wounded, but the Indians acknowledged that had it not been for the soldiers' arrival so soon, the Sioux might have killed them all. The Assiniboines were but four, the Sioux seventeen. They got back their horses, and killed one Sioux," Orig. Journ., p. 51.

smoothly[*] till the 20th of November [1864], when a party of 83 miners arrived on their return trip to the States by the Yellowstone; they had been frozen in about 20 miles from the mouth of that river, and obliged to abandon their boats. Finding that they could not all be entertained comfortably in the fort, and some wishing to go to the States, half of the party made up their minds to take it afoot. Those remaining would have proved very troublesome, and more dangerous than the hostile or friendly Indians, had not Captain Greer, who was quartered in the fort, kept them quite civil. They were a rough set. Early in the spring [1865] I made them a large Mackinaw, in which they left two days after the ice broke, on the 17th of April. Captain Greer went with them, to meet the steamer Yellowstone.

We were not troubled by the hostiles that winter [1864-65], and should have had a pleasant time, had not scurvy broken out toward the end of that season; three soldiers died. As we had seen no enemies all winter, when spring came the soldiers went out hunting in all directions, as though there was no danger, and became very careless. On the 26th of April [1865] two of them returned from a hunt, and said they had found the remains of an elk which had been wounded and died, and was partly eaten up by a grizzly bear. The orderly sergeant and those two men agreed to go early next morning[*] to see if they could get a shot at Mr. Grizzly, and gave orders to the guard to awake them by daylight. The guard did as he had been ordered, and the three hunters went after the bear. When they had gone about three-quarters of a mile, and were passing through some thick bushes, they were fired upon by a party of concealed hostiles, about 40 in number, and one of them was shot down. Another of them shot and killed an Indian. The orderly sergeant, who had had the scurvy, could not run; the Indians rushed upon him, shot nine arrows into him, pounded him with their war-clubs, and then scalped him, not leaving a hair upon his head. The young man who fell at the first discharge was shot with one ball, above his left breast, and two in his leg. The bushes were thick where he was lying, and he saw them looking for him; but as the alarm had been given at the fort, by the guard, who had seen and heard the firing, they had no time to search, and ran away, leaving their own dead man. In the afternoon a party of soldiers went to the spot and hung him in some elm trees where he could be seen dangling from the Fort.[10]

---

[*] Sunday, Aug. 7, 1864. "Early this morning a party of 22 miners arrived from Virginia City by way of the Yellowstone in two small boats which they made up the Bighorn. They left Virginia City on the 22d [of July]. They report that there is no gold on the head of the Yellowstone, but that the Virginia mines are good. They saw the steamers [Chippewa Falls and Alone] yesterday morning about 20 miles below Brazeau's houses; and report that 60 wagons had just arrived at the mouth of the Big horn," Orig, Journ., p. 56. It thus appears that the party of miners of Nov. 20 was not the first such to reach Union in 1864.

---

[*] Thurs., Apr. 27, 1865, in substance as follows: About six o'clock the orderly and two soldiers were attacked by Sioux in going down in the point to hunt a bear. The orderly was killed on the spot; he had eleven wounds, all with arrows; was scalped and entirely stripped of clothing. One of the soldiers was shot in the right side above the heart, and had two shots in the left thigh and one in the right, all with balls; the doctor said he might recover, but it was doubtful. The third soldier killed an Indian, whom they scalped; and from signs they discovered were pretty certain they had killed three altogether. The Sioux were about 25 in number.

Apr. 28. At 3 p. m. buried the orderly, and about five a file of soldiers went and hung up the body of the dead Sioux.—Orig. Journ., pp. 123, 124.

Nothing worthy of note took place from this time till the arrival of the Yellowstone, on the 5th of June. Mr. Chouteau arrived this time in great distress; having been reported as a rebel he could not obtain a license, and was obliged to sell out all his trading-posts, except Benton; all other posts he sold to Hubble, Hawley and Co., of which A. B. Smith of Chicago was the head; it was called the North West Fur Company.[11] This being the case, we immediately set to work taking the inventory. When the post was turned over to the N. W. Co. I made arrangements to take charge of it for this new firm. Captain Upton of the regulars,[12] who arrived to relieve Captain Greer, had instructions to take possession of Fort Union for the United States, and turn all citizens out. So I had to turn out my men, and would have been obliged to leave myself, had not the captain suffered me to keep my own room and my cook. I thus found myself, as it were, under arrest, but this did not last long.[13]

---

[10] "The corpse was still dangling from the elm tree when I arrived at the fort in 1865," writes Dr. Matthews to me, 1897.

[11] Wed., July 5, 1865, the Orig. Journ. notes that the steamer

---

Hattie May returned to Union, having gone 12 m. above Milk river, where they made a fort to store their goods, called Fort Kaiser or Keiser, near Fort Copelin, which was built for the same purpose. Little has ever been heard of either of these two posts, which must have been in close vicinity of Fort Galpin.

[12] Larpenteur is mistaken here—this officer was not Emory Upton, Capt. 5th U. S. Artillery Feb. 22, 1865, and the only one of that name in the regular army, but a Capt. Upton of Co. B of the 1st U. S. Vols.—one of those regiments which used to be called "galvanised rebels," composed of rebel prisoners released on condition that they would fight Indians for us. I have failed to find the date of Capt. Upton's arrival. The name reminds me to say that a certain official map marks "Old Fort Upton" in the position of Union. I once suspected that some temporary post bore that name, but am now satisfied "Upton" is merely a misprint for Union.

[13] "Captain Upton left with most of his company on the 14th. Lieut. Young and a few men remained a few days, to sell goods and pack up. I was with them," Dr. Matthews, *in lit.* The Orig. Journ. is still more explicit: Sunday, Aug. 13. Express arr. at Union from Berthold with Gen. Sully's orders to Co. B.

On the 14th of August Captain Upton was ordered away, and I was again in full possession of the fort. Two days afterward Mr. Frederick D. Pease,[14] a member of the Company, arrived to attend the sale of the commissary goods. He asked my opinion in regard to sending after the Crows, who, he thought, had still many robes. I remarked that I would not send; that they could not have much left to trade, as so many boats had been up the river; and, for another thing.

Lieut. Young and 20 soldiers will remain until the steamer returns, but there will be no soldiers left during the winter.

14th. Capt. Upton left at 1.30 p. m. with about 80 men; the lieutenant and doctor [Young and Matthews] remained with 18 men.

[14] The same for whom Fort F. D. Pease was named. This was built early in 1875 by a party of about 40 men from Bozeman, Mont., under Mr. Pease. The situation was on the N. (left) bank of the Yellowstone, at or near present Etchetah, Custer Co., between Allen's coulée and Alkali creek. The low land along here became known as Pease's bottom; and the next stream below Alkali creek bears the alternative names of Pease's and Van Horn's creek (Windsor's creek of Lewis and Clark, ed. 1893, p. 1156), which falls into the Yellowstone nearly opposite Myers. Fort Pease was primarily a trading post, but the design was to colonise and lay out a town in this favorable situation. Then came the Sioux war; the fort was continually beleaguered, and skirmishing was incessant; many Indians were killed, but not without loss of six of the garrison dead and still more wounded. The whites were reduced to 28, appealed to the military for assistance, and on Feb. 22, 1876, Major James S. Brisbin left Fort Ellis with four companies of the 2d Cavalry for the relief of Fort Pease. The post was abandoned in March, but found convenient to use as a storehouse when, on April 21, it was temporarily

that I knew Captain Greer, during the past winter, had created such a jealousy between them and the Assiniboines that if they met it was sure to be war. So I did not think advisable to send; it would be better to wait till the arrival of the agent. But, in spite of all I said or could do, he would send. After the sale he left, and I remained with six men in a place where a company of soldiers had once been thought required for safety.

On the 21st[15] of August Mr. Pease and all the Gov-

---

occupied by troops under Gibbon's command in the Sioux campaign. See Lt. Bradley's account of these movements in Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc. ii, 1896, pp. 174, 175. But it appears *ibid.*, p. 137, from what my friend Peter Koch of Bozeman says, that the citizens took a somewhat different view of the situation. "The names of Crook and Gibbon and Miles will always be household words in Montana. But when Gen. Brisbin seems to believe the little garrison at Fort Pease was listening for his bugles, as the garrison at Lucknow listened for the pipes of Havelock, he was never more mistaken in his life. That garrison was ready to hold the fort much longer, and if not forced by Gen. Brisbin's orders to leave, Fort Pease would never have been surrendered." We may judge the facts to have been, that the garrison needed the relief; and that, having received it, they did not wish to leave.

[15] It appears from entries in the Orig. Journ. that all government affairs at Union ended with the sale of commissary stores to Smith, Hubble, Hawley and Co. at noon of Monday, Aug. 21, 1865, and when the steamer Big Horn left, at 5 p. m. that day, Larpenteur remained in charge with Mr. Herrick as clerk, six working men, and the individual whom the Journ. variously styles Charles Kuncle, Cunkle, Kunland, or Konkland. Dr. Matthews,

ernment officers left Fort Union; I resumed full charge, being left with six working men, one clerk, and one loafer named Conklin, who Mr. Pease said he thought was a Government spy, and who turned out to be a perfect blatherskite. After the departure of all the force which had been stationed here the men at times became quite unruly, and threatened to

who knew him, gives me the right name of this amusing swindler, and tells the following good story:

"Conklin was a tall, muscular man, apparently between 30 and 40 years of age in 1865. He always spoke of himself as 'Captain' Conklin; but my opinion is that he signed his own commission. He said he had been a captain of scouts under Gen. Sully in 1864; this is doubtful, but if he was, the title was only complimentary. He allowed it to be inferred that he was in the secret service, and pretended to be high in influence with the powers that be—President and Secretary of War included. According to his own account he had had no end of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes during the war and at other times. He was a blatant Hibernian who, if you would believe him, you would think knew everything and everybody, and had been everywhere. He was plausible and imposed on many shrewd people for awhile. When the troops abandoned Fort Union, in 1865, Conklin remained behind without salary; but drawing his rations. The traders were willing to have another man in their weak garrison, and thus our author came, in time, to know his character.

"While our troops were still at Fort Union, he was employed by a steamboat captain, working for an opposition company, to carry a message to a new trading station somewhere about the mouth of Milk river, and was to get $100 for his ride. He mounted a horse, lay out in the prairie for a week, until he got well sunburnt, and then came back, saying that the Crows (a friendly leave, which made it very disagreeable to me. During the night of September 10th the forerunners of the Crows arrived, with three white men who had been in their camps, reporting that these Indians would be in next day. There happened to be in the Fort a few young Assiniboines, who left that same night for their camp, about 20 miles distant. In the

tribe) had taken him prisoner and would not let him go through. It was too late in the season to send another messenger, for the steamer, owing to low water, was obliged to return to St. Louis. The plans of the opposition miscarried. He got his $100; but we all suspected that he got another $100 from the agent of the Northwest Fur Co. *not* to go through. [It appears from Orig. Journ. that "Konkland" started for Fort Copelin on express Aug. 24 and returned on the 30th, having been taken prisoner, as he affirmed, by Crows, who carried him to their camp, recognizing the mare he rode and thinking he had stolen her, etc.]

"After I left him at Fort Union I heard the following tale: Once he was traveling, with troops, in an ambulance or wagon, sitting beside the driver, and insisted on taking the reins. 'Can you drive a six-mule team?' said the doubting driver. 'To be sure! I've dhruv twinty mules through the Rocky Mounthins,' he answered. The driver surrendered the reins to him, and soon they came to a gully where Conklin mismanaged the team, upset the wagon, broke the tongue, and nearly killed himself and the driver. 'What did you tell me you'd driven twenty mules through the mountains for? You don't know how to drive one,' roared the driver, with many a choice oath. Conklin pulled himself out of the ruins, pale as a ghost, and, when he got breath, answered: 'Faix, I dhruv ivery wan of thim; but sure they were all *loose*.'

"I heard many more such traditions of him afterward; but this will suffice to paint his character."

mean time the Crows arrived, with but little to trade, and camped close to the fort—about 200 in all, men and women. On their arrival the chief demanded the annuities, but, as I had not been instructed to give them, I declined, but promised that if the agent did not arrive within eight days, I would then do as he desired. He said that was a long time, but finally agreed to wait; but trade commenced, and all went on well.

On the 12th of September, 1865,[16] a little before sunrise, I was awakened by my interpreter, saying, "Mr. Larpenteur—the Sioux! the Sioux! they have made a rush on the Crow horses, driven them all off, and are now fighting." I immediately got up, and ran up on the gallery; by this time the Indians had got out of sight, but I could hear the firing. A little while afterward the report came that there were some Assiniboines among them. By another dispatch we learned that they were all Assiniboines, that the

---

[16] "Tues. Sept. 12, 1865. Great excitement! About sunrise the cry of 'Sioux!' was heard; in a very little time the Crows were engaged in a fight, and very soon we learned that it was the Assiniboines, of which they killed four, and one Sioux. There were very few Sioux among them. The Assiniboines succeeded in getting off 101 head of horses, but the Crows took 55 head from them. Three Crows were slightly wounded. The Crows behaved remarkably well; they would not dance the Assiniboines scalps, and gave them to us to bury." Orig. Journ. of that date, in substance.

Crows had already killed two, and were still fighting. After the battle we learned that there were four Assiniboines killed, two Crows wounded, not dangerously; and that the latter had lost 45 head of horses. It was fortunate for us that no Crows were killed; for, had there been, we could not have saved the Assiniboines who were in the fort at the time; and it was only after a great deal of talk that we pacified the Crows. Then the chief, called Rotten Tail, came to me and said, " You must give me the annuities. You see that we cannot remain here any longer, the Assiniboines will have some more of our horses if we do." The old chief was right; I could no longer refuse him his annuities, and granted his request. But a little while afterward he came in with his soldiers, requesting me to give him the Assiniboines' annuities in payment for the 45 horses they had stolen, and also saying that the Crows must have ammunition. I saw plainly that they meant no good. I told the old Chief that I would give him his annuities, but that I had nothing else to give him, and that if he wanted pay for his horses he would have to wait till his father arrived on the steamer, which I expected would be up in a few days. Seeing that something was wrong, I had my men all well armed, and the cannon loaded. After a little more argument on the subject, the old fellow concluded to take his annuities. I then took him into the warehouse and showed him his pile, saying, "This is yours, just as it was sent up. Here are your papers, calling for so many boxes, sacks, barrels, and bales. You can see that none of them have been opened. Now I will send them out to your camp. You can remain here, to see that they all go, and after that you can divide them to suit yourselves." He then remarked that he would rather have me divide them. I told him I would have nothing more to do with them; that Indians always accused the whites of stealing annuities, which was my reason for refusing to make any division. Then he asked if I would let my "little whites," as the laboring men are called, divide, or help divide. I told him that would be as they chose. Finally the goods were divided, and the next morning, when all were ready to leave, the old chief came to me in the best of humor, saying, "Well, I have come to take breakfast with you before I go, and see if you have any more documents for me to sign." I told him I had some breakfast for him to eat, but no documents to be signed. When the old man was ready to go he shook hands in a very friendly manner, saying, "I am well pleased, but sorry that my friends the Assiniboines have been fools. You can tell them, from me, that I am still their friend, and willing to smoke with them. The scalps which were taken were given to your interpreter to bury and were not allowed to be danced, as we do with those of our enemies." Upon which he put the whip to his horse, and it was good-by, Mr. Crow. This being the result of Mr. Pease's dispatch.

On the 17th of September the Hattie May arrived, bringing Mr. A. B. Smith,[11] the Chicago hypocrite,

---

[11] This was the younger Mr. Smith, son of the head of the firm of Hubble, Hawley & Co. I know nothing to speak of about the firm or their affairs, but have no doubt that the Hawley here in mention is the person who has given us several place-names. Fort Hawley was situated in the bottom under the bluffs on the S. side of the Missouri, just about 20 m. above the Musselshell. There is also Hawley island, in Hawley cut-off from Hawley bend; nearest place generally known is Wilder P. O., Fergus Co., Mont., where the Circle Bar Cattle Co. have their corral, etc., between 3 and 4 m. higher than where the fort stood. The cut-off, I believe, is comparatively recent; but the bend is very old, as Lewis and Clark sailed around it on May 22, 1805, when the little stream they called Grouse creek fell into its bight from the area known as Hawley basin, on the N. This is the one correctly marked Beauchamp creek on the latest Mo. R. Comm. chart, which letters Grouse creek on the next one above, by error. Of this I am sure, for I have the L. and C. courses, showing that they went around Hawley bend, and it was on one of these courses in the bend that they named Grouse creek: see ed. of 1893, p. 319, where I make the correct identification. The G. L. O. map is in error in affixing the name of Beauchamp to a creek still higher than either of the two foregoing. This is Teapot creek of L. and C., not passed by them till the 23d, a mile above their camp of the 22d; it is the one marked Kannuck creek on the Commission chart, and sometimes also called Yellow creek. All three of the streams here in question are small, consecutive, and on the same side of the Missouri.

Mr. Hawley, and Mr. Pease. Having found myself slighted, and not liking the proceedings of this new firm, I requested my discharge of Mr. Pease last August; but he then said he could not do that, and I would have to await the arrival of the steamer. On her arrival I was discharged. The steamer on which I went left at noon next day,[18] and was to wait for those gentlemen in the point below Union, where the captain would take on a little wood; but as they did not come at the appointed time, he went down to the Fort William landing, only 2½ miles by land, to wait for them there. While landed there I found that I had forgotten some documents, which I had left with Mr. Thomas Campbell,[19] and wanted to go back to the fort for them. A great many ponies were seen, supposed to be those of Sioux, which had kept those gentlemen at the fort. But I knew that the Assiniboines were camped near by and that the ponies were those of this party, who, on hearing the cannon firing at the arrival of the boat, had come to the fort. Now that it was nearly dark, and those gentlemen had not arrived, the captain, who knew that I wanted to go to the fort, said, "Larpenteur, if you want to go you can; I will not leave to-night." I asked someone to accompany me, but none dared go, saying, "Those Indians may be Sioux"; so I started alone. The fort was locked up on my arrival, and, as my business was with Campbell, who was in a small cabin about 100 yards off, I passed by the fort. There I saw many of my old friends among the Assiniboines, who shook hands with me, saying they were sorry to see me go. Having been satisfied about the documents I started back to the boat. During my absence those gentlemen arrived in a skiff. Not knowing, as yet, that I had gone to the fort, they said that it was a good thing for me that I was not at the fort,

---

[18] Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1865. "Left early this morning, but did not make more than 1½ mile before we got aground where we lost three hours in getting off, and went and stoped for the night at the tobacco garden," says Orig. Journ., p. 163. The down voyage was: Berthold, 21st; Rice, 24th; Sully, 30th; "met steamer Calypso having on board four commissioners to make peace with the Sioux or another abortion," Oct. 1; Randall, 2d; Sioux City, 4th, as text states at conclusion of this chapter; and home on the Little Sioux next day.

[19] "Tom" Campbell was a well and widely known man in all that country for many years. He was no relative of the Robert

---

Campbell so often mentioned in earlier parts of Larpenteur's narrative. I have already mentioned the ruins of one of his posts, which I saw at Benton in 1893. On the 1st of July, 1874, the Northern Boundary Survey, of which I was surgeon and naturalist, was opposite another old trading establishment known as "Tom Campbell's houses," which stood on the right (S.) bank of Milk river, about long. 106° 53′ W., below the mouth of Little Rocky creek, and at or near present station Vandalia on the G. N. Ry. From this point the main party kept on, but Captain W. F. Gregory's, to which I was specially attached, turned off N. next day, en route via Ft. Turnay on Frenchman's creek to 49°.

for the Assiniboines would surely have killed me; then blaming me for that scrape with the Crows. At this the captain remarked, "Larpenteur has just gone to the fort." "Well," said they, "it is not good for him; we should not be surprised if he does not return." Not long after that I fired off my pistol and the yawl came for me. When the captain told me what had been said, I remarked that, if I had been obliged to leave the country whenever Indians threatened to kill me, I should have been gone long ago.

We left next morning, and, without anything worthy of notice, reached Sioux City on the 4th of October. Having remained at Little Sioux river a week, I started for St. Louis, to have a settlement with Mr. Chouteau. He received me like a gentleman, being pleased with the winding up of his affairs at Union. We settled up satisfactorily to both parties, and then I returned to pass the winter at my place.

CHAPTER XIX.

(1866-72.)

ON AND AFTER THE PEACE COMMISSION.

On the 29th of April, 1866, I received an appointment from Governor Edmond as interpreter with the Peace Commissioners for the Assiniboines. I started immediately for Yankton, went on to Randall by stage, and then by land to Sully, at which point I boarded the steamer Sunset, and reached Fort Union on the 11th of June.[1]

---

[1] Dates of this paragraph verified by ref. to Orig. Journ. "The journalist," as Larpenteur is fond of styling himself in these years, found his appointment on the Commission awaiting him at his home on Sunday, Apr. 29, when he returned from a short visit to Sioux City. He left the latter place May 12; was at Randall 17th, and Sully 22d, where he took the Sunset 24th. On June 1 the diary speaks of a place curiously called "La Coulée de la Bardache or Morprodite valley." This is the situation of La Grace P. O., Campbell Co., S. Dak., 4½ m. (direct) S. of the border of N. Dak., where Hermaphrodite creek flows into the left side of the Missouri. The stream is Spring creek of some maps, Bordache creek of Heap's, and Bourbeuse R. of Warren's; it is Pond creek of Gass' Journ., 1807, p. 54; and originally Stone Idol creek of L. and C., Oct. 13, 1805: see ed. of

On my arrival I found that the Assiniboines had been sent for; they soon came in, and I had everything arranged for the treaty on the arrival of the steamer Ben Johnson, on which the commissioners were coming.[2] They were Governor Edmond of Dakota Territory, General Curtis of Iowa, Judge Gurnsey of Wisconsin, Elder W. Reed of anywhere, and Mr. M. K. Armstrong, secretary. The treaty, like many others which were never realized, was made for the purchase of all the Assiniboine lands on the south side of the Missouri, and 20 miles square on the north side, directly opposite the mouth of the Yellowstone river. In consideration of this they

---

1893, p. 165. Besides the myth which the explorers give, there is some[illegible] written history about the name of this stream.

[2] The Ben Johnson was a large side-wheeler owned by a person of that name in the St. Louis and Omaha trade, chartered by Capt. Joseph La Barge for the commissioners' trip at $300 per day. A few years afterward she was snagged somewhere between Brownville and Nemaha City, Nemaha Co., Neb., raised, and finally destroyed by fire at St. Louis. On the arrival of this boat the affairs of the treaty continued till July 19, when Larpenteur left on her with the Commission for St. Louis.

A Report of the Northwestern Treaty Commission, etc., being Paper No. 64, pp. 168-176, of Ann. Rep. Comm. Ind. Aff., in Mess. and Docs., Interior Dept., 1866-67, is signed by Newton Edmunds, S. R. Curtis, Orrin Guernsey, and Henry W. Reed, Commissioners. Armstrong's name does not appear in that connection, but Moses K. Armstrong, b. Ohio, was secretary of a Peace Commission to the Sioux. Major-General S. R. Curtis of Iowa is well known. See also No. 112, p. 240.

were to receive $30,000 per annum, for the term of 20 years; and I, for my children, was to get a section of land wherever I chose to take it on the Assiniboine land; but nothing of this was realized.

The following summer General Sully was sent by the department to treat with the Assiniboines. At the council they asked him if he knew anything of the boat which was to fetch them money according to last summer's treaty. He told them he knew nothing about it. They said they thought it very singular, if he came from their great father's house, that he knew nothing about their boat. Then they told him he lied like all the others; that they had been filled with talk up to their throats, and did not want any more. A few annuities were sent them this year, but, as bad luck would have it, the steamer[3] on which the goods were coming sunk, and their groceries were all lost.

General Sully's object was to find out something about the treaty of last summer, and to show them what could be done without an Indian's having Ely Samuel Parker[4] as an example, and Father De

---

[3] Very likely the boat to which Larpenteur refers was the Pocahontas No. 2, a side-wheeler 180 x 32 feet, which was engaged in carrying Indian annuities when she was snagged at Pocahontas isl., Aug. 10, 1866.

[4] I have inserted the full name of this distinguished officer, which Larpenteur does not give. He was a captain of New York volunteers from May 25, 1863, to Aug. 30, 1864, when he

Smet to inspire them with a conviction that the truth was spoken. I will say nothing of what remarks the Indians made. General Sully's commission was the most useless one I ever saw in the country, and the great Peace Commission was a complete failure.

On the 19th of July we left Union. On reaching the landing at Buford we learned that the Sioux had fired on the traders whom Mr. Gaben had sent from Union to them, after obtaining permission of the Peace Commissioners to do so. One was shot in the back with an arrow; and at least one ball glanced off the other, having struck the brass mounting of his belt. The fort was set on fire last night; but as many were moving about, it was discovered in time, and no injury was done. Having stolen many goods the Indians made their escape. The boat took on all that was left, and we proceeded down river.

As the treaty had not been made coming up, the Commission had to stop at Berthold, which we reached on the 21st of July. The council was held

---

became General Grant's military secretary, serving a year in that capacity; after about another year as a subaltern in the 2d Cavalry, he was appointed a colonel on Grant's staff as aid-de-camp from July 25, 1866, to Mar. 4, 1869. He was brevetted brigadier general for gallant and meritorious services in the campaign which ended with Lee's surrender, and resigned Apr. 26, 1869. General Parker was a full-blooded Indian.

next day. As the interpreter, Pierre Garreau, could not speak good English, I was appointed to interpret from his French into English. As the Gros Ventres did not feel inclined to sell their lands—at least, the portion the Commissioners wanted—the council lasted a long while. In some of their speeches the Commissioners remarked that they had treated with all the neighboring tribes, who would all be well off, and the Gros Ventres alone would remain poor; even some of the Sioux, who were considered hostile, had made peace, and now would listen to their words. The chief said: "I like to see you all. You look well—very nice-looking men indeed; but we think you lie, like all the others. One reason why we don't wish to sell you the land you want is that we have been much deceived. When we make treaties for a long time, we get pretty well paid for a while; but it tapers off to a very small point, and then we see how completely we have been cheated. It is plain that you don't know what you are talking about when you say the Sioux are going to listen to your words; the Sioux are dogs—wolves—liars; and you will find it out ere long."

Not more than an hour after the Indian's speech the alarm of "Sioux! Sioux!" was given, and in less than half of a minute not a man was left in the council lodge—every Indian flew to his gun or bow and arrows, and was off in pursuit of the Sioux. About sunset they returned with five scalps, which they exhibited in front of the store to the gaze of the gentlemanly commissioners. Some of the Indians also had Sioux feet and hands tied around their horses' necks, while old squaws were dancing and jumping upon the scalps. They also took nine horses, but most of them died, having been overfed. "Now," said they, "here are your Sioux; see how well they listen to your words! They are the very same Sioux with whom you have just been making peace. We finished them with the fine new guns you gave them, and scalped them with your own knives. They are the very ones; and you will see some more of them at Fort Rice."[5]

---

[5] Fort Rice was built on the right bank of the Missouri, 6¼ m. above the mouth of the Cannonball, in lat. 46° 31′ N., long. 100° 35′ W. The military reservation was taken from the lands of the Uncpapa or Onkpapa Sioux, on both sides of the river, in what are now Morton and Emmons counties, N. Dak. Building was begun by Col. Dill with six companies of the 30th Wisconsin volunteers July 9, 1864, and the fort was rebuilt in 1868; the location was 300 yards from the river, and 35 feet above low-water mark, immediately above a small "creek on the south," which Lewis and Clark noticed Oct. 18, 1805, and which is now called Long Knife creek. On the opposite side of the Missouri, a mile lower down, is the mouth of Chewah, Shewish, or Fish creek of L. and C., called Shewash by Maximilian in 1833, and now known as Long Lake creek. This stream is mapped as Apple creek by Stevens; but Apple creek is properly the one

DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, U.S.A. (1893.)

The treaty was finally concluded, resulting in the purchase of 15 miles square at Snake river,[6] 16 miles below Fort Berthold, where Fort Stevenson is now standing.[7]

---

which falls in much higher up, at Sibley island, a few miles from Bismarck. For detailed description of the fort see Dr. Matthews' report, Circ. No. 4, S. G. O., Wash., D. C., 1870, pp. 390-394. This post must not be confounded with present Fort Rice P. O. in Emmons Co., nearly 6 m. higher up in air-line, and much further by water.

[6] So called from certain bluffs known as Loge de Serpent or Snake Den. This small stream flows S. W. into the Missouri, 6 m. by the road below Fort Stevenson: see Henry and Thompson Journs., 1897, p. 320. Snake creek is Miry creek of Lewis and Clark, translating Rivière Bourbeuse of the French: see L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 261. The original name was Mapokshaatiasi, literally Snake House river, so called by the Hidatsa Indians from a sort of cave or hole in the adjacent bluffs where these reptiles were found: *mapoksha*, snake, worm, caterpillar, or other animal offensive to these Indians; *ati*, house; *asi*, river (Matthews, Dict., *s. v.*).

[7] For Forts Berthold and Stevenson, see L. and C., ed. 1893, p. 262 and p. 265. Stevenson was abandoned by the military in the summer of 1883, and turned into an Indian school in the following December. The history of these two places, under military, commercial, and political conditions, and also that of Fort Atkinson, a trading-post, is best given in the article on Stevenson published by Dr. Matthews in the circular above noted, pp. 394-399. He served at both posts as medical officer for some years, making them memorable by the preparation of his Hidatsa Dictionary—a work of the highest authority on the ethnography and philology of those Indians. Dr. Matthews has kindly penned the following special note for the present work:

" The Hidatsa moved up the Missouri from their old village

On the 28th we left Berthold, and next day reached Rice, where we found, as the Indians had said, the partisan of the war party, who had been at Berthold; they were 22 in number. Further down we stopped at the Santee Agency, at Running Water [the Nio-

on Knife River to the bluff on which Fort Berthold was afterward built, in 1845. The Mandans followed them soon after, and the Arickarees joined them in 1862. Soon after the Hidatsa moved up, in 1845, the American Fur Co. began, with the assistance of the Indians, to build a stockaded post, which they called Fort Berthold in honor of a certain person of that name of St. Louis. This was built on the extreme southern edge of the bluff, on land which has since been mostly, if not entirely, cut away by the river. In 1859 an opposition trading company erected, close to the Indian village (but east of it and further away from the river than Fort Berthold), some buildings, protected by stockade and bastions, which they named Fort Atkinson. This was the fort at which Boller served. In 1862 the opposition ceased, and the A. F. Co. obtained possession of Fort Atkinson, which they occupied, transferring to it the name of Fort Berthold. They abandoned the old stockade, which was afterward (Dec. 24, 1862), almost entirely destroyed by a war party of Sioux. This was a memorable Christmas eve in the annals of Berthold. The Sioux came near capturing the post; but the little citizen garrison defended itself bravely, and at length the Sioux withdrew. I have heard many stories of this fight. When I came to Berthold, in the autumn of 1865, there were one or two houses of hewn logs, occupied by Indians, standing close to the edge of the bluff, which, I was told, were the remains of old Fort Berthold. The pictures I have sent you with the name of Fort Berthold attached represent the structure which was originally named Fort Atkinson. Like other posts in the Indian country, it was quadrilateral. Three sides of it were brara]. The commissioners had a long sitting with these Indians, who requested them to tell their Great Father to give them a better place, for they could not stand it here—no wood, and subject to overflow. They were afterward removed lower down. On the

accidentally burned, Oct. 12, 1874. At the time of this fire and for some time afterward it was occupied by the United States Indian Agency. When the remaining side was abandoned or when it was razed I do not know. Within a year I have heard from there that not a vestige of the old fort or village is left, except such as the archæologist alone might discover.

"The first (I think) military occupancy of the fort was in 1864, when Gen. Sully assigned a company of Iowa cavalry to duty there, under command of Capt. A. B. Moreland. In the spring of 1865 this company was relieved by one of the 1st U. S. Vol. Infantry (ex-Confederate prisoners), under command of Capt. B. R. Dimon. In the same year Capt. Dimon's company was relieved by one of the 4th U. S. Vol. Inf., commanded by Capt. Adams Bassett. In the spring of 1866 regular troops came into the country, and a company of the 13th Infantry, commanded by Capt. Nathan Ward Osborne (Col. 15th Inf., Aug. 5, 1888, now deceased), succeeded the volunteers. When the construction of Fort Stevenson was begun in 1867 the troops were withdrawn from Fort Berthold. When the troops first moved in, the traders were obliged to move out and build quarters for themselves outside. After the troops were withdrawn, the traders returned for a short time; then they made way for the Indian Agency."

The recent status of Berthold was that of an Indian reservation, agency, mission, etc., where were supplied the temporal and spiritual needs of the once powerful, then decrepit, degenerate, and mongrelised, Mandans, Arickaras, and Hidatsas, who drew their rations regularly while they hung in an uncertain balance of old and new superstitions. If the latter are superior to the

5th of August we reached Sioux City, where ended the great Peace Commission, and whence all went to their respective homes.

On the 12th of September I lost my daughter—25 years of age. On the 14th of February [1867] my son Charles died, 23 years of age. In the spring I went to St. Louis and made arrangements with the firm of Durfee and Peck to take charge of Union, in opposition to the North West Company. We reached that place on the 19th of June, 1867.[*]

---

former, these Indians have some hope for this world or the next. The geographic vicissitudes of the place have not been less marked than the ethnographic. When I came to Berthold in 1874 I ran my boat snug under the bluff on which the old village, Berthold, and Atkinson stood, as Lewis and Clark had done Apr. 10, 1805. The agency is now nearly a m. lower down, and great sand bars, inclosing a wooded island, besides other made woods on the mainland around the bluff, have pushed the channel of the Missouri a mile or more southward. When the original explorers came by they noticed "a remarkable bend in the river to the southwest," which they called the Little Basin. This is now filled up flush, except a little pond which marks the former bed of the mighty, muddy flood, and is known as Dancing Bear valley—not that bears dance there, or ever did so, but that Indians used to amuse themselves with the ceremony of the Bear Dance, and I suppose do so still. The term is L'Ours qui Danse in French, as used for example by Maximilian, who applies it to hills above the Little Basin; and at least two different creeks in this vicinity, on the same side of the river, have been called Dancing Bear. One of these falls into the Little Basin.

[*] At 2.30 a. m., Wednesday, on the steamer Jennie, which left for Benton at 7 p. m. the same day, according to the Orig. Journ.

According to the request of the gentlemen of this Company, and contrary to my knowledge of the affairs of the concern, I erected an adobe store,[9] 96 by 20 feet. During the summer Colonel Rankin[10] commander of Fort Buford, purchased Fort Union, to use the materials in building Buford. The North West Company then moved down and built at Buford. Finding that all the business of the country would finally be done at Buford, I abandoned my adobe store and erected one there of logs, 120 feet in length.

At this place I had to oppose the military sutler and the North West Company. In spite of this I traded 2,000 buffalo robes, 900 elk hides, 1,800 deerskins, and 1,000 wolves', worth, in cash, $5,000; but, owing to some jealousies, malicious reports were made against me, and I was discharged on the arrival of the steamer, on the 18th of May [1868].[11]

---

[9] This store of Durfee and Peck was begun on Monday, July 1, and finished Aug. 17. The Orig. Journ. also states that the old kitchen of Fort Union was demolished for fuel on Aug. 4, by the steamer Miner, which arrived that day; that the general demolition of Union was begun by the soldiers on the 7th; and that the journalist moved out of it on the 10th. This ended what may be regarded as on the whole the most historic structure that had ever existed on the Upper Missouri, excepting of course Fort Mandan of Lewis and Clark.

[10] William Galloway Rankin of Pennsylvania, appointed from Washington Territory Captain of the 13th Infantry May 14, 1861; transferred to the 31st Infantry Sept. 21, 1866; brevetted Lieutenant Colonel Mar. 13, 1865, and honorably discharged at his own request Dec. 31, 1870.

I immediately went to the States, got up an outfit for Indian trade and sutler business, and on the 18th of August[12] I was at Buford again, on my own hook. Having made some reductions on all sutler goods, I acquired popularity among the soldiers, and did well, considering my small outfit.

---

[11] Some additional items for May, 1868, in Orig. Journ., are substantially as follows: 14th. News came in late last night that two men hauling hay for the Northwest Fur Company had been killed by the Indians. They were brought in this morning, being scalped and having each many arrows in their bodies; one was a negro. They were buried this afternoon. The two spans of mules as a matter of course were stolen. 20th. A soldier who cut his throat yesterday was buried this evening with all the honors of war. The reason he gave for so doing was that he did not wish to remain any longer in the guardhouse on account of bad treatment which he received from his officer. 29th. The steamer Cora brought word that the Amelia Poe had sunk a little below Milk river; that the Sioux had killed two soldiers and taken 60 head of cattle; and that two citizens had been killed at Round Butte, by what Indians was unknown. Round Butte stands on the S. side of the Missouri, 76½ m. by the channel above Milk river, about halfway between Brown Bear Defeated and Stick Lodge creek of Lewis and Clark, May 14–17, 1805. The Amelia Poe was snagged on the 23d about 6 m. by channel below Little Porcupine or Box Elder creek, and 21 m. below Milk river; details are given in another note. The Cora here said was No. 3 of that name, a side-wheeler of 360 tons, owned by Joseph Kinney of Booneville, Mo.; Capt. Edward Baldwin, pilot, when she was snagged, Aug. 13, 1869, in Bellefontaine or Cora bend near the mouth of the Missouri, her wreck causing the formation of Cora island, Chittenden, Rep. 1897, p. 3877.

[12] After the journalist's discharge from the service of Durfee and Peck he left the place on the steamer Henry Adkins, June 7, 1868,

On the 3d of June [1869] I went down again and

and reached his home on the Little Sioux on the 18th. Being determined to return to Buford with an outfit, he sold his farm in July, and with his brother-in-law, Driggs, raised an equipment of something like $8,000. Having left Sioux City on the 29th of July, he arrived at Buford on the 18th of August, as said in the text. The second day after his arrival the journalist started with a small party on the Yellowstone to cut logs. On their return in the evening they heard cannon firing at Buford, and on arrival found that the Sioux had driven off the herd of 210 head of cattle, and killed three soldiers and wounded several others; one of the officers, Lieutenant Cusick [Cornelius Charles Cusick, then of the 31st Infantry] was nearly captured, having been beaten with clubs; the point of an arrow was sticking in his saddle, and his coming off with his life was considered a miracle. In consequence of this, the project for building with logs was abandoned, adobes were made, and on Oct. 13 the store was opened. Sales commenced and work went on peaceably till about the end of that month, when the Indians made a rush on some soldiers who were shooting prairie chickens. They killed one soldier, and left. Nothing of importance took place till Nov. 20, when one of the hostile Sioux bragged in camp at the fort of what he had done in the raid of last summer, when the herd was driven off. His boast being reported, he was arrested by Lieutenant Cusick and put into the guardhouse to await trial; but the third morning he attempted to escape, the guard fired three shots, and killed him instantly. This was the last of Mr. Sioux. (In substance from Orig. Journ.)

Jan. 13, 1869. It was reported early this morning that a war party of nine Sioux on horseback intended to revenge the Indian who had been killed by the guard, and would be likely to make brought up another outfit the following August.[13] All went on flourishing with me till the 1st of February, 1870, when I had the misfortune to break my thigh.[14]

On the 7th of June [1870] I went down to Omaha, to settle with the firm of Richard Whitney and Co., with whom I was concerned. I bought them out, and returned to Buford.[15] On this trip I was partly

---

their attack in the forenoon. Some Assiniboines went to look for their tracks, which they found and followed; they shot one Sioux off his horse, and got the horse but not the man. The Assiniboines, on the strength of this battle, dug up the Indian who had been killed by the soldiers, cut him to pieces, scalped him, and great dances went on in camp. (In substance from Orig. Journ.)

[13] We have the Orig. Journ. complete, Jan. 1–June 3, 1869, but I observe nothing notable during this period. At the latter date it breaks off, and is not resumed till Aug. 11, 1870. The killing of four men by the Sioux near Buford, Aug. 10, 1869, may be read in Joseph H. Taylor's Sketches, etc., Pottstown, Pa., 1889, p. 78—one of the several incidents of his chapter entitled "Early Days around Fort Buford." Mr. Taylor is the writer of another book of similar character, and in both instances appears to have been his own compositor, proofreader, printer, binder, and publisher, as well as author—not very happily for himself in the case of any one of these functions. But his productions are not without some merit.

[14] Dr. Matthews tells me that considerable shortening resulted from this fracture, and Larpenteur was a cripple ever after.

[15] Aug. 11, 1870, by Orig. Journ., which resumes at this date, and continues unbroken during the rest of the year, but with only daily routine, excepting the matter of the sutlership which the text proceeds to give briefly. It appears that on Nov. 19, 1870, Larpenteur mailed his application to the Secretary of War; but

carried by some good folks, who would transport me from one car to the other, and in hobbling on crutches I suffered very much. Notwithstanding this great misfortune, I was getting along pretty well. I had a splendid establishment at Buford, where I was living with my family, having made it my home. But, being born for misfortune, I was ruined by the army bill,[16] which passed Congress the previous July, allowing but one post sutler; this we did not learn till the following January [1871].[17] My daughter died on the

---

nothing came of this, as the new sutler had already been appointed. Thus we read at date of Nov. 30: "The mail arrived last night bringing news that all the post traders at this place were to be removed, and one certain individual by the name of Clayton [that is, Alvin C. Leighton] had been appointed post sutler."

[16] This was the infamous job which made such a scandal in the army, such a commotion in Congress, and such a flutter in Washington society, and for which Major General William Worth Belknap, Secretary of War 1869-76, was justly or unjustly held responsible. Larpenteur was not the only man ruined; General Belknap only pretended to hold up his head after that, to the day of his death. I knew him well, and never believed him guilty; but this is no place to reopen the case—nor even to gallantly give *place aux dames*. Cf. Vergil, as cited, note [19], p. 124.

[17] Jan. 7, 1871. "An express arrived last night from the new sutler, in consequence of which Larpenteur's and Gerard's stores were closed," Orig. Journ. They proposed to build at old Fort Union, but were stopped by orders on the 8th, the military reservation having been extended to 30 miles square. Larpenteur was permitted to reopen his store Feb. 8, and trade till May 5,

following 14th of February.[18] On the arrival of the new post sutler, Mr. Alvin C. Leighton, my store was closed, like that of the other sutlers. On the 14th of May, 1871, I left Buford, bag and baggage, for the States, and that was the last of the Indian country for me.[19]

At the time those orders came from headquarters, I was a regular licensed trader, having been appointed sutler by General Hancock at St. Paul. Notwithstanding that it was in January, we were ordered forthwith off the reservation, which is only 30 miles

---

when it was closed, the new sutler having arrived the day before on the Ida Reese.

[18] So copy, with the almost inexplicable perversion of dates which characterizes the Autobiography. The Orig. Journ. for Feb. 14, 1871, has nothing but a routine item; for Feb. 27 we read: "Elizabeth Larpenteur died last night at fifteen minutes of eleven o'clock and her burial took place at 5 o'clock p. m. The weather was very warm." Compare note [7], p. 175, where I have already used the correct date. This daughter had married a discharged soldier named Nott (?). After her death, Larpenteur had still a daughter by his last Assiniboine wife; and another daughter and a boy by his white wife. The latter daughter became Mrs. Clowe. The boy, Louis, soon died, as said beyond.

[19] "May 14, 1871, Sunday. The Andrew Ackley arrived. Made up all the packs and packed up ready to leave for the States in the morning on the Ackley, who is not to go farther up. . . 15th, Monday. Left Buford at 12 precisely." Orig. Journ. continues with itinerary of the down voyage, by which it appears that the boat reached Sioux City on the 21st, and Larpenteur was soon thereafter at home.

square. Through the kindness of Colonel Gilbert,[20] the commanding officer, we were permitted to remain on the reservation till spring, but our stores were closed. A month afterward we were allowed to open again and go on till the arrival of the regularly appointed sutler. On the 22d of June I took possession of my three forties[21] which I had purchased of the railroad, and built a good house. On the 9th of December my little boy Louis, aged 12 years, died of inflammation of the lungs, after an illness of 48 hours.

Forty years ago was my first winter [1833-34] in the Indian country, at Fort William, when the stars appeared to fall. That my lucky star fell is plainly to be seen in this narrative. Whether there are any such stars may be a question, but there is no question of my being out of luck.[22]

---

[20] Charles Champion Gilbert of Ohio, then Lieutenant Colonel of the 7th U. S. Infantry.

[21] Three 40-acre lots, or three-fourths of a quarter-section of 160 acres, the section being 640 acres, 1 m. square.

[22] The conclusion of Larpenteur's Autobiography is in sad terms, though set off with his usual show of stoicism. One wonders less at the occasional bitterness, even rancor, which his narrative betrays than at the philosophic pessimism which pervades it, written as it was when he had almost finished the allotted span of life, broken in health, broken in fortune, to die broken-hearted within a year. The manuscript was completed in his home on the Little Sioux, and mailed to Dr. Matthews at Buford, June 14, 1872. His death occurred on the 15th of the following November, as has been already stated.

CHAPTER XX.

INDIAN LAWS AND CUSTOMS.

AMONG the Blackfeet the law in regard to adultery is death for the adulteress, and forfeiture of all the property of the adulterer. His lodge is cut into pieces, his horses are either killed or taken from him, and the woman must suffer death.

While I was at Benton an instance of this occurred in a very respectable family—for there are such among Indians. I should have said in two families. The woman was very young and handsome. Contrary to custom they had made it up, and the Indian could be seen with his wife as usual; but, being sensible that he had broken the law, he thought that he was looked upon as a weak-hearted man, and could not resist this tormenting idea. She was handsome; he loved her; he must either keep her or kill her. Tortured by reflections, which he could endure no longer, he took her out to walk, as he had been accustomed to do. They were sitting together, when he took her on his lap, combed her hair neatly,—which is a mark of love with all Indians,—vermilioned her face beautifully, and told her to sit by his side again. He then said, " My good wife, you have done wrong. I thought at one time I could overlook it, but I am scorned by my people. I cannot suffer you to be the wife of another. I love you too much for that. You must die." So saying, he buried his tomahawk in her skull.

When an Indian sees that his wife makes too free with young men, the penalty for such an offense is a piece of the nose. I have seen several who have undergone that punishment, and awful did they look. After cutting off her nose the husband says, " Go now and see how fond the young men will be of talking to you."

Among the Assiniboines there is no particular law in regard to adultery. This is left at the disposition of the injured individual, who sometimes revenges himself; but, if the relatives of the adulterer are strong, he may be content with a payment. Some give the woman a flogging, and then either drive her away or keep her. Nothing will be said about it, but the woman then bears a bad name—in their language Wittco Weeon,[1] which means a prostitute, but not one of the first degree. A regular prostitute has no husband, and goes about to "lend herself," as they term it, for pay. Such a woman is gone beyond redemption. There are three different degrees of prostitution, one of which is looked upon as legal. This is when she is loaned with the consent of her parents, and then the larger the payment the more honor it is for the woman. When little quarrels arise among mothers in regard to the characters of their daughters, they will say, "What have you to say against my daughter? What did yours get when you lent her? Look at mine—what she got! You are making a Wittico Weeon of your daughter."

---

[1] *Witkowin*—literally, "fool woman."

The young man who is courting dresses himself in the best style he can afford. His hair, which is the main point of attraction, is generally well combed in front, taking care that his stiff topknot stands straight up, while a long braid of false hair hangs down to his heels. With large pieces of California shells [abalone —*Haliotis*] in his ears, his neck and breast covered with an immense necklace of beads, his face vermilioned, and a fine pair of moccasins on his feet, his dress is complete. His over garment is either a blanket or a robe. Attired in this style, he commences his courtship by standing quite still in a place where he thinks that she will be likely to see him. This may last for many days without saying a word to her. He then makes friends with her brothers, particularly the elder one, who has a great deal to say in regard to the marrying of his sister. Then he watches for her when she goes for wood or water, saying a few words to her, and giving her a finger ring. When he makes small presents to the mother, father, and brothers they discover what he is after; but he never enters the lodge of his sweetheart. At this stage of the proceedings, if the young couple get very much in love with each other, and the young man cannot obtain the means to buy her, they elope to another band of the same tribe. But if he be a young man of means, and has obtained the consent of the woman, he ties a horse at her lodge; if the horse is accepted, the girl goes that night to his lodge; if not, the horse remains tied at the lodge, and the young man sends for it in the morning. If he has other horses, and loves the girl enough, the following day he ties two; and sometimes four or five horses are thus tied—the more horses, the greater honor for all parties. An elopement may also take place when the old folks will not consent, after the girl has been given the refusal of a horse. She is never forced to marry. Sometimes the individual who wants to buy a girl has never asked her whether she would have him or not, but has made very inducing offers to her parents, who then do all they can to persuade her, saying, "Take pity on us, daughter! This man likes us. He has given us a great many things. We are poor; we stand much in need of horses. He is a good hunter; he will make you live well; you need not remain poor." Yet, if the girl does not consent, they will not force her.

After marriage the woman belongs to the man. No one else has any right to her; and if she be the eldest, and have two or three sisters, they are also considered his wives, and cannot be disposed of without his consent. It frequently happens that he will take them all. The son-in-law never speaks to or looks at either of his parents-in-law. When invited to a feast or council where his father-in-law is to be he is duly apprised of it, and he covers himself with his robe and turns his back upon the old gentleman. An Indian who has but one wife will always be poor; but one that has three to four wives may become rich—one of the leading men, if not a chief. The reason of this is that the more wives the more children, and children are a source of wealth, resulting in a large family connection, which gives him power; for "might makes right" with them. An Indian marries also in this light: When his family has increased with one wife till they find it impossible to get along without help, he buys a servant, as there is no such thing as hiring one; but she also becomes his wife, and is not looked upon as a servant. In all cases the old wife is always looked up to as the mistress of the whole. The son-in-law never keeps anything to himself until he gets a family; everything goes to his wife's relations, and this may continue even after he has a considerable family. From such customs it is plainly to be seen that the more wives an Indian has the richer he is—contrary to what the case may be with the whites. Notwithstanding customs so strange to us, these Indians live as peaceably and contentedly as civilized people do. It is a fine sight to see one of those big men among the Blackfeet, who has two or three lodges, five or six wives, twenty or thirty children, and fifty to a hundred head of horses; for his trade amounts to upward of $2,000 a year, and I assure you such a man has a great deal of dignity about him.

The medicine lodge, which takes place once a year, in June, is conducted with the view to show how strong are Indians' hearts, and to beg the Great Spirit to have mercy upon the tribe. This lodge is erected of a size suitable to hold whatever number of spectators may be in attendance. A very large pole is planted in the ground, and many smaller ones are set up against it, in the manner of an ordinary lodge. One half of the space inside is reserved for those who are to undergo the torture, of which there are three kinds. In this half of the lodge pews are made with green bushes about four feet high; those for the women being separated from the others. When all is ready for the services to commence, the supposed strong-hearted persons come in and take their stands. They are painted in all colors, looking like so many devils—men and women alike; the former are naked down to their waists, but the latter are dressed. Holding in their mouths a small whistle made of the bone of a crow or pelican, and looking straight up to the center post of the lodge, they keep whistling and jumping up and down for three days and three nights, without drinking or eating; during which time eight or ten musicians, all blackened over, beat drums the whole night and day.

The second torture is done by piercing a hole through the skin of each breast, just above the nipple, and tying to each a lariat, which is then fastened by the other end to the top of the lodge-pole. Bearing all the weight they can upon the lariat, they trot back and forth outside the lodge, the space allowed each being according to the number of performers. This kind of torture goes on with a piteous groaning and lamentation, and these devotees are also painted in all sorts of colors, like the dancers. The third medicine or torture is performed by piercing a hole in each shoulder, to which lariats are fastened as before, but the other ends are tied to three or four dry buffalo skulls, which the communicant drags over the prairie, sometimes even up to high ridges, weeping and wailing. Such performances are a great sight to behold.

An Indian chief is looked upon by most civilized people as a powerful and almost absolute ruler of his tribe; but he is not. Every tribe, no matter how small, is divided into bands, each of which has its chief and roams in a different part of the territory belonging to the tribe. As everything must have a head, a chief is appointed to represent the band in councils with the whites, and be consulted in the way of governing. He is a man who has power to do a great deal of harm, but as a general thing does little good. The soldier is the one who governs the band, and rules the chief, too, with a kind of government which the civilians do not like; for when the soldier is established, they are under martial law. His lodge, pitched in the center of the camp, is organized with the view to keep order and regulate the camp; mostly to prevent anyone from going out alone on a hunt, so as not to raise the buffalo, but also for mutual protection against enemies. When anyone is caught outside his dogs are shot, his lodge is cut to pieces, and if he rebels he gets a pounding—the chief not excepted. Those soldiers have their head soldier, to whom each one applies to have his rights respected or enforced. If anything be stolen, the head soldier is apprised of the theft; he takes some of the soldiers to examine the lodges, and if the property is found it is given back to the owner, but nothing is done with the thief. This lodge is supported by the people, who have to find wood, water, and meat. Buffalo tongues go mostly to the soldiers' lodge, and, if there be more than can be eaten, they are sent to be traded for sugar, coffee, and flour to make a big feast. But the regular soldiers' feast is dog, and when they feel like having such, no poor old squaw's fine, fat, young dogs are spared. Take it on the whole, Indians are very glad when the lodge breaks up, and each one can go where he pleases. After that the chief will be left with eight or ten lodges, as they then go by those family connections which make leading men, some of whom actually have more influence than the chief himself—I mean with the people of the band.

All things considered, an educated man will see that their whole system of government amounts to nothing; that they are incapable of enforcing any laws like those of a civilized nation, and consequently not able to comply with treaties made with the United States. But such laws as they have answer their own purposes. As a nation they are kind and good to one another, and live in about as much peace and comfort as civilized people—that is, in their own way. One hears less complaint about hard times among them than among ourselves, except when they make a speech to a white man; then they are all very poor and pitiful, on the begging order. As a general thing the men are not quarrelsome. A fight will take place almost without a word. The women quarrel a good deal, and frequently fight with knives or clubs.

There are men and women doctors among them. They use some kinds of herbs and roots, but their greatest medical reliance is the magic of superstition. When the doctor is sent for, he comes with his drum, and a rattle, made of a gourd or dry hide filled with gravel. He sits beside the patient, and commences to beat the drum and shake the rattle at a great rate, singing a kind of song, or rather mumbling some awful noise. He always finds out what ails the patient. Sometimes it is a spell which has been thrown on him by some medicine man in camp, who had a spite against him. Such spells vary. Sometimes they are cords which have been passed through the limbs; at other times wolf hairs have been put between the skin and flesh, or bird claws of different kinds. But all of these he extracts by his magic, and shows the patient the hairs, claws, cords, or whatever may have been the spell. But some maladies are due to the devil, who has got into the sick person. In a case of that kind the doctor stations three or four boys with loaded guns outside the lodge at night; then he beats his drum at an awful rate, and at a certain sound, which is understood by the boys, they fire off their guns at the ground, as though they were shooting at rats running out of the lodge. These are supposed to be the devils whom the doctor has driven out of his patient. Should he continue sick, the treatment is repeated until he is cured or given up. Indians spare nothing to have their families or themselves doctored; they will give their guns, lodges, horses—everything they possess—to a doctor who will cure them. I have seen some completely stripped of all they had to pay the doctor. When a child dies the parents give everything away to mourners; and if the family is rich there will be a great many mourners, particularly among the women, who come to shed a few tears for the sake of plunder. It is thought, "She cries; she loved my child; she must have something." The mourning lasts for a year, unless some relation kills one of their enemies; then the family blacken their faces, which does away with the period of mourning. After this, someone will give a gun, another a horse, some other a lodge, and thus the Indian will get a start again.

Medicine men who are thought able to lay spells are much in danger, and sometimes lose their lives at the hands of the relations of one who dies by such magic. I myself saw a young man kill a fine-looking Indian for having, as he said, laid a spell on his father, who died of consumption. The young man shot him at night, about twenty steps from the fort. We went to see him in the morning; he was lying dead, the ball having penetrated his heart. The young man was there, laughing and whirling his tomahawk over him, saying, "That doctor will lay no more spells."

Indians have no words for swearing or cursing, like whites, but they have a way to express wrath a great deal more scornfully than a white man can in words. This is done by gathering the four fingers against the thumb and letting them spring open, at the same time throwing out the arm, straight in one's face, with the body and face half turned away, saying, "Warchteshnee,"[1] which means, as nearly as I can interpret it, "You villain!"

The Indian idea of futurity and immortality of the soul is something about which I never could find out much.[2] All Indians believe in a Great Spirit, the ruler of all they see and know, but of any future existence, in which the wicked are punished and the good rewarded, they know nothing. They believe in ghosts, who live again in an invisible form, thinking that their dead relations come to see them; and that the only way ghosts make themselves known is by whistling, mostly at night, but sometimes by day, in very lonesome places. In consequence of this belief, they make feasts for the ghosts, consisting principally of dried berries, which they would not for anything omit to gather. They boil these berries with meat, or pound a quantity of buffalo meat with marrow fat, with either of which they go to the place where the dead is deposited, say a few words to the departed, hold the eatables up for him or her to partake of, and then divide the feast among the living who are in attendance. Anyone is allowed to attend this ceremony. But whether the ghosts are in a state of happiness or not, they do not pretend to say, nor do they know what distinction may be made between the good and the wicked. To themselves it makes no difference; they feed both good and bad alike.

---

[1] Literally, "no good"; *washte*, good, and *shni*=negative, no.

[2] But any priest who understands his business can find out in forty winks, and explain in forty pages of print, what Larpenteur failed to discover in forty years. It takes all sorts of doctors, including such divines as Larpenteur has described, besides other kinds of people, to make the world go round.

On being very hard pressed for a statement expressing their ideas regarding resurrection, most Indians would finally say that they thought once dead was the last of a person. In conversation with them I found much pleasure in hearing their stories, which they relate with great eloquence, using a great many figurative expressions. I had some books printed in their language, which I brought with me from St. Paul. These were religious books, gotten up by missionaries of Minnesota, containing Noah's Ark, Jonah swallowed by the whale, and other miracles; at which they would laugh heartily when I read to them, and then say, "Do the whites believe all this rubbish, or are they stories such as we make up to amuse ourselves on long winter nights?" They were very fond of having me read them such stories; that big boat tickled them, and how could Noah get all those animals into it was the question. Then they would say, "The white man can beat us in making up stories." Telling stories is a great pastime with Indians. There are many among them who are good at it; they are always glad to see such come into a company, saying, "Here is such a one; now we'll have some stories told."

The Indian is born, bred, and taught to be a warrior and a hunter; he aspires to nothing else. There is no regular habit of husbandry among them; they always live from hand to mouth. During the 40 years I was in their country I saw no disposition on their part to ameliorate their condition. They are still in the same state. They have no intellectual invention. In regard to their "medicine," one performance which has attracted my attention I do not attribute to magic but to skill. This is the way in which they bring a band of buffalo into their pens. Such a pen is constructed of poles, and bushes, and any other combustibles they can obtain to make a kind of fence, which is by no means sufficient to keep in the buffalo. This inclosure is made of different sizes, but is generally capable of containing 200 or 300 buffaloes. It is made round, and a pole is stuck up in the middle, with scarlet cloth, kettles, pans, and a great many other articles tied to the top. Those are sacrifices to the Great Spirit, made by the individual who is to go after the buffalo. When this pen is finished two wings are made extending a great distance from the entrance, like an immense quail net. These wings are made either of snow or of buffalo chips, gathered at intervals into small heaps sufficiently large to conceal a person. As the pen must be made where there is little wood, it frequently happens that the buffalo are discovered two or three days' march from the spot. When all is ready, the medicine man starts after the buffalo. When the people of the camp see him coming, they all surround the pen, except those who are stationed at intervals along the wings, each hidden behind a pile of snow or chips. The buffalo follow him, and when the last one has passed, the herd being completely within the wings, the people all rise from their places of concealment. The buffalo then rush into the pen. Then the people who surround the pen also rise up, and are joined by those who were behind the wings. The buffalo, being frightened, keep away from the sides of the pen, running around the pole in the middle; though it sometimes happens that, the pen being too small or too weak, they break through in spite of all the Indians can do. With their bows and arrows the Indians begin the work of destruction, and go on till all the buffalo are killed. It is a good sight to see that one Indian bring in a large band of buffalo, which has followed him for two or three days. He is considered a great medicine man.

CHAPTER XXI.

INDIAN AGENTS AND AGENCIES.

BEFORE offering some suggestions I wish to make in regard to future rules and regulations for Indians and their country, I will introduce all the Indian agents I have personally known on the Missouri.

In 1832 Major Sanford took from Union to Washington three chiefs—one Assiniboine, one Cree, and one Chippewa. The Assiniboine was the son of the chief of the Rock or Stone band, named Wan-hee-manza[1] (the Iron Arrow-point). He was a fine-looking man about 30 years of age, named Lya-jan-jan[2]

---

[1] *Wanhi*, a flake of flint, arrowhead; and *maza*, metal.

[2] This is the Indian whom Catlin gives under another name, with portrait and that of his wife, plates 28 and 29. The account occupies pp. 55 and 56 of the 4th London ed. i, 1844, in part as follows: "I have painted the portrait of a very distinguished young man, and son of the chief (plate 28); his dress is a very handsome one. . . The name of this man is Wi-jun-jon (the pigeon's egg head) and by the side of him (plate 29) will be seen the portrait of his wife, Chin-cha-pee (the fire bug that creeps), a fine-looking squaw. . . I have just had the satisfaction of seeing this travelled-gentleman (Wi-jun-jon) meet his tribe, his wife and his little children; after an absence of a year or more,

(the Shining Man). All the manners and other good things which he brought from Washington, to show his people what an advance he had made in civilization, was a white towel, which he used to wipe his face and hands, and a house-bell, which he tied to the door of his lodge. His people said that all he had got from the whites was a gift of the gab. After his return he passed himself off for a great medicine man, and said that no ball could penetrate his skin. He had a strong connection, and was much feared. But the next summer a certain individual thought he would try the strength of his medicine, and shot a bullet through his head. The ball was harder than his head, and went through in spite of the strength of

---

on his journey of 6000 miles to Washington City, and back again (in company with Major Sanford, the Indian agent); where he has been spending the winter amongst the fashionables in the polished circles of civilised society. . . On his way home from St. Louis to this place, a distance of 2000 miles, I traveled with this gentleman, on the steamer Yellow-Stone; and saw him step a shore (on a beautiful prairie, where several thousands of his people were encamped), with a complete suit *en militaire*, a colonel's uniform of blue, presented to him by the President of the United States, with a beaver hat and feather, with epaulettes of gold—with sash and belt, and broad sword; with high-heeled boots—with a keg of whiskey under his arm, and a blue umbrella in his hand." Again, in vol. ii, pp. 194–200, Catlin takes occasion to embroider the "Story of Wi-jun-jon" in retelling it, and to introduce his plates 271, 272. These are among the most effective of his whole series, and they point such a moral, besides so adorning the tale, that I need not apologise for reproducing them.

his medicine. He was brought to Fort Union, and buried after their own way in a tree. In the summer a requisition for Indian skulls was made by some physicians from St. Louis. His head was cut off and sent down in a sack with many others.[3] Which of them came out first is hard to tell; but I don't think his did. This is the whole amount of good that chief did. As he went down during President Jackson's administration, his name, with the whites, was Jackson. The Cree chief never amounted to anything, nor did the Chippewa.

---

[3] Orig. Journ. has in substance at date of Sunday, Sept. 13, 1835, another case whose sequel furnishes a parallel instance: "About eleven o'clock we were suddenly informed by a squaw that La Vache Blanche, who had been sick for some time, had stuck an arrow in his heart, and that his wife desired some of us to come and pull it out. On entering his lodge with the interpreter I found him lying on his back dead, still holding in his left hand the arrow, the feathered part of which had been broken off, leaving about six inches of the shaft sticking out of the wound. Pulling on this I succeeded in withdrawing it till the head reached the skin, but was obliged to cut the skin to extract the head. I was informed that some time ago he said he had suffered long enough, and knowing that he must die he intended to take his own life. The family applied to Mr. Hamilton for a blanket to cover the body, and it was buried in a tree, Indian fashion." What finally became of White Cow's skull is told in the following extract from Audubon's Journ., ii, 1897, p. 72, at date of July 2, 1843: "Mr. Denig and I walked off with a bag and instruments, to take off the head of a three-years-dead Indian chief, called the White Cow. Mr. Denig got on my shoulders and into the branches near the coffin, which stood about ten feet above ground. The coffin was lowered, or rather tumbled, down, and the cover was soon hammered off; to my surprise, the feet were placed on the pillow, instead of the head, which lay at the foot of the coffin—if a long box may be so called. Worms innumerable were all about it; the feet were naked, shrunk, and dried up. The head had still the hair on, but was twisted off in a moment, under jaw and all. The body had been first wrapped up in Buffalo skin

Major Sanford was very much of a gentleman, but cared more for the interests of the American Fur Company than for Indian affairs. He afterward married Mr. Pierre Chouteau's daughter,[4] and one can judge in whose favor his reports would be likely to be made.

without hair, and then in another robe with the hair on, as usual; after this the dead man had been enveloped in an American flag, and over this a superb blanket. We left all on the ground but the head. Squires, Mr. Denig and young Owen McKenzie went afterwards to try to replace the coffin and contents in the tree, but in vain; the whole affair fell to the ground, and there it lies; but I intend to-morrow to have it covered with earth. The history of this man is short, and I had it from Mr. Larpenteur, who was in the fort at the time of his decease, or self-committed death. He was a good friend to the whites, and knew how to procure many Buffalo robes for them; he was also a famous orator, and never failed to harangue his people on all occasions. He was, however, consumptive, and finding himself about to die, he sent his squaw for water, took an arrow from his quiver, and thrusting it into his heart, expired, and was found dead when his squaw returned to the lodge. He was 'buried' in the above mentioned tree by the order of Mr. McKenzie, who then commanded this fort."

[4] Emilie Chouteau, eldest daughter of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., and Emilie Gratiot, b. Feb. 13, 1814, married John F. A. Sanford.

Major Ferguson, the greenest of all agents I ever saw, was paid $1,500 for a pleasure trip from St. Louis to Fort Union. He came up in the steamer, saw no Indians, and left what few annuities he had to be divided among them by the Company. What report could that agent make in regard to his Indians? None, of course. That was the last of him.

Major More was a great drunkard, who came up to Union in the steamer, remained 24 hours, and returned to Fort Pierre. It was reported by a person whom I believe, that the Indians there kicked his stern, taking him for a dog, when he was crawling out of the room where they had been sleeping, and laughingly said they were very sorry that they had kicked their father.

Major Matloch was a drunken gambler. The last I saw of him was at Trader's Point, opposite Bellevue, where he was drinking and gambling, and kept several Mormon women. I was informed that he died, shortly afterward, in poverty.

Major Dripps[6] was, I believe, a good, honest old beaver trapper. He was sent to examine the trading posts, to find out about the liquor trade. He sent his interpreter ahead to let us know he was coming. On his arrival he looked in all places except in the cellar, where there was upward of 30 barrels of alcohol. The major was afterward equipped by the American Fur Company, and went on the Platte, where he died.

---

[6] Andrew Dripps, an early trader, long associated with Lucien Fontenelle under the firm name of Fontenelle and Dripps. He was an Indian agent in 1843, when Audubon met him as such near Fort Vermilion, en route down from Fort Pierre with Wm. Laidlaw, May 18: see his Journ. i, 1897, p. 499.

Major Hatting was a young man about 27 or 28 years old, a drunkard and a gambler, almost gone up by the bad disorder. He was of no earthly account. I could say much more, but decency forbids.

Major Norwood, instead of being with his Indians, kept himself about Sergeant's Bluffs, attending balls and parties given by whites and half-breeds, and was finally killed by William Thompson, who knocked his brains out with the butt of a rifle. This was the last of the major.

Major Redfield[*] went 50 miles up the Yellowstone, on his way to the Crows, was taken sick, and returned to the States in the fall; his goods were left to be divided by the Company. I knew nothing regarding his personal character.

Major Vaughan was a jovial old fellow, who had a very fine paunch for brandy, and, when he could not get brandy, would take almost anything which would make drunk come. He was one who remained most of his time with his Indians, but what accounts for that is the fact that he had a pretty young squaw for a wife; and as he received many favors from the Company, his reports must have been in their favor.

---

[*] Major Redfield ascended the Missouri in the Twilight, Capt. John Shaw, which left St. Louis May 23, 1858. This was the boat which took Boller up, and he has much to say of the major in his book, p. 24, *seq*.

I have but little to say about Major Schoonover, who remained one winter at Union, powerless, like all others, being dependent on the American Fur Company.

Major Latta was a pretty fair kind of a man, but the less said of him the better. He came up to Union, put the annuities out on the bar, and next day was off.

Major Mahlon Wilkinson came as near doing the right thing as was in his power, but he was too lazy to do much of anything.

Major Clifford[1] was a captain of the regular army, which rendered him unfit for such an office, not caring a fig about Indians. I could say a great deal more if I felt so disposed. From what I have been able to learn I fully believe that all the Indian agents were of the same material; and had those men been ever so well qualified to fill their office, they could not have done it under the existing rules and regulations. Once in the Indian country they came entirely under the influence of the American Fur Company, and could not help themselves.

---

[1] Walter Clifford of New York rose from the ranks to be second lieutenant of the 16th Infantry Aug. 10, 1863, and first lieutenant May 14, 1864; he was transferred to the 34th Infantry Sept. 21, 1866, and promoted to be captain July 31, 1867; he was on detached service from Apr. 14, 1869, to Jan. 1, 1871, when he was assigned to the 7th Infantry. He was brevetted for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Chickamauga, and died Feb. 23, 1883. Larpenteur is unfair to this officer, who always tried to do his best.

Those gentlemen were appointed by the Indian Department not only as agents, but as fathers to the Indians; to remain with their children, and to make true reports to their Great Father at Washington of the behavior of the Indians and of all transactions in their country that come to the agent's notice, thus keeping the department well posted. The question is, Was that done? No; evidence shows the contrary. In consequence of this bad state of affairs, the department remained ignorant of the true condition of the country, and could never hold the proper kind of council with the Indians; and, finally, war broke out. Of all the councils I attended, I never saw one properly held, according to my knowledge of Indian character and customs.

I will mention one, which was the most absurd I ever heard of—though gotten up by men who should have known better. This is the Laramie treaty of 1851.

David D. Mitchell, who had been an Indian trader, was the superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis. I suppose speculation, as in the case of all other treaties, was the cause of this one. It was gotten up with the intention of making a general peace between all the tribes on the Missouri and the Platte. For this purpose two or three chiefs of each tribe were invited to the treaty. Anyone who has the least knowledge of Indian character ought to know that they are not capable of keeping such a peace. Of course any Indian, for the sake of presents, will say "How" to any proposition made to him; but, after that, what assurance have you to rely upon that this Indian will comply with the stipulations of the treaty? None at all. You may say that, if he does not comply, he shall forfeit a part of his annuities. But if you make him forfeit his annuities it will be worse; for, although this will have been explained to him, he will think that he had a right to do as he did. He will say that his young men had no ears; that he did all in his power, but could not control them; and still think himself entitled to the annuities. He will surely find some excuse.

The result of the Laramie treaty was that the Indians fought before they got home; war was carried on among them the same as before, and afterward war with the whites. At the time of this treaty, did the Crows think the Sioux would be permitted by the Government, after all the promises made them, to drive away their traders from the Yellowstone, and that they themselves would then be driven out of their own country? Did Crazy Bear, chief of the Assiniboines, expect his people to be removed from their country into that of their enemies? "No," they said, "the whites have lied to us. They have taken our country. They say they bring soldiers to protect us; but, when they come, they bring the Sioux with them. Loads of provisions come out of their garrisons for the Sioux, who are on our own lands, and we can get nothing. Do they give rations to the Sioux because they are afraid of them, or is it because the Sioux drive away their cattle and kill their soldiers? We cannot understand those whites. We had a good country, which we always thought they would save for us; they have given it to our enemies. Fort Union, the house built for our old fathers,—in the heart of our country,—the soldiers have pulled it down to build their Fort Buford, where we are scarcely permitted to enter."

It is plainly to be seen that treaties made with Indians have never amounted to anything, and never will. The Government must manage them; but, to do so, must be well acquainted with their wants. They are called children, and must be treated as such.

The father should know his children; but how can he know them if he is not with them? And if he be a worthless father, how can he bring up his children right? My suggestions will show the proper way to manage Indians. I think I have plainly shown errors in the Indian Department. Treaties, councils, and expeditions have not had the desired effect.

One not acquainted with Indians might say that the army has been the means of bringing them under some subjection. I know that the chief motive for yielding was not the sword, the bullet, or the bayonet, but hunger and the prospect of starvation. Had the Indians continued to possess the buffalo which were theirs 25 years ago, a different display of armed forces would have been made. Hunger has somewhat tamed them, much against their will. When I first came into the country few Indians liked coffee, and they looked at a white man's eating pork as we did an Indian's eating dog.

It must be borne in mind that the Indian is wild, and that any attempt to tame him is going entirely contrary to his nature. The question remains with me, can it be done? From what I have seen, and knowing him as I do, I would say it cannot be done; yet there is nothing like trying. The following suggestions are those I propose for the trial. In the first place, much of the Indian country is not capable of large settlements, on account of the insusceptibility of the soil for agriculture, and the scarcity of timber. I would divide the tribes into agencies according to their population, and establish regularly surveyed boundaries to each of those agencies. In all tribes in which there were more than one agent, I would have a superintendent, who should be called the governor of the tribe. All agents should be obliged to remain nine months in the year at their agencies. They should keep a regular diary of all transactions, and a regular list of chiefs and leading men of the tribe, stating their characters and giving all such other information as would tend to bring them to the acquaintance of his successor. In tribes where there was but one agency, this agent should be the governor of the entire tribe, and have the power to issue a license for trading with Indians or whites to any American citizen, without bonds. This agency should be the point where all business should be transacted. No traders or storekeepers should be allowed to establish themselves more than 500 yards from the agency, and under no consideration should they be permitted to go among the Indians to trade. Every trader and storekeeper should be provided with the rules and regulations of the agency, and, should he violate any of them, his store should be closed, and himself ordered out of the country, never to be allowed to trade again in any of the Indian countries. No white man should be allowed to live with a squaw for a wife, unless lawfully married; and such marriage should entitle him to the same privileges as an Indian. The agent should be allowed 25 laboring men, two carpenters, one wheelwright, one blacksmith, one engineer, and one sawyer. All laborers should be enlisted for the term of two years, under military rules and regulations, but allowed to dress as they pleased. A laundress should be provided by the department for the benefit of the men, her wages to be $30 per month. The amount of washing allowed at this rate to each man per week should be two shirts, one pair of drawers, two pair of socks, and two handkerchiefs; all fine linen shirts to be paid for extra. Laborers should receive $30 per month, paid every two months. No house should be frame, but all built of sawed or hewn logs, roofed with earth, having pine floors, doors, and casings for windows and doors.

The agent or governor should have full control over the territory said to belong to his Indians. To give him power to enforce rules and regulations and to police his territory well, I would recommend a military post of one or more companies, according to the Indian population, to be established not over half a mile from the agency. The troops should be cavalry, as infantry avails naught in the Indian country. The commander of such a post should have nothing to do with Indians, being only stationed there to assist and protect the governor, and should never be permitted to act without the latter's consent.

This governor should be provided with all kinds of agricultural implements, to be distributed to his Indians. He should furnish them with timber to build and allow them each a certain sum in payment for every panel of fence any Indian might put up, besides furnishing him with material to make it; and so much an acre for breaking his land, let it be with the plow or hoe. All fences should be horse-high, bull-strong, and hog-tight. Hogs, cattle, and chickens should be distributed, and there should be an agricultural fair annually, as in the States. Every three months inspect the Indian houses, and give premiums to the first, second, and third best housekeeper. Hold monthly meetings with chiefs and leading men, and as many others as the house can hold. There are many other regulations I could suggest, but the above are the main ones. Agencies being established in this manner, the agent cannot fail to be well posted on the state of affairs in his territory, and can thus govern with due care.

In regard to schools and missions I think that the Indians are still too wild for any such establishments or institutions. They must first be turned to agriculture, be taught habits of industry and economy, and thus become gradually accustomed to the ways of the whites. It would be better, in my opinion, to postpone the institutions for a few years. Teach them the Ten Commandments, and try to make them obey them—which I leave for the governor to do if he can. There are two strong obstacles to success—the wild nature of the Indians, and the sterility of their soil.

To secure an agent or a governor fit for such an office would require a salary of at least $3,000 a year, instead of $1,500.

After all, whether agencies be established in this manner or not, I see no use of the military posts now on the Missouri. I do not propose to abolish them with the view of saving expense to the Government, but rather to apply the military to the work of ameliorating the condition of the Indian. Supposing agencies established as I have suggested, what would be the use of Randall, Sully, Rice, Stevenson, and Buford? To my knowledge they have never been of any use. They have reservations 30 miles square, upon which no one is allowed to remain but themselves, their sutler, and contractor; and that land is generally taken from the best part of the Indian country. Thus stationed, far apart, with infantry only, what good do they do? Whom have they to protect but themselves? From Berthold to Peck, a distance of at least 500 miles, there are no agencies, nor traders. Buford is situated about the middle of this distance, with three or four companies of infantry. What are they there for but to do nothing on the best of the land at the greatest expense? Stevenson is perfectly useless. Rice is situated where no Indians go, 125 miles from Stevenson, and about the same distance from Grand River agency; of what use is it, with its four companies? None. Sully is in sight of the Cheyenne agency, with one or two companies, and all the organized agencies below. I pronounce it of no earthly use. Randall ditto. The country will not support such large garrisons. The scarcity of grass and fuel will not admit of such forts, which destroy the best locations on the river and displease the Indians to no purpose. Buford has one of the best locations, which would answer for a very extensive Indian reservation; there is not another such point on the river between Randall and Benton. It is now spoiling that fine country for the mere sake of living there.

On these large military reservations no licensed Indian traders are allowed; but the sutler is allowed to trade with Indians, and they are permitted to come on the reservation. If a licensed trader wishes to establish a post he cannot do so nearer than 15 miles from the garrison, much too far to receive any protection, and this gives the sutler the monopoly of the Indian trade. As the soldier trade is well secured, it is plainly to be seen that the military rule the Indian country. But my suggestions would put the control of the Indian and his country where it properly belongs.

If the Indians should commit depredations requiring punishment, would those garrisons, organized as they are now, be able to pursue and chastise them? Surely not; and, if they had absolutely to be punished, the government would have to send a different force after them, and let the garrisons eat their pork and beans uselessly, as usual.

A few days after writing my remonstrance in regard to the garrisons on the Missouri, I saw in the Sioux City Journal a report made by a gentleman named A. D. Rodefer, in reference to the pastimes of the officers of Fort Rice. During his stay at the post he participated in a deer-hunt with the officers. There are sixteen hounds at the fort, and a number of experienced hunters; and what with the hunters and the hounds, the officers' tables are constantly supplied with game. The amusements at Rice are numerous and varied. Two nights in the week the post is entertained by amateur theatrical and minstrel troupes. One night is devoted to dancing, and the rest to epicurean parties, etc.

Such reports, I think, show the uselessness of these garrisons. Why do the soldiers not amuse themselves by running after this famous Sitting Bull, who, the same reporter says, is bound to take Fort Peck this winter? No; they would freeze. It is best for them to dance all winter, and let the United States send somebody else after Sitting Bull when the grass grows in the spring.

Ta-tang-ah-eeoting's[*] or Sitting Bull's ideas in regard to the whites were expressed in my presence at Fort Union in 1867. He remarked: "I have killed, robbed, and injured too many white men to believe in a good peace. They are medicine, and I would eventually die a lingering death. I had rather die on the field of battle"—or, as he put it—"have my skin pierced with bullet holes." "And, for another thing," he continued, "I don't want to have anything to do with people who make one carry water on the shoulders and haul manure." He has frequently invited the Sioux and Assiniboines to join him, telling them not to stick so close to the whites, getting as poor as snakes, eating nothing but bacon and hard-tack. They had better leave, he thought, and do as he did—go into the buffalo country, eat plenty of meat, and when they wanted a good horse, go to some fort and steal one. "Look at me," he said; "see if I am poor, or my people either. The whites may get me at last,* as you say, but I will have good times till then. You are fools to make yourselves slaves to a piece of fat bacon, some hard-tack, and a little sugar and coffee."

---

[*] Commonly written Tatanka Iyotanka; from *tatánka*, a bull bison, and *iyotanka*, to sit; but *iyotankahan* is the participle, sitting.

---

*Sitting Bull was a prophet, no doubt, but no extraordinary sagacity was required to foresee this. During the excitement aroused by the ghost-dances still fresh in the public mind, he was killed Dec. 15, before the affair of Wounded Knee, Dec. 29, 1890. In the course of his long career of professional scoundrelism and criminality, he probably made more mischief and did more damage than any other contemporary Indian.

APPENDIX.

Arrivals of Steamboats at Fort Union, and later at Fort Buford, 1864–69, as noted in Larpenteur's Orig. Journs. (With some data for Fort Benton during these years, from Cont. Mont. Hist. Soc., and various additional items.)

1864.

May 31. *Benton* arr. 5 a. m., bringing Larpenteur to his post. She arr. Benton June 10; again June 27, tripping from Milk r.; arr. mouth Maria's r. July 9, tripping from Milk r.

June 10. *Fanny Ogden* arr. noon, bound up. She brought Maj. Wilkinson and his clerk, with annuities for Assiniboines and Crows. No Benton record.

" 13. *Yellowstone* arr. 10.30 a. m., bound up. Brought a part of Capt. Greer's company. Left 3 p. m., with Maj. Upton. Reached Cow isl. June 21.

" 17. *Fanny Ogden* arr. soon after sunrise; left in an hour, bound down.

" 17. *Welcome* arr. as *Fanny Ogden* left. Brought rest of Capt. Greer's company and balance of Indian annuities. Left next day, bound up to Galpin.

" 17. *Benton* arr. ½ hour after *Welcome*. Left before sunset, bound up.

" 18. *Cutter* arr. 5 a. m. Left next morning, bound up. She reached Benton July 14.

" 23. *Welcome* arr. before sunrise from Galpin. Left same day, bound down, with Maj. Wilkinson and some annuities which had been brought up to Union by mistake.

1864.

June 24. *Effie Deans*, Capt. John Labarge, arr. 4 p. m. Discharged next day. Left 26th, bound up. Reached Maria's r. July 9.

July 5. *Yellowstone* arr. from Cow isl. Left next day, bound down.

" 16. *Effie Deans* arr. from Maria's r. Left same day, bound down.

" 23. *Benton* arr. from Maria's r. Left 27th for St. Louis.

" 25. *Belle Peoria* arr. from below. Discharged, and left Aug. 2 for St. Louis.

" 25. *Chippewa Falls* arr. from below. Left Aug. 2 for Brazeau's house on Yellowstone r.

" 25. *Alone* arr. from below. Left Aug. 2 for Brazeau's house on Yellowstone r.

" 25. *General Grant* arr. from below. Left Aug. 1 for Fort Rice.

" 25. *Island City*, Capt. Alex. Lamont, master, Capt. John Gillam, pilot, was to arr., but snagged 8 miles below; total wreck; no lives lost. The 4 other boats which arr. 25th went to her assistance; were wrecking several days.

Aug. 13. *General Grant* arr. 5 p. m. from Fort Rice. Brought news of Sully's Sioux campaign. Left 10.30 a. m. next day, bound down.

" 17. *Chippewa Falls* arr. p. m. from Five isls. on the Yellowstone. *Alone* expected next day. No record of her arrival, or of departure of either of these boats.

1865.

May 19. *Yellowstone* arr. 2 p. m., with a company of soldiers from Fort Rice. Left 5 p. m., bound up. Reached Benton before June 1.

" 20. *Deer Lodge* arr. 10.30 p. m. Left next daybreak, bound up. Reached Benton before June 1; also, twice in June, tripping; also, Dauphin rapids, July 21.

1865.

May 27. *Benton* arr. 11 a. m. Left 3 p. m., bound up. No record of reaching Benton.

June 1. *Effie Deans* arr. 5 a. m. Left same day, bound up. Reached Maria's r. in June.

" 1. *St. John* arr. 5. a. m. Left same day, after funeral of a child who had died on board, bound up. Reached Maria's r. June 25.

" 3. *General Grant* arr. sunset. No further record.

" 5. *Yellowstone* arr. 1.30 p. m. from Benton. Left next sunrise, bound down.

" 6. *Kate Kearney* arr. sunset. Left 19th, bound up. No Benton record.

" 10. *Lillie Martin* arr. Left next day, bound up. No Benton record.

" 11. *Twilight* arr. a. m., after lightening by discharging part of freight 2 m. below. Left at noon. Reached Maria's r. June 29.

" 13. *Benton* arr. from above. Left early next day, bound down.

" 17. *Oronoacke* [*sic*] sighted early a. m., did not get over bar till late p. m. Brought news that Jeff. Davis had been hanged (!), and that Chouteau had sold out to Hubble, Hawley and Co., now styled the N. W. Co. Left next day, bound up. No Benton record.

" 18. *Fanny Ogden* arr. p. m. Left same day, bound up. No Benton record.

" 21. *David Watts* arr. Left 27th, bound up.

" 23. *Hattie May* sighted; could not get over bar till next day. Left 25th or 26th, bound up.

" 23. *Cutter* arr. from above (last record was at Benton July 14, 1864.) Left 3 p. m. next day, with 100,000 rations for Fort Berthold.

" 25. *St. John* arr. from Maria's r.

" 26. *Sam Gaty*, new, arr. from below. Left next day, bound up.

1865.

June 26. *Benton* arr. from below. Left next day, bound up.

" 26. *General Grant* arr. from below. Left next day, bound up.

" 26. *Kate Kearney* arr. from above. Discharged 623 sacks of flour. Left next day for St. Louis.

July 5. *Hattie May* arr. from a point 12 m. above Milk r., where they had made a place called Fort Kaiser to store goods, near Fort Copland (or Copelin ?), which was built for the same purpose. Left same day, bound up.

" 6. *Benton* arr. early a. m. from above. Left same day at 11 a. m. for Fort Copland.

" 6. *Fanny Ogden* arr. 7 a. m. from above and left immediately, bound down.

" 9. *Twilight* arr. 10 a. m. from Maria's r. Left 11 a. m. for St. Louis, taking 2 tons of freight for Fort Berthold. (Larpenteur on 11th again says *Twilight* left that day, either by error of date or by giving a wrong name.)

" 11. *Hattie May* arr. sunset from above Milk r. and left for St. Louis.

" 11. *Lillie Martin* arr. 11 a. m. from above. Left same day, bound down.

" 13. *Benton* arr. from Fort Copland. Left p. m. for St. Louis: but see July 21.

" 14. *Prairie State* arr. 10 a. m. from below. Discharged freight. Left 11 a. m. July 20, bound up.

" 14. *Converse* arr. a. m. from below and left immediately, bound up.

" 17. *Effie Deans* arr. early a. m. from Maria's r. Left early a. m. next day, bound down.

" 19. *Oronoacke* arr. from above. Left same day, bound down.

" 19. *David Watts* arr. from above. Left same day, bound down.

1865.

July 21. *Benton* arr. early a. m., having met the *Graham* at the Tobacco Garden and brought up part of latter's freight; the *Oronoacke* to bring up the balance of it. The *Benton* having discharged, and taken on about 600 sacks of bacon of the *Sam Gaty's* freight, left for Fort Copland 2 p. m., July 23.

" 22. *Deer Lodge* arr. this p. m. or 23d p. m. from above. Left 24th for Fort Copland.

" 23. *Fanny Ogden* arr. p. m. from below. Left early a. m. 24th for St. Louis. She brought Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. A.

" 24. *General Grant* arr. early a. m. from above, with orders to take on all freight left by the *Benton* and return to Fort Copland. Left early next day.

" 26. *General Grant* arr. again, having run aground and been ordered back to Union to unload, then to return empty to assist other boats above. She discharged, and left 5 p. m. next day.

" 28. *Deer Lodge* and *Benton* arr. 10 a. m. from above, with orders to discharge and go below to help other boats up. Both left next day, 10 and 7 a. m.

Aug. 3. *General Grant* arr. sunset from above. Left 3.30 p. m. next day for Copland.

" 4. *Benton* arr. from vicinity of Berthold, bringing balance of *Graham's* freight, consisting of machinery; discharged 2 m. below Union, and started back 5 p. m.

" 12. *General Grant* arr. 10.30 a. m. from above, and began to load to return to Copland. Next day express arr. from Berthold with orders from Gen. Sully for Capt. Upton's Co. B to come down. So the *Grant* was unloaded, pressed into this service, and left for Berthold 1.30 p. m., 14th, with about 80 soldiers on board.

" 17. *Big Horn* arr. 3 p. m. from below, empty, to take down commissioners and soldiers. Left 5 p. m., 21st;

Government affairs ended at Union; Larpenteur left in charge, with Clerk Herrick, Mr. C. Conklin, and 6 working men. (This boat, or one of the same name, stern-wheeler, 178 x 31 ft., was wrecked 8 m. below Poplar r., in the 2d bend, May 8, 1883.)

1865.

Aug. 23. *General Grant* arr. from Berthold, bound up to Copland; gave up this trip; loaded Government stores, and left 31st, bound down. (She was wrecked in ice next year, Mar. 18, 1866, 3 m. below Bellevue, Neb., having on board 172 tons of freight for Benton.)

Sept. 15. *Converse* arr. 3 p. m. from above. Left 2 p. m. next day, bound down.

" 17. *Hattie May* arr. 8 p. m., bringing up members of the N. W. Co. Left 11.30 a. m. next day, bound down. Last boat up to Union this year.

1866. Larpenteur did not reach Union (Buford) till June 11, when he came on the *Sunset* and his record begins. Mont. Hist. Soc. list of arrivals of boats at Benton, May and June, is: *St. John*, May 18; *Deer Lodge*, 18th; *Cora*, 20th; *Waverly*, 22d; *W. J. Lewis*, 31st; *Mollie Dozier*, June 1; *Marcella*, 5th; *Ontario*, 5th; *Big Horn*, 6th; *Walter B. Dance*, 8th; *Iron City*, 9th; *Amelia Poe*, 11th; *Peter Balen*, 11th—seven boats here at one time; *Miner*, 13th; *Only Chance*, 13th; *Tacony*, 15th; *Favorite*, 15th; *Gold Finch*, 15th; *Luellæ*, 17th; *Helena*, 27th; *Tom Stevens*, 28th; *David Watts*, 29th; *Lillie Martin*, 29th; *Agnes*, 30th. Consequently all these boats had arr. at Union (Buford) before Larpenteur's record begins, as follows:

June 11. *Sunset* arr. 5 a. m. from below. Left 7 a. m., bound up. She arr. Benton July 1.

" 11. *Ontario* arr. from Benton, bound down.

" 12. *Mary McDonald* arr. from below. Dropped down to old Fort William to discharge for Buford.

1866.
June 12. *Huntsville* arr. from below, bound up. She arr. Benton July 4.
" 14. *Big Horn* arr. 10 a. m. from Benton, bound down.
" 14. *Agnes* arr. noon, bound up. She arr. Benton June 30.
" 16. *Walter B. Dance* arr. from Benton.
" 17. *Iron City* arr. from Benton, bound down: see next.
" 18. *Iron City*, from Benton, passed without stopping. (Probable error in this duplication of a name.)
" 19. *Only Chance* arr. 3 p. m. from Benton. Windbound till next day; left very early, bound down.
" 21. *Big Horn* arr. late p. m. from below, bringing 2 companies of soldiers from Benton. Left early next a. m. No Benton record of arrival this trip.
" 21. *Peter Balen* arr. late p. m. from Benton. Left early next a. m., bound down.
" 22. *Tacony* arr. from Benton.
" 23. *Gold Finch* arr. from Benton.
" 23. *Gallatin* arr. 1 p. m. from below. Left immediately, bound up. She arr. Benton July 19—last boat up there this year.
" 25. *Marion* arr. early a. m., 75 days out from St. Louis. Left next day. She arr. Benton July 13. Wrecked on her return trip at Assiniboine Ldg. Stern-wheeler, Capt. Wm. Shanks, master.
" 25. *Waverly* at old Fort William Ldg. this p. m.
" 25. *Cora* at old Fort William Ldg. this p. m.
" 25. *Rubicon* at old Fort William Ldg. this p. m., "being the flagboat of the fleet of which General Reeves is the commander." The fleet of 4 boats passed by next p. m.
" 26. *Miner* arr. from Benton. Left next day, 1 p. m.
" 28. *Luella* arr. from Benton, to take freight hence to Benton. Left next day 6 a. m. On this 2d trip she arr. Benton July 11.

1866.

June 29. *Nellie Rogers* arr. 7 p. m. from below, took on a little ice and left at once. She arr. Benton July 12.

July 3. *Montana* arr. from above (no Benton record for her. Larpenteur says she "returned" with the *Helena*). Left same day.

" 3. *Helena* arr. from Benton, and remained. Departure not noted.

" 3. *Rubicon* arr. from above (no Benton record for her). Left same day. These 3 boats brought news of killing of mate of the *Iron City* by Indians; her whereabouts uncertain: see above, June 17 and 18. But the mate recovered from his wounds.

" 4. *Deer Lodge* arr. last night from St. Louis; transport, bound up on her 2d round trip this year. Departure not noted. She arr. Benton July 13 (her 1st arrival having been May 18, as above; her 1st down trip past Buford not given).

" 4. *Ontario* arr. last night from Fort Sully; transport. She reported Peace Commissioners' boat near Berthold, coming up slowly. Departure not noted; no Benton record on this trip.

" 5. *Lillie Martin* arr. 9 a. m. from Benton. Left at once, bound down.

" 7. *David Watts* arr. after sunset from Benton. Departure not noted.

" 8. *Sunset* arr. 9 a. m. from Benton. Left same day for the States.

" 9. *Agnes* arr. from Benton with 150 passengers. Left at sunset, bound down.

" 10. *Ben Johnson* arr. 10 a. m. from below; Peace Commissioners' boat. Left next day at noon "on a hunt up the Missouri." Returned 13th; left 17th; went 2 miles up; returned 18th. Left for St. Louis 19th, 4 p. m.

1866.

July 14. *Huntsville* arr. from Benton, with 5 following transports from above:

" 14. *Iron City* arr. from above.
" 14. *Cora* arr. from above.
" 14. *St. John* arr. from above.
" 14. *Big Horn* arr. from above.
" 14. *Ontario* arr. from above.

Departures not noted.

" 15. *Amanda* arr. 10 a. m. from below, with Crow annities. Left 17th, sunset, for Judith r.

" 18. *Deer Lodge* arr. from above (recorded at Benton July 13. Larpenteur says she arr. from Judith r.). Departure not noted.

" 19. *Nellie Rogers* arr. from Benton. This day, as noted above, the *Ben Johnson* finally left for St. Louis, and Larpenteur went on her. At date of 27th, his Journ. states, at Fort Berthold, that the *Waverly*, *Mary McKelon* (?) and *Amanda* returned from above—the former from near Judith r., "where soldiers have made their selection for building a military post," no doubt meaning Fort Claggett.

1867. Larpenteur did not reach Union (Buford) till June 19, when he came on the *Jennie Brown*, and his record begins. Mont. Hist. Soc. list of 24 arrivals of boats at Benton, to July 6, when the *Jennie* arr. there, is: *Waverly* and *Miner*, in May; *Only Chance*, June 1; *Deer Lodge*, June 3; *Walter B. Dance*, June 3; *Gallatin*, June 7; *Amelia Poe*, June 9; *Mountaineer*, June 10; *St. John*, June 10; *Yorktown*, June 11; *Nile*, June 12; *Ben Johnson*, June 13; *Huntsville*, June 14; *Ida Stockdale*, June 16; *Octavia*, June 20; *Guidon*, June 20; *Benton*, June 26; *Ida Stockdale*, June 29; *Amaranth*, June 29; *G. A. Thompson*, July 1; *Antelope*, July 3; *Abeona*, July 4; *Agnes*, July 5; *Tacony*, July 5. Consequently, all these boats had arr. at Union and Buford before Larpenteur's record begins, as follows:

1867.

June 19. *Jennie Brown* arr. 2.30 a. m., left 7 a. m. She arr. Benton July 6.

" 23. *Viola Belle* arr. a. m., bound up. She arr. Benton July 23.

" 26. *Lillie* arr. Buford from the States. Passed Union 27th. She arr. Benton July 12.

" 26. *Ben Johnson* arr. 6 p. m. from Benton. Left same day, bound down.

" 27. *Lady Grace* arr. Buford from below; discharged 80 tons freight. Passed Union early next a. m. She arr. Benton July 11.

" 28. *Octavia* arr. noon from Benton, bound down. Departure not noted.

" 28. *Ida Fulton* passed up 2 p. m. She arr. Benton July 16.

" 28. *Graham* arr. Buford 6 p. m., bringing Commissioners and Father De Smet. Started back for the States early next a. m.

July 1. *Benton* arr. from Benton, bound down. Departure not noted.

" 1. *Paragon* arr. Buford with Government goods. Went no further.

" 3. *Silver Lake* arr. Buford. Passed Union 4th, bound up. No Benton record.

" 4. *Ida Stockdale* arr. from Benton. She brought some of the machinery of the *Trover*, which had grounded and been abandoned at Trover or Franchette Point; stern-wheeler, 160 x 32 ft.

" 5. *City of Pekin* arr. Buford from below. Government boat, going no further. Departure not noted.

" 6. *G. A.* or ("*J. A.*") *Thompson* arr. from Benton, bound down. Departure not noted.

" 6. *Amaranth* arr. from Benton, bound down. Departure not noted.

" 8. *Richmond* arr. a. m., bound up. She arr. Benton July 28.

1867.

July 11. *Jennie Brown* arr. from Benton. Left same day, bound down.

" 11. *Abeona* arr. from Benton, bound down.

" 11. *Agnes* arr. late p. m. from Benton, bound down.

" 13. *Tacony* arr. from Benton, bound down.

" 15. *Big Horn* arr. from Benton, where she had arr. July 8.

" 16. *Imperial* arr. Buford, bound up. Left next day, taking men to wreck the *Trover*. She only reached Cow isl., date not given.

" 16. *Ida Stockdale* arr., having on board Gen. Terry, en route to Helena, Mont. Left next p. m.

" 18. *Lady Grace* arr. early a. m. from Benton.

" 20. *Lillie* arr. from Benton, bringing 20 Crows whom Gen. Sully had sent for by Thos. Campbell and Louis Bompart.

" 22. *Tom Stevens* arr. from Benton, where she had arr. July 10. Left for Milk r. 25th, on Government service, taking a lot of Crows and Assiniboines.

" 22. *Ida Fulton* arr. from Benton.

" 23. *Sunset* arr. from Omaha, bound for Benton. No Benton record.

" 23. *Little Rock* arr. from Benton, where she had arr. July 14.

" 31. *Nymph* arr. from Benton, where she had arr. July 20; reported up boats aground. This is *Nymph No. 2* of Benton record for 1867. She was a stern-wheeler, wrecked next year, Mar. 3, 1868, on chain of rocks at Sibley bridge, Mo.

Aug. 3. *Miner* arr. Buford; arr. Union next day; left 1 p. m., "having demolished the old Union kitchen for firewood." Apparently her 2d trip up this year, as she is reported at Benton in May. No 2d arrival at Benton recorded. Said to have got up to Cow isl.

" 5. *Ida Stockdale* arr. from Benton, bound down.

" 6. *Only Chance* arr. Buford, bound up. She arr. Benton Aug. 29.

1867.

Aug. 7. *Centralia* arr., bound up. No Benton record.

" 7. *Carrie* arr. Buford. Government boat; her 2d trip. Went no further. Departure not noted.

" 8. *Viola Belle* arr. from Benton, bound down. She was a side-wheeler, valued at $15,000; snagged on Smith's Bar, Doniphan Bend, Aug. 27, 1871; boat and cargo total loss.

" 11. *Huntsville* arr. Buford and passed Union 4 p. m., bound for Benton. She only reached Cow isl.

" 12. *Luella* arr. from Benton, where she had arr. July 8. Bound down, with 200 passengers.

" 17. *Guidon* arr. from Benton, bound down; Gen. Alfred H. Terry and staff on board.

" 19. *Richmond* arr. early a. m. from Benton, bound down; could not make a landing, and went on.

" 24. *Deer Lodge* arr. a. m. Buford; went 5 miles up Yellowstone r. to wood and returned. Left next a. m. for St. Louis.

" 27. *Miner* arr. from Cow isl., reporting that none of the late boats could get up to Benton.

" 27. *Last Chance* arr. Buford with Indian annuities. Went no further.

" 28. *Tom Stevens* arr. from above.

" 29. *Centralia* arr. from Fort Hawley, not having been able to get any further up. She had discharged Government freight at Fort Peck.

Sept. 21. *Only Chance* arr. early a. m. from Benton, with about 200 passengers, bound down.

" 26. *Huntsville* arr. from Cow isl., full of passengers, bound down.

Oct. 6. *Gallatin* arr. from above in bad shape, guards all gone, etc.; had been reported a wreck, but got off. She was a stern-wheeler, 140 x 30 feet, finally wrecked next year, Apr. 16, 1868, at Little Sioux r.

1867.

Oct. 18. *Imperial* arr. from Cow isl. with nearly 300 passengers, bound down.

" 25. *Zephyr* arr. Buford after sunset, from above. Her up trip this year is not noted by Larpenteur. Benton record for Sept. 6, 1867. A boat of this name, probably same boat, built for Arkansaw river trade, owned by Ben Johnson, running irregularly on the Missouri, was wrecked near Sibley, Mo., about 1875.

" 26. *Amaranth* arr. from below, with 1500 bushels corn. Went no further.

" 31. *Benton* arr. late p. m. from below; Durfee and Peck's boat, with "the largest equipment ever brought to this post." Last boat up. Left next day at noon.

1868. Larpenteur was at his post on the opening of the season, and his record begins with the first boat up.

Apr. 26. *Cora* passed up 3 p. m. without stopping. She arr. Benton May 15.

" 30. *Success* arr. at dusk. She arr. Benton May 15.

" 30. *Deer Lodge* arr. at sunset. Left late May 2. She arr. Benton May 19.

May 1. *Nile* arr. late. Left next day, She arr. Benton May 21.

" 10. *Only Chance* arr., 45 days out. She arr. Benton May 25.

" 12. *Sallie* arr. 6 p. m. She arr. Benton May 25.

" 13. *St. Luke* arr. noon, and went on. She arr. Benton May 28.

" 13. *Miner* arr. noon. Left at daylight 15th. She arr. Benton May 25.

" 18. *Henry Adkins* arr. noon. Discharged some freight for Buford and went on. She arr. Benton May 30.

" 18. *Antelope* arr. noon. Discharged for Buford and went on. She arr. Benton June 1.

" 19. *Mountaineer* arr. 2 a. m. She arr. Benton May 30.

" 19. *Huntsville* arr. 5 a. m. She arr. Benton June 1.

" 19. *Peninah* arr. 4 p. m. She arr. Benton May 31.

" 19. *Octavia* arr. 4 p. m. She arr. Benton May 31.

1868.

May 19. *Ida Stockdale* arr. 5 p. m. She arr. Benton May 31.

" 20. *Amelia Poe* passed 6 p. m. without stopping; wrecked on this trip, 23d, about 5 m. below Little Porcupine r., directly opposite present Lenox sta. of the G. N. Ry. She was a stern-wheeler of 327 tons, 175 x 30 feet, owned by Capt. Wm. Poe and named for his wife; Capt. Thomas Townsend, master at the time. Boat total loss; most of cargo saved. Some quartz-mill machinery left on the bank is there now (1898).

" 21. *Bertha* arr. 6 p. m. She arr. Benton June 2.

" 26. *Guidon* arr. late. Left early next day. She arr. Benton June 8.

" 26. *Lacon* arr. late. Left early next day. She arr. Benton June 8.

" 28. *Cora* arr. from Benton, and went on down at once.

" 31. *Yorktown* arr. 7.30 a. m. She arr. Benton June 14.

" 31. *Only Chance* arr. 1 p. m. from Benton, and went on down.

" 31. *Success* arr. 6 p. m. from Benton, and went on down.

June 1. *Hiram Woods* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 23.

" 1. *Deer Lodge* arr. from Benton, and went on down.

" 2. *Sallie* arr. from Benton and went on down.

" 3. *Benton* arr. from below; army paymaster on board. She arr. Benton June 13.

" 3. *Ida Reese* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 16.

" 3. *Fanny Barker* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 20.

" 3. *North Alabama* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 20.

" 3. *Andrew Ackley* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 17.

" 3. *St. Luke* arr. from Benton and went on down.

" 3. *Miner* arr. from Benton and went on down.

" 4. *Nile* arr. 7 a. m. from Benton and went on down.

" 6. *Columbia* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 27.

" 7. *Urilda* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 28.

1868.

June 7. *Henry Adkins* arr. from Benton a little before sunset. Larpenteur took passage on her and went 15 miles down. His record ends here.

Benton records later this season are: *Importer*, June 15; *Viola Belle*, 26th; *Deer Lodge*, July 4; *Tom Stevens*, 7th; *Silver Lake No. 4*, 7th; *Andrew Ackley*, 23d; *Leni Leoti*, 26th; *Success*, Aug. 4. The *Andrew Ackley* also brought up some boat's freight in Aug. from Dauphin rapids, and cleared from Benton for St. Louis Aug. 27.

1869. Larpenteur's record begins with the first boat up.

May 4. *Deer Lodge* arr. early from below and left in 15 minutes. She arr. Benton 19th.

" 17. *Importer* arr. 8 a. m. from below. She arr. Benton 27th.

" 17. *Nile* arr. 1 p. m. from below. She arr. Benton 27th.

" 17. *Cora* arr. 7 p. m. from below. She arr. Benton 31st.

" 18. *Fanny Barker* arr. 7 p. m. from below. Gen. P. R. De Trobriand on board, en route for Fort Shaw, on Sun r. She arr. Benton June 1.

" 19. *Ida Reese No. 2* arr. 10 a. m. from below. She arr. Benton 30th.

" 19. *North Alabama* arr. 2 p. m. from below; discharged some freight. She arr. Benton June 4.

" 21. *Silver Bow* arr. 6 a. m. from below. She arr. Benton June 4.

" 22. *Peninah* passed, bound up; did not stop. She arr. Benton June 8.

" 23. *Big Horn* passed, bound up; did not stop. She arr. Benton June 8.

" 24. *Huntsville* arr. from below. She arr. Benton June 11.

" 24. *Lacon* arr. from below; discharged some Government freight. She arr. Benton June 15.

" 26. *Deer Lodge* arr. from Benton, loaded with passengers; 90 or more for this place.

" 31. *Colossal* arr. 7 a. m. from below to-day (or June 1). She arr. Benton June 20.

1869.

May 31. *Peter Balen* arr. 10 a. m. from below. She arr. Benton June 18.

" 31. *Mollie Herbert* arr. 10 a. m. No Benton record.

June 1. *Silver Lake No. 4* arr. 11 a. m. She arr. Benton June 16.

" 1. *Arkansas* arr. 3 a. m. No Benton record.

" 2. *Utah* arr. at sunset. She arr. Benton June 15.

" 2. *Bertha* arr. about dark. She arr. Benton June 21.

Larpenteur's record ends here. It does not name the following 7 boats, which have Benton records for June this year: *Andrew Ackley*, 8th; *Only Chance*, 8th; *Viola Belle*, 10th; *Sallie*, 11th; *Mountaineer*, 11th; *H. M. Shreve*, 12th; *Miner*, 14th—all of which presumably passed Buford, bound up.

Besides these, the following boats arr. at Benton, double-tripping from Dauphin rapids: *Cora*, June 5; *Silver Bow*, 8th; *North Alabama*, with part of *Mountaineer's* freight, 9th; *Big Horn*, 13th; *North Alabama*, with part of *H. M. Shreve's* freight, 13th; *Only Chance*, 14th; *Fanny Barker*, 14th; *Viola Belle*, 14th; *Peninah*, 14th; *Andrew Ackley*, 15th; *Huntsville*, 19th; *Big Horn*, 20th; *Miner*, 21st; *Peninah*, 23d; *Only Chance*, 23d; *Silver Lake*, 24th; *Peter Balen*, 26th; *Andrew Ackley*, July 2.

Note.—Before 1864 the only "Benton boats" were: 1859, *Chippewa* reached Fort Brulé, 6 m. above Maria's r., 16 m. below Benton, July 17.—1860, *Chippewa* and *Key West*, both at Benton, July 2; the first boats that ever reached that place.—1861, none, the *Chippewa* having burned at Disaster Bend June 23, 1861, as narrated by Larpenteur, p. 326.—1862, *Emilie* and *Shreveport*, June 17; *Key West No. 2* and *Spread Eagle*, June 20.—1863, *Shreveport* to Cow isl., 123 m. by land from Benton, June 20; *Alone*, to Milk r. only; date unknown.

INDEX.

A

abalone, 398
Abbott, Mr., 216
Abeona, a boat, 439, 441
Ab-sah-rokier-bats-ats, 44
Absarokas, 44, see Crow Inds.
Adams pra., 162, 171, 172, 173
Æthiopian, 121
Agnes, a boat, 436, 437, 438, 439, 441
ahsahta, 39
ahzhee, 40
Albright sta., Mont., 173
Alder Gulch, 210
Algonquian tribe, 260, 335
Alkali cr., 368
Alleghany mts., 148
Allen's coulée, 368
Almond, Mr. Wm., 52, 62
Alone, a boat, 364, 432, 446
Amanda, a boat, 439
Amaranth, a boat, 439, 440, 443
Amelia Poe, a boat, 390, 436, 439, 444
Amell's isl., 239
America, 1, 2, 278
American cr., 280
  Crow cr., 280
  flag, 110, 112, 317, 359, 415
  Fur Co., 9, 10, 11, 23, 24, 30, 37, 49, 51, 56, 58, 59, 62, 63, 68, 69, 74, 76, 78, 80, 86, 106, 108, 116, 117, 121, 136, 161, 163, 164, 167, 169, 172, 173, 175, 178, 179, 202, 216, 217, 223, 227, 228, 236, 237, 240, 243, 244, 245, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 258, 276, 277, 278, 281, 286, 287, 289, 299, 300, 309, 317, 318, 326, 338, 339, 351, 352, 353, 356, 361, 386, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419
  government, 1, 2
  Philos. Soc., 343
  r., 280
Anchorage, the, 278
Andrew Ackley, a boat, 394, 444, 445, 446
  a half-breed, 186
Annals of Fort Mackinac, 64
  of Iowa, 5
  of St. Louis, 161
Antelope, a boat, 146, 439, 443
  cr., 328
Apple cr., 384
Arapahoe Inds., 23
Arickara, Arickaree Inds., 55, 125, 126, 138, 247, 352, 386, 387
  vill., 281
Arickaree language, 125
Arkansaw, a boat, 446
  r., 272, 443

Armstrong, Moses K., 380
Arrowstone r., 242
Arsata r., 39
Ashley, Gen. Wm. H., 6, 7, 8, 10
Ashton ditch, 294
  Ia., 294
  Isaac, 294
Ashton's grove, 294
Ashworth, Mr., 21
Assiniboia, 185
Assiniboine, a boat, 63
  Inds., 45, 55, 56, 62, 78, 79, 82, 93, 94, 98, 109, 116, 123, 124, 127, 138, 142, 155, 156, 157, 160, 171, 182, 184, 185, 189, 209, 224, 247, 254, 255, 304, 307, 308, 311, 313, 331, 333, 335, 337, 342, 343, 344, 348, 360, 363, 369, 371, 372, 373, 374, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 392, 394, 397, 412, 421, 429, 431, 441
  Landing, 437
  lands, 380
  language, 156
  teepees, 331
  treaty, 380
Assinipoualaks, 123
Astoria, a book, 28, 39
Astorian routes, 29
Astorians, 28, 29, 32, 33, 39, 80
Astor, J. J., 9, 64
Atkins, ——, 350
Atsinas, 116, 260, 335
atu, 40
Audubon, John James, 53, 58, 68, 115, 116, 142, 163, 174, 178, 180, 181, 182, 213, 217, 287, 300, 338, 414, 416
  Miss M. R., 58, 68, 115, 142, 178
Audubon point, 288
Awkward, a chief, 55
azi, 40

B

Badger cr., 110
Bad Lands, 315, 361
  r., 10
Baldwin, Capt. Edward, 390
Ball, John, 33
Baltimore, Md., 2, 64, 65, 136, 146, 147, 150, 157, 278, 279, 286
Bancroft, H. H., 196, 251
Barbary, 2
Barnaville, Mr., 30, see Bonneville
Bartlett, Col., 357, 358
Bassett, Capt. Adams, 387
Bear, a boat, 238
  Dance, 388
  Paw mts., 173
  r., 31
Beauchamp cr., 375
Beaverhead r., 50
Beckwith, Beckworth, Beckwourth, James P., 6, 7, 16, 38, 46, 105
Beesh, 125
Belgian, 174
Belknap, Maj. Gen. Wm. Worth, 393
Bellefontaine bend, 390
Bellehumeur, ——, 362
Belle Peoria, a boat, 432
Bellevue, Neb., 277, 178, 416, 436
Bell, John G., 178
Belly r., 110
Ben Johnson, a boat, 380, 438, 439, 440
Benton, a boat, 355, 356, 360, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 439, 440, 443, 444

Benton bend, 356
  trade, 146
Berger, ——, 111, 112, 113, 114, 116, 117, 225, 226
  bottom, 324
Bertha, a boat, 444, 446
Berthold and Chouteau, 161
Big Blue r., 19
  Bull, 310
  Dry cr., 333
  Dry r., 341
  Fort, 56
  Hole, battle of the, 171
bighorn, 39
Big Horn, a boat, 369, 435, 436, 437, 439, 441, 445, 446
  Horn, Bighorn r., 16, 32, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 46, 47, 49, 75, 172, 361, 362, 364
  Horse r., 39
  Muddy cr., 307, 315
  Muddy r., 124, 126, 130, 156, 229, 235, 239
  Sandy r., 30
  Sioux r., 297, 300
Billon, Frederick L., 161
Bingham, Lucius, 305
  Mrs. Lucius, 305
Bird Woman, 141
Bismarck, N. Dak., 63, 138, 258, 338, 385
Bitterroot valley, 242, 245, 264, 270, 271, 326
Black Catfish, a chief, 359
Blackfoot Inds., 8, 30, 32, 33, 44, 47, 79, 90, 91, 92, 93, 100, 101, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 115, 116, 117, 211, 216, 218, 237, 239, 242, 247, 254, 259, 260, 271, 272, 274, 276, 335, 349, 396, 401
  language, 272, 274
  massacre, 137, 215
Blackfoot nation, 259
  outfit, 222
  post, 111, 116, 217, 221, 222
Black Hawk War, 4
  Hills, 27, 251
Black's fork, 31
Blair sta., Mont., 306
blankets, 3 points or 3 pounds, 13
Bledsoe's post, 277
blizzard, 192
Blondeau, Blondo, Mr. ——, 5
Blood Inds., 116, 216, 217, 259
Blue l., 293
Boller, Henry A., 53, 125, 189, 192, 309, 310, 311, 314, 320, 321, 322, 329, 331, 336, 345, 349, 351, 352, 386, 417
Bolton, C., 179
  Fox, Livingston and Co., 170
Bompart, Louis, 441
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 2
Bonapartist, 1
Bonise, ——, 227
Bonner, T. D., 105
Bonneville, Capt. B. L. E., 8, 9, 23, 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 39, 75, 352
Bonneville's post, 30
Booneville, Mo., 390
Bordache cr., 379
Bordeaux, J., 251
Boston, Mass., 2
Boucherville, ——, 182
Bourbeuse r., 379
Bourbonnais, Augustin, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122
Bow cr., 288
Box Elder cr., 390
Bozeman, Mont., 258, 368, 369
  Pass, 141, 242
Bradley, Lieut. James H., 170, 171, 172, 369

Brazeau, Brazo, John, 121, 122, 134, 152, 153, 155, 159, 160, 331
Brazeau, John, another, 121
Brazeau's house, 364, 432
Breitmann, Hans, 105
Bridger, James, 23, 26, 211, 212, 213, 214
Brisbin, Maj. James S., 368, 369
British boundary, 185
  possessions, 185, 218, 310
Broadwater Landing, 239
Brockton sta., Mont., 324
Broken Arm, a chief, 189, 193, 332
  Hand, 26, see Fitzpatrick
Brotherton, Mr., 16
Brower, J. V., 50
Brown Bear Defeated cr., 390
Bruguière, Jacques or James, 150, 162, 254, 257
  Théophile, 288, 297
Brulé Agency, 280
  bottom, 110, 111
  Co., S. Dak., 280
Buckley, Dr. John, 286
buffalo berry, 238
Buffalo Prairie, 287
  r., 313
bull-boat, 26, 42
Burch, Mr. J. H., 264
Burch's cr. 264
Bureau of Ethnology, 123
Burger, ——, 109, 110, see Berger
Burt, Col. Andrew Sheridan, 271

C

Cabanis, Dr. Jean, 161
  Pierre Jean George, 161
Cabanné, John Charles, 161
Cabanné, John Pierre, 161
  John Pierre, jun., 161
Cabanné's Omaha post, 142
Cadotte's Pass, 264, 265
Cahokia, Ill., 13
Calais sta., Mont., 306
calash, calèche, calesh, caloh, 5
Calf cr., 333, 334
California, 250, 302
  shells, 398
Calypso, a boat, 376
Cambridge, Mass., 75
Camden, Mo., 147
Campbell Co., S. Dak., 379
  Isaac R., 4
  Robert, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 23, 25, 27, 32, 34, 35, 38, 42, 43, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 56, 57, 59, 62, 64, 65, 66, 67, 91, 227, 262, 310, 311, 323, 329, 338, 339, 376
Campbell's cr., 282
  old trading post, 282
Campbell, Thomas, 259, 376, 377, 441
Camp Poplar River, 229
  Reynolds, 262
  White Catfish, 277
Canadian and N. W. R. R., 357
  French, 23, 54, 313
Canadians, 269
candi, 127
Cannonball r., 384
Canoe Assiniboine camp, 130, 131
  Assiniboines, 123, 124, 125, 138, 189, 333, 363
Card l., 204
Carlisle, John, 63
Carrie, a boat, 442
Cart r., 242
Cascade, Mont., 264

Casey, Michael, 265
Casper, Wyo., 29
Cass C[illegible], N. Dak., 313
Catlin, George, 69, 85, 131, 259, 412, 413
Caw Inds., 19
  r., 19
C. Bolton, Fox, Livingston and Co., 179
Cedar fort, 280
  isl., 280
  Island r., 280
cedi, 127
Centralia, a boat, 442
Centrocercus urophasianus, 30
Century Dictionary, 192
Cerré, Mr. Pascal, 287
Cewah cr., 384
Chabané, Mr., 161
Chamberlain, S. Dak., 280, 281
Chambers, ——, 340
chandee, 127
Chanpepenan cr., 282
Chantilly, Va., 312
Charbonneau, Toussaint, 141, 142
Chardon, François A., 137, 144, 153, 216, 217, 218, 219, 222
Charles Mix Co., S. Dak., 356
Chase, Amos, 296, 297, 299
cheddy, 127
Chelsea sta., Mont., 328
Chêne, Pierre, 362
Chester Co., Vt., 305
Cheyenne Agency, 427
  Co., Neb., 22
  Inds., 26
  language, 125
  r., 357
Chicago, Ill., 366, 375
Chickamauga, battle of, 418
Chief Joseph, 171
Chimney Rock, 22
Chin-cha-pee, 412
Chippewa, a boat, 224, 226, 227, 446
  Falls, a boat, 364, 432
  Inds., 109, 184, 187, 412, 415
Chittenden, Capt. H. M., 29, 63, 64, 146, 321, 326, 390
cholera, 280, 289
Chouteau, Auguste, 166, 167, 168, 222, 223
  Charles, 355, 360, 361, 362, 366, 378
  Emilie, 415
  Pierre, sen. or jun., 9, 10, 64, 174, 311, 318, 323, 324, 325, 327, 341, 347, 352, 415, 433
  Valle and Co., 64
Christy, Edmund, 16, 34
  Robert, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 144
Cincinnati, O., 147, 240, 352
Circle Bar Cattle Co., 375
City of Pekin, a boat, 440
Clark, Capt. Wm., 3, 10, 19, 39, 46, 125, 126, 141, 142, 143, 150, 154, 156, 171, 173, 180, 227, 239, 258, 262, 263, 264, 265, 271, 277, 280, 281, 287, 288, 290, 291, 293, 300, 307, 319, 328, 333, 336, 337, 341, 356, 357, 368, 375, 379, 384, 385, 388, 389, 390
Clark, Clarke, Malcolm, 225, 226, 237, 239, 240, 241, 243, 244, 249, 260, 261, 309, 317, 318, 319, 320, 335, 352, 353
Clarke, Miss Helen P., 240, 353
Clark, Frances, 3
  Gen. ——, 19
  Lieut. Nathan, 240
  Primeau and Co., 306

Clark's Pass, 141, 171
Clay Co., Minn., 313
    S. Dak., 145, 287, 288
Clayton, ——, 393, see Leighton, Alvin C.
Clifford, Maj. Walter, 418
Clinton, Maj. Wm., 262
Clowe, Mrs., 394
Cochran's bridge, 298
Co-han, a chief, 57, 58, 91, 92, 93, 133
Collins Campbell houses, 282
    Mr., 182
Colorado r., 22, 30
Colossal, a boat, 445
Columbia, a boat, 444
    Fur Co., 142
Columbian University, Wash., D. C., 75
Columbia r., 38, 75, 174, 206, 243, 326
Condit, Silas, 296
Conklin, Charles, 370, 371, 436
Continental Divide, 22, 28, 29, 141, 171, 264
Contois, Baptiste, 132
Converse, a boat, 434, 436
Cora, a boat, 436, 437, 439, 443, 444, 445, 446
Cora bend, 360
    isl., 390
    No. 3, a boat, 390
corn, lyed, 60
Corvallis, Mont., 271
Corvus cr., 280
cotillion, 205
Cotton, Mr., 180, 181, 182, 184, 208, 216
Coues, Elliott, 290
Cougher, an Ind., 231, 232
Coulée de la Bardache, 379
Coupée à Jacques, 293
Cow isl., 349, 431, 432, 441, 442, 443, 446
cow-sickness, 21
Crane, The, 46
Crazy Bear, 182, 183, 184, 421
Cree Inds., 62, 109, 184, 189, 193, 195, 412, 415
Creek Ind., 214
Cree language, 156, 186
Crisp, Maj., 180
Crook, Gen. Geo., 369
Crooks, Ramsey, 64
Crow Creek Agency, 280, 282
    res., 282
    crs., various, 280, 281, 282
    fort, 163
    Inds., 30, 38, 39, 44, 45, 46, 47, 62, 100, 109, 165, 166, 172, 280, 317, 342, 368, 370, 371, 372, 373, 375, 378, 417, 421, 431, 439, 441
    Indian trade, 174
    language, 39, 176
    outfit, 223
crows, 269
Culbertson, Alexander, 47, 107, 111, 115, 116, 143, 162, 170, 175, 177, 179, 182, 196, 199, 200, 206, 209, 218, 222, 226, 229, 237, 249, 258, 276, 280, 281, 349, 351
    Mrs. Alex., 350, 351
Cunkle, Konkland, Kuncle, Kunland, Charles, 369, 371, see Conklin, Chas.
Curtis, Maj. Gen. S. R., 380
Cusick, Lieut. Cornelius C., 391
Custer Co., Mont., 368
    Gen. George A., 356
    massacre, 171, 362
Cutter, a boat, 431, 433
Cutting, Mr., 181

D

- Dacoteau, ——, 109
- dag, dagger, dague, dagy, 119
- Dakota, 61, 192, 343, 380
  - blizzard, 192
- Dancing Bear valley, 388
- Dauphan's cabin or post, 336, 340
- Dauphine, Dauphiné, Dauphiny, 336
- Dauphin, Louis, 324, 336, 350, 353, 354
  - Louise, 6
  - raps., 336, 432, 445, 446
- Dauphin's old fort, 336, 342
  - post, 324
- Davenport, Col. George L., 4
  - Col. Wm., 5
- David Watts, a boat, 433, 434, 436, 438
- Davis, Jefferson, 210, 433
- Dawson Co., Mont., 307
- Dearborn r., 264
- Deer Lodge, a boat, 432, 435, 436, 438, 439, 442, 443, 444, 445
- Deer Tail, a village, 324
- Denig, Dr. —, 148, 149, 150
  - Edwin T., 55, 68, 122, 123, 132, 148, 150, 162, 178, 185, 186, 187, 200, 212, 224, 250, 414, 415
- Denver, Col., 321
- Des Autel, Mr., 217
- Deschamps, Charles, 88, 90, 95, 96
  - family, 77, 80, 94, 97
  - François, jun., 87, 89, 90, 95, 96, 99, 100
  - François, sen., 87, 88, 89, 94, 95, 96
  - Joseph, 88, 90, 95, 96
  - massacre, 134
- Deschamps, Mother, 95
- Des Hôtel, Mr., 217, 246
- Desjardins, Paulette, 44, 54
- De Smet, Father Peter John, 55, 91, 131, 162, 174, 182, 217, 242, 245, 259, 270, 271, 290, 381, 440. The correct date 1842 given on p. 174 can be fixed more closely still, and with better corroboration than I there give. It appears from another of of De Smet's own books, Philadelphia, 1843, and French Transl., 1845, that he was traveling down the Yellowstone the last two weeks of August and first ten days of September, 1842, during which period he passed Larpenteur's post
- De Smet's Gros-Ventres, 259
  - Western Missions and Missionaries, 182
- Des Moines raps., 4
- De Soto, Neb., 356
- De Trobriand, Gen. P. R. 445
- Devil's Bend, 306
  - Gate, 28
- Dickson, Dixon, Wm., 145, 288
- Digger Inds., 37
- Dill, Col., 384
- Dimon, Capt. B. R., 387
- Disaster Bend, 326, 446
- dog-travaille, 209
- Doniphan's bend, 442
  - expedition, 110
- Dougherty, Mr., 278
- Dosier, Capt. Frank, 356
- Driggs, ——, 391
- Dripps, Maj. Andrew, 180, 416
- Drum, a chief, 303

Dry cr., 340
Dunkeld, Scotland, 16
Durfee and Peck, 356, 388, 389, 390, 443

E

Eagle cr., 173
Eaneahwadepon r., 291
East Medicine Knoll r., 180
Eaton, Mrs. George O., 265
Ebbitt, ——, 178, 182, 184
École des Beaux Arts, 75
Edmonds, Edmunds, Newton, 379, 380
Edmonton, Alberta, 111
Effie Deans, a boat, 432, 433, 434
Elgin, Idaho, 33
Elk Head r., 314
  point, 287
  Prairie cr., 333, 334
El, Elle, Louis, 336, 351
Ellinsworth, Mr., 213, 214
Elm cr., 282
El Paso point, 340, 341
Emilie bend, 328
  No. 2, a boat, 328, 336, 338, 339, 340, 341, 446
Emil's cr., 239
  isl., 239
Emmons Co., N. Dak., 384, 385
England, 16, 262
English language, 125
Escanapes, 123
Etchetah, Mont., 368

F

Fairweather, Mont., 210
Fall Inds., 260, 335
  r., 33
Fanny Barker, a boat, 444, 445, 446
Fanny Ogden, a boat, 431, 433, 434, 435, 436
Farm isl., 357
Far West, a boat, 262
Father De Smet, a horse, 206
Favorite, a boat, 436
Fergus Co., Mont., 375
  Hon. John, 241
Ferguson, Maj., 416
fever and ague, 151
Fiery Narrows, 28
Fire cr., 322
First Sioux r., 282
Fish cr., 384
Fitzpatrick, Thomas, 12, 25, 26, 27, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 38, 39
Five isls., 432
Flathead country, 246
  Inds., 34, 206, 250, 251, 252, 257, 258, 259, 260, 263, 270, 271, 272, 276, 279
  Mission, 245
Floyd Memorial Association, 290
  Sergeant Charles, 290
Fontainebleau, France, 1
  Larpenteur's place, 298
Fontenelle and Dripps, 416
  Lucien, 10, 36, 38, 41, 278, 416
fork, the verb, 56, 57
Fort Abraham Lincoln, 246
  Alexander, 47, 79, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176, 277
  Atkinson, 385, 386, 388
  Aux Cèdres, old, 280
  Benton, 111, 117, 228, 237, 247, 251, 253, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 268, 270, 272, 273, 275, 276, 277, 311, 326, 328, 335, 338, 339, 341, 342, 344, 345, 352, 354, 360, 362, 366,

377, 396, 427, 431, 432, 433, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446
Fort Berthold, 108, 121, 125, 137, 182, 257, 309, 310, 311, 314, 322, 323, 327, 340, 341, 343, 356, 357, 360, 367, 376, 382, 385, 386, 387, 388, 427, 433, 434, 435, 436, 438, 439
Brule, Brulé, 111, 116, 217, 218, 326, 446
Buford, 5, 51, 52, 61, 126, 175, 184, 258, 307, 331, 382, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 421, 427, 431, 436, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 446
Campbell, 259
Cass, 38, 46, 115, 171
Chardon, 137, 217, 218, 222, 237
Charles, 333
Charles cut-off, 333, 334
Claggett, 439
Clark, 80, 93, 118, 123, 138, 142, 143, 151, 152, 153, 154, 156, 168, 222, 227, 246, 352
Copelin, Copland, 367, 371, 434, 435, 436
D. A. Russell, 265
des Prairies, 111
Ellis, 258, 368
F. A. Chardon, 218, see Fort Chardon
F. D. Pease, 368, 369
Galpin, 247, 329, 340, 341, 343, 345, 353, 354, 365, 367, 431. On p. 343, date of Larpenteur's arrival was Sept. 23, 1862, as appears by a letter before me from him to H. A. Boller, dated Fort Galpin, Sept. 30, 1862
Fort George, 180, 213
Hale, 281
Hawley, 239, 375, 442
John, 23, 24, 251
Kaiser or Keiser, 367, 434
Keogh, 173
Kipp (Rolette's old houses), 316, 318, 347
La Barge, 339, 340, 345
Laramie, 23, 24, 28, 251
Larned, 272
Leavenworth, 57, 147
Lewis, Louis, 111, 218, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 249, 258, 270
Lookout, 281, 282, 355
McKenzie, 79, 92, 111, 115, 116, 117, 137, 142, 167, 168, 169, 170, 217, 218, 219, 326
Mackinac, 64
Madison, 217
Mandan, 143, 389
Maneury, 310
Missoula, 271
Mitchell, 288, 300
M. J. Turnay, 185, 377
Mortimer, 52, 53, 181, 182
of the Prairie, 111
of the Rapids, 4
Owen, 245
Peck, 69, 185, 331, 341, 427, 429, 442
Peck Ind. Res., 229, 307
Piegan, Piekann, 111, 116, 117, 143, 217, 326
Pierre, 10, 151, 169, 180, 223, 224, 227, 243, 245, 248, 250, 280, 281, 283, 292, 339, 341, 349, 357, 416

Fort Pierre, old, 181
Primeau, 227
Randall, 21, 22, 192, 349, 352, 355, 356, 376, 379, 426, 427
Recovery, old, 289
Rice, 343, 376, 384, 386, 426, 427, 428, 432
Rice P. O., N. Dak., 385
Sarpey, Sarpy, 47, 173
Shaw, 258, 262, 445
Stevens, 271
Stevenson, 121, 154, 385, 387, 426, 427
Stewart, Stuart, 306, 307, 314, 315, 316, 319, 329, 333, 334, 335
Sully, new, 357, 426, 427, 438
Sully, old, 357, 376, 379
Tecumseh, 181
Teton, 181
Thompson, 262
Union, 8, 11, 38, 46, 49, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 58, 61, 62, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 78, 79, 80, 82, 85, 87, 88, 93, 96, 101, 105, 106, 107, 108, 110, 115, 118, 123, 124, 127, 131, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 146, 148, 150, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 161, 162, 163, 164, 166, 168, 169, 170, 174, 175, 177, 178, 179, 181, 182, 183, 196, 208, 211, 221, 226, 228, 229, 230, 235, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 250, 252, 253, 254, 258, 276, 277, 278, 285, 306, 307, 317, 324, 327, 331, 338, 352, 353, 355, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 366, 367, 369, 370, 371, 376, 378, 379, 382, 388, 389, 393, 412, 414, 416, 418, 421, 429, 431, 432, 435, 436, 440, 441, 442
Fort "Upton," 367
Van Buren, 46, 47, 162, 163, 170, 171, 172, 173. Verification of disputed date of founding, correctly given as 1835 on p. 47, is found in a passage of Larpenteur's Orig. Journ. which I neglected to cite: "Wed. Sep. 9, 1835: Mr. Tulloch started to-day [from Fort Union] with an expedition to establish a new trading post for the Crow Indian tribe, with the force of 20 laboring hands, one hunter, one interpreter, and a clerk by the name of Frederick Rocloude" [*sic:* compare Groscloud, below].
Vermilion, 145, 277, 278, 279, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 416
Wagner, 262
Wayne, 240
William, 23, 49, 51, 52, 53, 55, 57, 60, 62, 67, 69, 71, 72, 78, 82, 87, 95, 134, 181, 376, 395, 436
William Landing, old, 437
Yates, 227
Four Bears, 240
Fourche de La Ramie, 25
Fox and Hodge's gang, 4
Fox, Livingston and Co., 174, 179, 236
Fraeb, Henry, appears to be name of the person below

given as Frap or Frapp. I have examined his autograph signature on a paper in possession of Lt. Col. H. M. Chittenden
France, 1, 2, 161, 278, 298
Franchette Point, 440
Franco-American, 125
Frap, Frapp, Henry, 25, 26, 34, 40, see Fraeb
Frederick, ——, 223
Frederick, Md., 147
Frederickstown, Md., 147
Frémont, Gen. J. C., 24, 25, 26, 28, 302
Frémont's Exped., 22
  Report, 24
French, 2, 300, 314
  Fur Co., 181, 281
  language, 125
Frenchman's cr., 377
  Point, 52
  r., 185
French officers, 2
  trader, 291
Frenier, Antoine, 156
Friday, a Snake Ind., 12
Frost, Todd and Co., 306, 353

G

Gaben, Mr.——, 382
Galena, Ill., 287, 289
Galland, Dr. Isaac, 4
Gallatin, a boat, 437, 439, 442
  r., 242, 258
Galpin, Maj. Charles E., 343
  Wm., 339
Garden cr., 355
Gardepie, Gardepied, Gariépy, Jean Baptiste, 80, 87, 88, 89, 90, 95, 98, 215
Garreau, ——, elder, 125, 126
Garreau, Pierre, 125, 126, 129, 130, 310, 383
Garrow, Mr., 125
Gass, Patrick, 379
Gates of Dearborn, 265
G. A. (or "J. A.") Thompson, a boat, 439, 440
Gauché, Gaucher, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 91, 92, 116, 256
Gen. Grant, a boat, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436
General Land Office map, 173, 333, 375
Georgetown, Minn., 313
Gerard, ——, 393
Gervais, J. B., 34, 37
Gibbon, Gen. John, 171, 362, 369
Gibbon's Pass, 141, 171, 271
Gibson, Paris, 258
Gilbert, Lieut. Col. Charles C., 395
Gillam, Capt. John, 432
Glasgow, Scotland, 16, 174
Glendive, Mont., 3
God, 271
Gold Finch, a boat, 436, 437
Good-woman, a chief, 110
Government spy, 370
Graham, a boat, 435, 440
  Robert, 16
Grand Rapids, Mich., 33
  River Agency, 343, 427
  Union Hotel, 259
Grant, Cuthbert, 95
  Gen. U. S., 382
Gratiot, Emilie, 415
  Julia, 161
Gravel, Michel, 90, 97
Gray, Dr. C. C., U. S. A., 357
Great Bend of the Mo. r., 179, 280, 282
  Divide, 265
  Falls, Mont., 258, 262

Great Falls of the Mo. r., 273
  Medicine, 55
  Northern Ry., 126, 229, 258, 306, 315, 333, 336, 337, 444
  Sioux r., 291
Green cr., 264
  mts., 29
  r., 9, 22, 28, 30, 31, 32, 34, 38, 40
Greer, Capt., 360, 362, 364, 367, 369, 431
Gregory, Capt. W. F., 377
Grimsley, Thornton, 167
grizzly bear, 163, 166
Groscloud, Frederick, 176
Grosse Corne r., 39
Grosventre language, 349
Grosventres de Missouri, 80
  des Prairies, 117
  of the Mo. r., 58, 78, 79, 81, 82, 93, 142, 189, 255, 310, 335, 348, 350, 363, 383
  of the Plains or Prairies, 80, 259, 260, 335, 336, 337, 342
Grosventre village, 79
Grouse cr., 375
Guernsey, Gurnsey, Orrin, 380
Guerriers de Pierre, 123
Guidon, a boat, 439, 442, 444
Gulf in the Island Bend, 336
  of Mexico, 50

H

Haliotis, 398
Halsey, Mr. J., 132, 133, 151
Hamilton, Mr., 73, 74, 77, 78, 81, 82, 84, 85, 180, 414
Ham's fork, 31
Hancock, Gen. W. S., 394
Hand, an Ind., 209
Hannibal and St. Jo. R. R., 328
Haranguer, an Ind., 232
Harkness, James, 326, 336, 339, 340
  Margaret, 339, 340
Harney, Gen. Wm. S., 355, 359
Harris, Edward, 178
Harrison Co., Ia., 291, 293, 298, 305
  Dr. Benjamin, 16, 17, 39, 40
  Gen. Wm. H., 16, 17
  Hon. Benjamin, 17
Hartley, Capt. John, 356
Harvey, Alexander, 137, 167, 168, 169, 170, 218, 219, 220, 222, 225, 226, 227, 228, 239, 244, 254
  Primeau and Co., 227
Hattie May, a boat, 367, 375, 433, 434, 436
Hatting, Maj., 282, 417
Havelock, 369
Hawley basin, 375
  bend, 375
  cut-off, 375
  isl., 375
  Mr., 376
Hayden, Dr. F. V., 343
Haystack butte, 265
Head r., 39, 40
Heap, D. P., 282, 379
Heart mt., 365
  r., 138, 247, 359, 361
  River isl., 349
Helena, a boat, 338, 436, 438
  Independent, newspaper, 264
  Mont., 264, 441
Hellgate, Mont., 242
Henry Adkins, a boat, 390, 443, 445
  Alexander, jun., 28, 60, 80, 95, 106, 107, 109, 111, 123, 188, 209, 260, 313, 314, 385

Henry, Andrew, 32
    and Thompson Journals, 28, 60, 80, 95, 106, 107, 109, 111, 123, 188, 209, 260, 313, 314, 385
Henry's fork of Snake r., 32, 33
    fort, 33
Hermaphrodite cr., 379
Herrick, Mr., 369, 436
He who Fears his War Club, 200
Hibernian, 370
Hidatsa Dictionary, 40, 385
    Inds., 125, 127, 260, 385, 386, 387
    language, 39
Hilger, Judge Nicholas, 361
Hill, James J., 258
Hiram Woods, a boat, 444
Hist. Soc. Mont., 3, 240, 361
Hist. Lee Co., Ia., 4
H. M. Shreve, a boat, 446
Hoback's r., 32
Hodgkiss, Mr., 352, 360
Hoeken, Father Christian, 290
Hoffman, Dr. W. J., 126
Hobe, 124
Holmes, George, 37, 41
Holy Virgin, 156
Hooting Owl, an Ind., 129
Hopa Wasupi r., 288
Hopkinsville, Ky., 182
Horn, see Bighorn r.
Horse cr., 30, 31
horse-travaille, 294, 295
Howard, Gen. O. O., 173
    Joseph, 244
Hubble, Hawley and Co., 366, 375, 433
Hudson Bay Co., 32, 95, 107, 110, 112
Hudykits, 352, see Hodgkiss
Hughes Co., S. Dak., 180
Humphreys, W. H., 326
Huntington Co., Pa., 148
Huntsville, a boat, 437, 439, 443, 445, 446
Hunt, Wilson Price, 39
Hurry up, see Cohan
Husband, Mr., 255
Hutan Kutey Prairie, 287
hydrophobia, 41

I

Ida Fulton, a boat, 440, 441
Idaho, 33
Ida Reese, a boat, 394, 444
    Reese No. 2, a boat, 445
    Stockdale, a boat, 439, 440 441, 444
Illingsworth, Mr., 213, 214
Imperial, a boat, 441, 443
Importer, a boat, 445
Independence, Mo., 115, 146
    Rock, 28, 39
India, a squaw, 164
Indian Agents, 3
    annuities, 283, 326, 381, 431, 442
Indianapolis, Ind., 17
Indian Department, 229
    turnips, 165
Inyan Yankey r., 291
Ionia, Neb., 287
Iowa, 348, 380
    cavalry, 387
Iron Arrow-point, an Ind., 412
    City, a boat, 436, 437, 438, 439
    Duke, 16
Iron-eyed Dog, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 254, 255, 256
Irving's Bonneville, 8
Irving, Washington, 8, 23, 28, 30, 32, 33, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 75
Isidoro, 167, 170

Island City, a boat, 432
Isle des Lauriers, 281
iyotanka, iyotankahan, 429

J

Jaccard, Eugene, 338
Jackson, a chief, 415
  Pres. Andrew, 415
James r., 288
Janisse, Auguste, 25
Jeanisse, Antoine, 25, 52, 62, 96
Jefferson r., 50, 242
Jennesse, Antoine, 25, 52, see Jeanisse
Jennie Brown, a boat, 388, 439, 440, 441
Jesuit priest, 174
  Relations, 124
Jesuits, 245
"Jim" r., 288
John Auld, a boat, 174
Johnesse, Mr., 15, 25, 50, see Janisse
Johnson, ——, 25, 250, see Janisse
  Ben., 443
  J. W., 3
Jonah, 409
Joseph, a chief, 171
Judith r., 137, 217, 218, 237, 242, 336, 439

K

Kannuck cr., 375
Kansas r., 19, 34
Kate Kearney, a boat, 433, 434
  Sweeny bend, 287
Kee-re-pe-tee-ah, 310
Keiser, ——, 346
Keith and O'Fallon, 8
  Mr., 8
Keizer, ——, 149
Kelsey, Mr., 179, 180, 181
Kelton, Dwight H., 64
Kentucky brevet, 343
Keocuck, Keokuk, Ia., 4
Ketchum, Gen. Wm. Scott, 24
Key West, a boat, 326, 446
  No. 2, a boat, 446
Kid, 55
Kimball, Dr. J. P., 61
King Midas, 210
Kingsley, Mr. Maurice, 16
Kinney, Joseph, 390
Kipling, Jack, 97, 98
Kipp, Mr. James, 79, 110, 115, 117, 142, 143, 244, 245, 246, 250, 254, 316
Knife-Holder, a chf., 55
Knife r., 386
Koch, Peter, 369
Kootenays, Kutanas, Kutnehas, 117

L

La Barge and Co., 342
  Capt. John, 338, 339, 340, 344, 345, 353, 438
  Capt. Joseph, 338, 339, 340, 346, 348, 349, 352, 380
  Harkness and Co., 338, 339
  Mme., 339
  Robert, 338
La Bié Du Bourgh De Berg, 3
Lackwater cr., 333
Lacon, a boat, 444, 445
Lady Grace, a boat, 440, 441
Lafayette Co., Mo., 322
  Gen., 318
Lafferrier, Mr., 77, 87, 90
La Framboise, François, 339, 349
La Grace P. O., S. Dak., 379
La Hontan, Baron, 123
Laidlaw's grove, 294, 297

Laidlaw, William, 160, 162, 211, 213, 214, 217, 246, 416
Lake Pepin, 287
  Superior, 106
La Lance, a chf., 78, 79
Lamont, Capt. Alex., 432
  Mr. D., 79, 143
Langford, Hon. N. P., 210
Lapambois, 339, see La Framboise
Laramie, La Ramie, ——, 23
  Co., Neb., 23
  fork, 23
  peak, 23
  plains, 23
  r., 23, 24, 26
La Ramie's fort, 23
Laramie treaty, 419, 420
Larpenteur, A. L., 278, 279
  Charles, jr., 346, 388
  Elizabeth, 175, 394
  Eugene, 278
  Louis, 394, 395
Last Chance, a boat, 442
Latta, Latty, Maj., 246, 248, 348, 349, 351, 418
Laurel isl., 281
La Vache Blanche, a chf., 414
Lawender, 47
L'Eau qui Court, 300
  qui Mont. cr., 349
Le Brun, Antoine, 196
Le Clerc, ——, 288, 300
Lee, ——, 163
  Co., Ia., 4
  Gen. Robert E., 382
  James, 12, 222, 225, 226
Leferrailleur, 77
Left Hand, a chf., 55, 91
Leighton, Alvin C., 393
Leland, Charles G., 7, 105
Lemon, Robert, 311, 314, 320, 321, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 329, 336, 337, 339, 340, 341
Leni Leoti, a boat, 445
Lenox sta., Mont., 336, 444
Leonnais, Joseph, 288
Letillier, ——, 288
Lewis and Clark, 3, 10, 39, 46, 125, 126, 141, 142, 143, 150, 154, 156, 171, 173, 180, 229, 239, 258, 260, 263, 264, 265, 271, 277, 280, 281, 287, 288, 290, 291, 293, 300, 307, 319, 328, 333, 336, 337, 341, 356, 357, 368, 375, 379, 384, 385, 388, 389, 390
  and Clark Co., Mont., 240, 264
  and Clark's Pass, 263, 264, 265
  Meriwether, 3, 10, 39, 46, 125, 126, 141, 142, 143, 150, 154, 156, 171, 173, 180, 229, 239, 258, 260, 263, 264, 265, 271, 277, 280, 281, 287, 288, 290, 291, 293, 300, 307, 319, 328, 333, 336, 337, 341, 356, 357, 368, 375, 379, 384, 385, 388, 389, 390
  r., 34
Lexington, Mo., 11, 12, 13, 15, 35
Liberty, Mo., 15
Lillie, a boat, 440, 441
  Martin, a boat, 433, 434, 436, 438
Lincoln, Ia., 293
Little Basin, 388
  Bighorn r., 362
  Blue r., 19
  Bow cr., 288
  Dry cr., 333, 334
  Frenchman, 90
  Heart r., 63
  Knife r., 150

Little Medicine cr., 180
    Missouri r., 138, 310, 361
    Muddy r., 325
    Porcupine cr., or r., 336, 390, 444
    Prickly Pear cañon, 240
    Robes, 259, 260
    Rock, a boat, 441
    Rocky cr., 185, 377
    Sandy r., 30
    Sioux, Ia., 286, 290, 292, 298, 304, 305, 325, 342
    Sioux r., 291, 292, 293, 294, 296, 298, 376, 378, 391, 395, 442
Livingston, Mont., 242
Loge de Serpent, 385
London, Eng., 69, 95, 105
Long Knife, 200
    Knife cr., 384
    Lake cr. 384
Louis XVIII., 2
Louisville, Ky., 147
L'Ours Fou, 182
    qui Dance, 358
Lower Brulé Sioux Res., S. Dak., 180
Lucknow, 369
Luella, a boat, 436, 437, 442
Lya-jan-jan, an Ind., 412
Lyonnais, see Leonnais, Joseph

M

McConnellsburg, Pa., 148
McConnellstown, Pa., 148, 150
McGee, W. J., 123
McKenzie, Kenneth, 46, 57, 62, 65, 66, 68, 70, 71, 75, 76, 85, 97, 104, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 146, 161, 223, 228, 229, 234, 235, 237, 311
McKenzie, Kenneth, another, 106
    Owen, 106, 223, 224, 343, 344, 345, 346, 352, 353, 415
    Sir Alex., 106
Mackinaw boats, 64, 160, 169, 174, 176, 178, 228, 237, 239, 242, 276, 292, 321, 341, 364
McKinney, ——, 349
Macon sta., Mont., 333
Madison Co., Mont., 210
    r., 242
mad wolves, 36
Maggie, a boat, 340
mal de vache, 21
Malnouri, Charles, 310
Mandan Inds., 58, 80, 82, 138, 141, 142, 143, 151, 227, 255, 314, 335, 348, 386, 387
    village, 143
Maneury bend, 310
Mapokshaatiazi, 385
Marayon r., 116, see Maria's r.
Marcella, a boat, 436
Marchand, Jean, 98
Maria's r., 79, 110, 111, 115, 116, 117, 143, 217, 218, 326, 431, 432, 433, 434, 446
Marion, a boat, 437
    bend, 328
Marseillais, ——, 158
Marsh, Mr., 24, 25, 26
Martha's r., 229
Martin, ——, 223, 350
Mary McDonald, a boat, 436
    McKelon, a boat, 439
Massie, W. R., 146
Matahpey, 274
Matlock, Maj., 284, 416
mato, 308

Matootonha, Matootonka, 143
Mato Washejoe, 308
  Witko, 182
Matthews, Dr. Washington, 5, 39, 69, 84, 91, 118, 121, 125, 127, 141, 173, 175, 192, 310, 331, 343, 366, 367, 368, 369, 385, 392, 395, 435
Mauvaises Terres, 315
Maximilian, Prince of Wied, 63, 68, 95, 115, 116, 123, 143, 181, 280, 281, 337, 384, 388
Maximilian's Travels, 116, 142
Mayotte, ——, 99
  J., 98
maza, 412
Medicine Lodge, 38
  r., 262
Meenah-yau-henno, 91
Ménard, Louis, 301, 302
Mexican War, 312
Mexico, 2, 101, 110, 181
Mih-Tutta-Hang-Cush, 142
Mileau, ——, 123, see Millieu
Miles City, Mont., 173
Miles, Gen. Nelson A., 173, 369
Milk r., 90, 185, 211, 229, 242, 336, 339, 340, 341, 342, 352, 367, 370, 377, 390, 431, 434, 441, 446
Miller, ——, 352
Millieu, ——, 123, 124
Millington, Jerry, 349, 351
Mill r., 336
Mills Co., Ia., 277
Mina-Yougha, a chief, 55, 91
Miner, a boat, 389, 436, 437, 439, 441, 442, 443, 444, 446
Minnesota, 291, 409
Minnitaree Inds., 260
  village, 142
Minot, N. Dak., 315
Miry cr., 154, 385
Mis, 125
Mississippi r., 4, 106, 107, 290, 291
Missoula, Mont., 271
Missouri, 3, 34
  Fur Co., 142, 277, 280
  r., 10, 11, 18, 22, 45, 49, 50, 51, 52, 54, 57, 58, 62, 65, 75, 78, 96, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 115, 117, 118, 126, 127, 137, 138, 142, 143, 146, 148, 150, 152, 167, 179, 180, 182, 185, 217, 218, 222, 227, 229, 235, 237, 238, 242, 247, 251, 255, 258, 259, 260, 262, 264, 268, 270, 276, 277, 280, 281, 282, 287, 288, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 300, 306, 307, 309, 310, 313, 314, 315, 316, 319, 324, 328, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 340, 341, 342, 352, 355, 356, 357, 359, 361, 375, 379, 380, 384, 385, 388, 389, 390, 412, 417, 420, 426, 428, 438, 443
  River Comm. charts, 180, 280, 288, 375
  Valley, 343
Mitchell, Col. David D., 97, 101, 110, 111, 116, 117, 125, 136, 142, 150, 152, 156, 157, 160, 161, 420
Mollie Dozier, a boat, 436
  Herbert, a boat, 446
Moncravie, Moncrévie, Moncrèvie, Moncrévier, Jean Baptiste, 72, 73, 74, 76
Monona Co., Ia., 291, 293, 294, 298
Montana, 3, 265, 272, 349, 356, 369

Montana, a boat, 438
  Hist. Soc., 33, 46, 51, 69, 107, 109, 170, 217, 240, 326, 336, 339, 353, 369, 431, 436, 439, 446
Moorhead, Minn., 313
Moose mt., 314
  point, 340, 341
Morceau, ——, 100
Moreland, Capt. A. B., 387
More, Maj., 416
Mormon emigration, 246, 250, 251
Mormons, 296, 299
Mormon women, 416
Morprodite valley, 379, see Hermaphrodite
Morton Co., N. Dak., 384
Mountaineer, a boat, 439, 443, 446
mountain sheep, 39
Mouse r., 314, 315, 316
Muddy Gap, 29
Muir, Dr. Samuel C., 4
Mullan, Lieut. John, 271
Murray, Mr., 162, 175
Murthly Castle, 16
Musselshell r., 239, 242, 375
Myers, Mont., 368

N

Napoleon, Mo., 322
Nebraska, 3
  City, Neb., 328
Nellie Rogers, a boat, 247, 438, 439
Nemaha City, Neb., 380
  Co., Neb., 380
Nevada City, Mont., 210
New Orleans, La., 286
  Rochelle, N. Y., 16
  York Land Co., 4
New York Nation, 28
  York, N. Y., 2, 41, 55, 58, 64, 105, 107, 174, 178, 179, 182, 236, 290, 356, 418
  York volunteers, 381
Nez Percé campaign, 171
  Percé chief, 173
  Percé Inds., 34
nick-ah-wah, 80
Nick Wall bar, 328
  Wall point, 328
Nicollet, Jean N., 180, 280, 282, 287, 288, 291
Nicotiana quadrivalvis, 127
Nile, a boat, 439, 443, 444, 445
Niobrara, Neb., 300
  r., 150, 288, 299, 300, 386
Noah's Ark, 409
Nolan, Louis, 95
North Alabama, a boat, 444, 445, 446
  American Inds., 85
  Antler cr., 314
  Dakota, 150, 379
Northern Boundary Survey, 184, 379
  Pacific R. R., 173
North Fork of Dearborn r., 265
  Pass cr., 264
  Platte r., 22, 25, 28, 29, 34, 251
  Saskatchewan r., 111
  West Fur Co., 106, 107, 108
  another, 258, 366, 367, 371, 388, 389, 390, 433
  West Treaty Comm., 380
Norwood, Maj., 417
Nott, ——, 394
Nuttall, Thomas, 31
Nymph, a boat, 441
  No. 2, 441

O

Oacama, S. Dak., 280
Ocheydan r., 291
Octavia, a boat, 439, 440, 443
O'Fallon, Col. John, 3, 8
  Dr. James, 3
  Maj. Benjamin, 3, 9
O'Fallon's bluff, 3
  cr., 3
Oglala Sioux, 23
Ohio, 380
Old Star, 246
Omaha Inds., 145, 299, 303, 304
  Neb., 328, 392, 441
  trade, 380
Omega, a boat, 178, 338
Onawa, Ia., 293, 294, 298
One who Guards the Whites, 229
One who Holds the Knife, 91, 256
One who Killed his Father, 238
Onkpapa Sioux, 384
Only Chance, a boat, 436, 437, 439, 441, 442, 443, 444, 446
Ontario, a boat, 436, 438, 439
Opposition boat, 254, 255
  Co., 179, 208, 213, 215, 216, 222, 223, 224, 307
Oregon, 302
  Missions, 174, 259, 270
  Trail, 19, 24
Oronoacke, a boat, 433, 434, 435
Osborne, Capt. Nathan Ward, 387
Otto Inds., 299
Overland Hotel, 259
Ovis montana, 39
Owen, Maj. John, 245

P

Pablois' isl., 111
Pacific Ocean, 141
  R. R. Report, 312
Padani Tiyohe, 357
pahazizi, pah-ha-zee-zee, 118, 119
Palliser, John, 115, 137, 175, 182, 223, 257
Palmer, Archibald, 85
Pappah-ahje r., 39, 40
Paquenaud, Charles, 127
Paragon, a boat, 440
Paris, France, 1, 75
Parker, Gen. Ely Samuel, 381
Parkman, Francis, 24
Pascal, ——, 287
Pass, the, 340
Patkasha, 128
Pawnee Inds., 8
Pawnees Deserted r., 357
Peace Commission, 348, 379, 382, 383, 388, 438, 440
Pease, Frederick D., 368, 369, 370, 375, 376
Pease's bottom, 368
  cr., 368
Pegans, 259
Pembina mt., 313
  N. Dak., 310, 313, 330
  r., 313
pemmican, 60
Pend d'Oreille Pass, 265
Peninah, a boat, 443, 445, 446
Pennsylvania, 389
Pera, Turkey, 2
Perthshire, Scotland, 16
Pet-cah-sha, 128, 190
Peter Balen, a boat, 436, 437, 446
Peter's Hole, 32
Petit Arc cr., 288
Petite Rivière des Sioux, 291

Petkasha, 128
Philadelphia, Pa., 2, 310
Phragmites communis, 40, 127
Piché, Picheau, Pichou, 187, 188, 210, see Pitcher
Picotte, Honoré, 109, 221, 227, 237, 244, 248, 250, 251, 292
  Joseph, 237
Picotte's raps., 239
piebald, 272
Piegan Inds., 116, 241, 263, 270, 335
Pierre, an Iroquois, 32
  Chouteau and Co., 328
Pierre's Hole, 8, 32, 33, 34
Pierre, S. Dak., 10, 357
Pierre's r., 33
Pike, Z. M., 5, 272
Pilcher, Maj., 142
Pilot Knob, 182
Pinckney bend, 324
  Mo., 324, 328
Pitcher, 187, 188, 190, 193, 194, 199, 207
Place where the Reeds Grow, 127
Platte r., 3, 19, 22, 34, 146, 251, 277, 278, 351, 417, 420
Pocahontas, a boat, 381
  isl., 381
Poe, Capt. Wm., 444
Point, Father N., 242
  the, 4
Poison Spider cr., 29
Pokende cr., 282
pomme blanche, 165
Pompey's Pillar, 173
Ponca, Poncah, Ponka cr., 150, 300, 303
  Ponka Inds., 299, 301, 302
  Ponka post, 286, 288, 300, 303
  Ponka r., 150
Pond cr., 379
Pope, Nathaniel, 361
Poplar r., 185, 221, 229, 317, 318, 319, 324, 326, 327, 328, 330, 331, 333, 334, 436
  River agency, 319
  River post, 306, 319
  sta., Mont., 229, 319
Popo-agie, Po-po-az-ze-ha r., 39
Porcupine r., 229, 319
Porter, Admiral David Dixon, 2
  Comm. David, 2
Pottawatomie Co., Ia., 277
Potts, Jerry, 254
Pottstown, Pa., 392
pouderie, poudérie, poudre, powder, powdermill, 192
Prairie du Chien, Wis., 3, 6
  Grosventres, 116
  Hen r., 30
  State, a boat, 434
Pratte, Bernard, sen., 161
President U. S., 17, 370, 413
Preuss, Mr. Charles, 22
Primeau, Antoine, 354
  Charles, 227, 341, 349
Prospect isl., 281
Provost, ——, 182
Psoralea esculenta, 165
Puckeshetuck, 4
pupu, 40

Q

Quesquidi r., 30
Quicurre r., 300

R

Ramisie, José, 331
Ramsay, Joseph, 331, 332, 334
Ramusio, José, 331
Randall, Surgeon B., U. S. A., 355

Rankin, Lieut. Col. Wm. G., 389
Rantesha r., 280
Rapahos, 259, see Arapahoes
Rapid r., 300
Ravalli Co., Mont., 271
  Father Anthony, S. J., 272
Ray Co., Mo., 147
Raynolds, Wm. F., 180
"Rebels," 124
Red Cloud Agency, 281
Redfield, Maj., 417
Redman, Mr., 12, 33, 34
Red River cart, 54
  r. of the North, 54, 95, 185, 253, 312, 313
  Rock r., 50
  Rover, a boat, 5
Redstone, a chief, 363
Redwater cr., 319
Reed Bottom cr., 126
  Henry W., 348, 349, 351, 380
  r., 39
reeds, 40, 127
Rees, 138, 246, 247, 255, see Arickara
Reese, a negro, 218
Reeves, Gen., 437
Rem, Jack, 77, 87, 90, 95, 96, 97
René, Jacques, 77
Reuben's cr., 180
Richard Whitney and Co., 392
Richmond, a boat, 440, 442
Rider, Mr., 327
Riggs' Dictionary, 118
Rio Grande, 340
  Verde, 30
Rising Water cr., 349
River of Large Corn, 39
  Sioux, Ia., 291
Rivière Bourbeuse, 154, 385
Robert Campbell, a boat, 247, 346, 349, 350
Rock Independent, 39
  Inds., 109, 186, 412
  isl., 4, 5
Rocky Mt. Fur Co., 7, 30, 37
  mts., 7, 8, 10, 15, 25, 33, 118, 167, 174, 217, 241, 242, 262, 264, 302, 371
Rodefer, A. D., 428
Rolette, Mr. I. C., 360
Rosebud r., 46, 47, 48, 162, 171, 172, 173
  sta., Mont., 173
Ross' Hole, 141
Rotten Tail, a chief, 373
Round Butte, 390
Rousseau P. O., S. Dak., 180
Rousseau's ranch, 180
Rowand, Mr. John, 111
  Miss Sophia H., 111
Rubicon, a boat, 437, 438
Running Water r., 299, 300, 303, 386

S

Sacajawea, 141
Sac and Fox Inds., 5
Sac chief, 4
sage grouse, 30
St. Charles, Mo., 12, 289
  Domingo massacre, 2
  Helena isl., 2
  John, a boat, 433, 436, 439
  Joseph, Mo., 160, 251, 252, 328
  Joseph, N. Dak., 313, 330
  Louis, Mo., 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 16, 19, 25, 26, 34, 35, 50, 63, 64, 85, 86, 101, 105, 106, 107, 125, 136, 147, 148, 150, 160, 161, 167, 168, 169, 174, 221, 224, 227, 237, 242, 250, 252, 286, 289, 299, 301,

310, 311, 321, 323, 328, 338, 339, 341, 342, 354, 355, 356, 360, 361, 371, 378, 386, 388, 413, 414, 416, 417, 420, 432, 434, 435, 437, 438, 439, 442, 445
St. Louis fur-traders, 6
  Louis trade, 380
  Luke, a boat, 443, 444
  Mary's bend, 278
  Mary's Mission, 245, 270, 271. Date of founding misprinted 1840, read 1842, on p. 245. De Smet arr. in Bitterroot valley on his 2d journey Sept. 24, 1842, and formally named the mission Oct. 24, 1842
  Mary's post, old, 277
  Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Ry., 258
  Paul, Minn., 240, 278, 279, 286, 287, 289, 310, 311, 320, 322, 323, 329, 330, 394, 408
  Peter, a boat, 132
Saka'ga-wi'a, 141
Salem, N. Y., 142
Sallie, a boat, 443, 444, 446
Sam Gaty, new, a boat, 433, 435
Sanderson, Maj. Winslow F., 24
Sandy r., 31
Sanford, Maj. John F. A., 412, 413, 415
Santee Agency, 386
  half-breeds, 279
Sarcees, 117
Sarpy Co., Neb., 277
  John B., 10, 11, 281
  Peter H., 299, 300
Sarpy's post, 277, 300
Sassis, 117
Sata, 270, 271, 273, 274
Satan, 271
Schell, Dr. H. S., 25
Schoonover, Maj., 317, 418
Scotland, 106
Scott, ——, was the name of the man killed on p. 344; shot through the bowels, "and died two days after the battle on the 17th of this month," says Larpenteur *in lit.* to H. A. Boller dated Fort Galpin Sep. 30, 1862
Scott's bluffs, 22
Scribner, C., Sons, 178
Second Cedar isl., 280
Secretary of War, U. S., 271, 362, 370, 392
Seedskedee-agie, Sheetskadee, Siskadee, Siskede-azzeah r., 30
Seine r., 1
Selkirk, Lord, 95
Seminole mts., 9
Semple affair, 95
  Gov. Robert, 94, 95
Sergeant's Bluffs, Ia., 290, 292, 299, 417
Serre, Capt., 31
Shanks, Capt. Wm., 437
Shaw, Capt. John, 321, 417
  Col. Robert G., 262
sheep, mountain, 29
Shell cr., 350
Shepherd bottom, 324
Shepherdia argentea, 238
Sherman, Gen. W. T., 241
Shewash, Shewish cr., 384
Shining Man, an Ind., 413
Shishequaw mt., 265
Shompapi cr., 282
Shonkish-ta-man-sah, Shonkishta-masa, 230

shooting match, 148
Shoshone Inds., 40
Shreveport, a boat, 338, 339, 342, 347, 348, 349, 350, 446
Sibley bridge, Mo., 441
  isl., 63, 385
  Mo., 443
Siksikas, 260, 335
Silver Bow, a boat, 445, 446
  l., 293, 294, 296
  Lake, a boat, 446
  Lake ditch, 294
  Lake No. 4, a boat, 440, 445, 446
Simon, a mule, 14, 29
Sioux, 26, 45, 61, 124, 125, 127, 178, 180, 212, 214, 215, 224, 227, 229, 246, 247, 248, 251, 253, 281, 299, 304, 311, 312, 321, 342, 343, 344, 349, 350, 351, 354, 356, 360, 361, 363, 365, 366, 372, 376, 377, 380, 382, 383, 384, 386, 390, 391, 392, 421, 429
  Agency, 281
  campaign, 171
  City and Pacific R. R., 290, 293
  City, Ia., 21, 22, 287, 288, 290, 291, 292, 297, 306, 342, 354, 376, 378, 379, 388, 391, 394
  City Journal, 428
  language, 121, 302
  Pictout r., 291
  r., 282
  war, 362, 368, 369
Sire, Capt. John A., 178
Sitting Bull, 429, 430
skewbald, skewball, 272
Skunk l., 293
smallpox, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 196, 199
Smith, A. B., 366
  A. B., jun., 375
  Hubble, Hawley and Co., 369
  Jefferson, 309, 310, 311, 314, 320, 321, 322, 223, 325, 327, 329, 341
Smith's bar, 442
Snake cr., 154, 385
  Den, 385
  House r., 385
  Inds., 34
  r., 26, 32, 34, 385
  River range, 32
Sniyan Otka cr., 282
Soldier's cr., 282
Son of the Star, 246
Sourisford, Manitoba, 314
Souris r., 314
South Antler cr., 314
  Dakota, 150, 282
  fork of Platte r., 22
  Mountain cr., 229
  Pass, 28, 30, 34, 39
  Pass cr., 264
  Platte r., 22
  Saskatchewan r., 185
Spanish, 30
Sprague, Isaac, 68, 178, 213
Spread Eagle, a boat, 324, 446
  Eagle bottom, 319, 328
Spring cr., 379
Squires, Lewis, 178, 182, 213, 415
Star, a chief, 246
Stark, Wm., 167
Station of the Opposition line, 180
Stevens, Hazzard, 312
  Isaac Ingalls, 69, 126, 265, 271, 312, 340, 384
Stevensville, Mont., 271
Stewart, Capt., 16, 31, 37, 38, 262

Stick Lodge cr., 390
Stillwell, Margaret, 4
  Moses, 4
Stone Idol cr., 379
  Inds., 412, see Rock Inds
Stuart, Capt. or Sir Wm., 16
  James, 46, 47, 69, 107, 111, 217
stuball, 274, see skewbald
Sublette, Milton G., 23, 38, 75
Sublette's Fur Co., 281
Sublette, William L., 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, 23, 31, 34, 35, 38, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53, 57, 62, 281
Success, a boat, 443, 444, 445
Sully, Gen. Alfred, 355, 357, 361, 367, 370, 381, 382, 387, 435, 441
Sully's Sioux campaign, 432
Sunrise buttes, 265
Sun r., 258, 262, 264, 265, 445
  River, Mont., 262
Sunset, a boat, 379, 436, 438, 441
Success, 259
Surgeon General's Office, Washington, D. C., 25, 61, 357, 385,
Swan, S. Dak., 356
Sweetwater r., 28, 31, 34, 39

T

Tacony, a boat, 436, 437, 439, 441
Ta-tang-ah-cooting, 429
tatânka, 429
Tatanka Iyotanka, 429
Tatokanan, 55
Taylor, Joseph H., 392
Tay r., 16
Tchatka, a chf., 55
Teapot cr., 375
Terry, Gen. Alfred H., 441, 442
Tête à la Biche, 314
  à la Biche crs., 314
Teton Pass, 32
  range, 32
  r., 10, 32, 33, 181
Texan Army, 240
Texas, 240
  war, 17
Thomas, Dr., 133
Thompson, David, 28, 39, 60, 80, 95, 106, 107, 109, 111, 123, 188, 209, 260, 313, 314, 385
  Wm., 417
three forties, 395
Three Rivers of the Sioux Pass, 281
  Sioux rs., 281, 282
Throckmorton, Throgmorton, Capt., 5, 307
Thruston, Mrs., 3
Tibeau, ——, 101, 102
Tippecanoe, 16, 17
Tobacco Garden, 40, 126, 247 435
  Garden affair, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351
  Garden cr., 126, 127, 350
tobacco, native, 127
Tom Campbell's houses, 377
  Stevens, a boat, 436, 441, 442, 445
Tongue r., 48, 173
Toronto, Ont., 111
Tortoise, an Ind., 128, 129
Townsend, Capt. Thomas, 444
  J. K., 23, 31
Trader's or Trading Point, Ia., 277, 416
Trapper, a boat, 161, 168
Trois Rivières des Sioux, 281
Trojan War, 124
Trou à Pierre, 32
Trover, a boat, 440, 441

Trover point, 440
Trysil, N. Dak., 313
Tsakáka, 141
Tulleck, Tulloch, Tullock, A. J., 46, 47, 171, 176
Tullock's fork of Bighorn r., 46
Turkey, 2
Twilight, a boat, 321, 417, 433, 434
Twining, Maj. Wm. J., 126
Two Thousand Mile cr., 319

U

Uncpapa Sioux, 384
Union, a Mackinaw boat, 178
  Co., N. Dak., 287
Unionist, 210
United States, 2, 3, 70, 104, 105, 109, 145, 152, 174, 225, 243, 246, 253, 276, 277, 317, 318, 325, 327, 354, 364, 367, 390, 394, 404, 417, 429, 438, 440
  and Canadian boundary, 314
  Army, 5, 174, 355, 357
  Artillery, 367
  Bureau of Ethnology, 126
  Civil War, 272, 312
  Congress, 393
  Government, 24, 141
  Indian Agency, 387
  Indian Agent, 116
  Infantry, 171, 240
  Minister, 2
  National Museum, 27
  Northern Boundary Survey, 126
  soldiers, 290
  troops, 258
  Volunteer Infantry, 387
  Volunteers, 367
Upper Bonhomme isl., 146
Upper Missouri Dept., 116
  Missouri Outfit, 309
  Missouri r., 121
  Missouri valley, 84
  Red Rock l., 50
Upton, Capt. ——, 367, 368, 431, 435
  Capt. Emery, 367
Urilda, a boat, 444
Utah, a boat, 446

V

Vallée, Louison, 330, 334
Van Cleve, Mrs. Charlotte O., 240
Van Court, ——, 362
Vandalia sta., Mont., 377
Van Horn's cr., 368
Varina City, Mont., 210
Vasquez, Louis, 15, 27, 42, 43, 44, 62
Vaughan, Maj., 417
Vergil, 124
Vermilion post, 145, 282, 303
  Prairie, 287
  r., 287, 288
  S. Dak., 145, 287, 291
Vermont, 298
Vincent, Mitchell, 291, 293, 296, 298, 359
Viola Belle, a boat, 440, 442, 445, 446
Virginia, 52
  City, Mont., 210, 364
Vivie, Vivier, Joseph, 99, 100

W

Wakontonga, 55
Wallace, John, 331
Wall, Capt. Nicholas, 328
Walter B. Dance, a boat, 436, 437, 439
wan-hee mansa, 412

wanhi, 412
Warchteshnee, 407
Warren, ——, 326
  Co., Mo., 324
  Gen. G. K., 180, 280, 282, 379
washichu, 308
Washington Co., Neb., 356
  D. C., 61, 69, 171, 193, 312, 357, 385, 393, 412, 413, 419
  Mo., 328
  Territory, 312, 389
Waterloo, battle of, 1, 2
Waverly, a boat, 436, 437, 439
Wasikute gens, 124
Welcome, a boat, 431
Wendall, Windle, James, 354
West Huron l., 291
  Okabena l., 291
  Point Academy, 240
  Point, N. Y., 240, 241, 312
Westport, Mo., 242
Wheeling, W. Va., 3
Wheelock, N. Dak., 126
Wheitte, Capt., 74, 75, see Wyeth
Whip, a chief, 303
Whiskey Gap, 29
White Cow, a chief, 414
  Earth, N. Dak., 150
  Earth r., 126, 142, 150, 156
  Earth r., another, 156
  Lodge Pole, 240
  Man Bear, 308
  Miss Rebecca, 305
  r., 108, 183, 150, 156, 280
  r. of S. Dak., 150
  River post, 223
  Swan, S. Dak., 356
Whiting, Ia., 293
Whitney, Maj. Frank L., 64
Wigo Paha Wakan r., 180
Wi-jun-jon, an Ind., 412, 413
Wild Bonaparte, 91
Wilder P. O., Mont., 375
Wilder's Landing, 239
Wilford, Idaho, 33
Wilkinson, Maj., 360, 418, 431
Willcox, Gen. Orlando B., U. S. A., 75
Williams Co., N. Dak., 126
Williston, N. Dak., 156
Windle, see Wendall
Wind r., 39, 40, 42
  River mts., 34
Windsor's cr., 368
Wisconsin, 380
  volunteers, 360, 384
witkowin, 397
Wittco Weeon, 397, 398
W. J. Lewis, a boat, 436
Wolf cr., 154, 281, 333, 334
  Point sta., Mont., 333, 334
wolves, mad, 36
Woodbury Co., Ia., 290, 293
Woody mt., 177, 184, 185, 186, 187, 332
  Mountain post, 185
  Mountain r., 185
  Mountain settlement, 185
Wounded Knee, 430
  Leg, 186, 203, 205, 206, 208
  Leg's camp, 186, 200, 202
Wright, Surgeon J. P., U. S. A., 357
Wyeth Expedition, 23, 31
  Nathaniel, 75
  Nathaniel J., 8, 23, 31, 33, 38, 74, 75
Wyoming, 33

X

X. Y. Co., 107

Y

Yanctonais, 359

Yanktonais Sioux, 134
Yankton Co., S. Dak., 288
S. Dak., 356, 379
Yellow cr., 375
Yellowstone, a boat, 360, 361, 364, 366, 413, 431, 432, 433
Park, 64
r., 8, 32, 35, 39, 41, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 61, 63, 76, 85, 108, 109, 114, 115, 117, 123, 141, 156, 162, 163, 168, 172, 173, 174, 179, 181, 228, 229, 238, 239, 242, 247, 252, 307, 310, 312, 319, 333, 351, 361, 362, 364, 368, 380, 391, 417, 421, 432, 442
valley, 48
Yorktown, a boat, 439, 444
Young, Lieut., 367, 368

Z

Zephyr, a boat, 443

THE END.